THE WORKS OF Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

VOLUME *the* NINTH.

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WORKS

VOLUME *the* NINTH.

CONTAINING,

PERICLES, *Prince of* TYRE.

LONDON PRODIGAL.

THOMAS *Lord* CROMWELL.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The PURITAN.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

LOCRINE.

P. Fourdrinier scul.

V. 9. p. 6

PERICLES,

PRINCE

OF

TYRE.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ANtiochus, *a Tyrant of* Greece.
Pericles, *Prince of* Tyre.

Hellicanus, } *two Lords of* Tyre.
Eſcanes, }

Symonides, *King of* Pentapolis.
Cleon, *Governor of* Tharſus.
Lyſimachus, *Governor of* Metaline.
Cerimon, *a Lord of* Epheſus.
Thaliard, *Servant to* Antiochus.
Leonine, *a Murderer, Servant to* Dionyſia.
Gower.
Lords, &c.
Knights tilting in honour of Thaiſa.

Heſperides, *Daughter of* Antiochus.
Dionyſia, *Wife to* Cleon.
Thaiſa, *Daughter to* Symonides.
Marina, *Daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaiſa.
Lychorida, *Nurſe to* Marina.
Philoten, *Daughter to* Cleon.
Diana, *a Goddeſs appearing to* Pericles.

Sailors, Pirates, Fiſhermen and Meſſengers.

PERICLES,
Prince of Tyre.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

TO *ſing a Song that old was ſung,*
From Aſhes antient Gower *is come;*
Aſſuming Man's Infirmities,
To glad your Ear, and pleaſe your Eyes.
It hath been ſung at Feſtivals,
On Ember Eves, and Holy-Days:
And Lords and Ladies in their Lives,
Have read it for Reſtoratives.
The purchace is to make Men glorious:
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in theſe latter times,
When Wit's more ripe, accept my Rhymes;
And that to hear an old Man ſing,
May to your Wiſhes Pleaſure bring:
I Life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.

This Antioch, *then*, Antiochus *the Great*,
Built up this City for his chiefeſt Seat;
The faireſt in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors ſay:
This King unto him took a Peer,
Who died, and left a Female Heir;
So buckſome, blithe, and full of Face,
As Heav'n had lent her all his Grace:
With whom the Father liking took,
And her to Inceſt did provoke.
Bad Child, worſe Father, to entice his own
To evil, ſhould be done by none:
But Cuſtom, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, counted no Sin.
The Beauty of this ſinful Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To ſeek her as a Bed-fellow,
In Marriage-pleaſures, Playfellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her ſtill, and Men in awe;
That whoſo askt her for his Wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his Life.
So for her many a Wight did die,
As yon grim looks do teſtify.
What enſues to the judgment of your Eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can teſtify. [Exit.

Enter Antiochus, *Prince* Pericles, *and Followers.*

Ant. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, *Antiochus*, and with a Soul emboldned
With the glory of her Praiſe, think Death no hazard,
In this Enterprize.

Ant. Muſick, bring in our Daughter, cloth'd like a Bride
For Embracements, even of *Jove* himſelf;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reign'd,
Nature this Dowry gave, to glad her Preſence,
The Senate Houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt Perfections.

Enter

Enter Heſperides.

Per. See where ſhe comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her Subjects, and her Thoughts the King,
Of every Virtue gives Renown to Men.
Her Face the Book of Praiſes, where is read
Nothing but curious Pleaſures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rackt, and teſty Wrath
Could never be her mild Companion.
You Gods that made me Man, and ſway in love,
That have inflam'd deſire within my Breaſt,
To taſte the Fruit of yon celeſtial Tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am Son and Servant to your Will,
To compaſs ſuch a boundleſs Happineſs.

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be Son to great *Antiochus.*

Ant. Before thee ſtands this fair *Heſperides,*
With golden Fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For Death like Dragons here affright thee hard:
Her Face, like Heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſs Glory, which Deſert muſt gain:
And which without Deſert, becauſe thine Eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heap muſt die.
Yon ſometimes famous Princes, like thy ſelf,
Drawn by report, adventrous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſs Tongues, and Semblance pale,
That without covering ſave yon Field of Stars,
Here they ſtand Martyrs ſlain in *Cupid*'s Wars:
And with dead Cheeks adviſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on Death's Net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail Mortality to know it ſelf,
And by thoſe fearful Objects to prepare
This Body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For Death remembred, ſhould be like a Mirrour,
Who tells us, Life's but Breath, to truſt in Error:
I'll make my Will then, and as ſick Men do,
Who know the World, ſee Heav'n, but feeling Woe,

Gripe not at earthly Joys, as erſt they did:
So I bequeath a happy Peace to you
And all good Men, as every Prince ſhould do,
My Riches to the Earth from whence they came:
But my unſpotted fire of Love to you. [*To* Heſperides.
Thus ready for the way of Life or Death,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow, *Antiochus*,
Scorning advice. Read the Concluſion then.

Ant. Which read, and not expounded, 'tis decreed;
As theſe before ſo thou thy ſelf ſhalt bleed.

Heſp. Of all ſaid yet, may thou prove proſperous;
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſs. [*Ex.* Heſperides.

Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſts,
Nor ask advice of any other Thought,
But Faithfulneſs, and Courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On Mother's fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a Husband, in which Labour,
I found that kindneſs in a Father.
He's Father, Son, and Husband mild,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharp Phyſick is the laſt! but O you Powers!
That gives Heav'n countleſs Eyes to view Mens Acts,
Why could they not their ſights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair Glaſs of Light, I lov'd you, and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with Ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my Thoughts revolt;
For he's no Man on whom Perfections wait,
That knowing Sin within, will touch the Gate.
You're a fair Viol, and your Senſe the Strings,
Who finger'd to make Man his lawful Muſick,
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the Gods to hearken;
But being plaid upon before your time,

Hell

Hell only danceth at ſo harſh a Chime:
Good ſooth I care not for you.

Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy Life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: Your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your Sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the Sins they love to act,
'Twould braid your ſelf too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a Book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, than ſhewn:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blows Duſt in others Eyes, to ſpread it ſelf;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The Breath is gone, and the ſore Eyes ſee clear.
To ſtop the Air would hurt them, the blind Mole caſts
Copt Hills toward Heav'n, to tell the Earth is throng'd
By Man's Oppreſſion, and the poor Worm doth die for't;
Kings are Earth's Gods: In Vice their Law's their Will.
And if *Jove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Jove* doth ill?
It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
What being more known, grows worſe to ſmother it.
All love the Womb that there being bred,
Then give my Tongue like leave to love my Head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Tho by the Tenour of our ſtrict Edict,
Your Expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your Days;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a Tree,
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Forty Days longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our Secret be undone,
This Mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a Son:
And until then your entertain ſhall be
As doth befit our Honour, and your Worth. [*Exit.*

Manet Pericles *ſolus.*

Per. How Courteſy wou'd ſeem to cover Sin,
When what is done is like a Hypocrite,

The

The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain you were not ſo bad,
As with foul Inceſt to abuſe your Soul:
Where now you're both a Father and a Son,
By your untimely claſpings with your Child,
(Which Pleaſure fits an Husband, not a Father.)
And ſhe an Eater of her Mother's fleſh,
By the defiling of her Parent's Bed;
And both like Serpents are, who tho they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they Poiſon breed.
Antioch farewel, for Wiſdom ſees, thoſe Men
Bluſh not in Actions blacker than the Night,
Will ſhew no Courſe to keep them from the Light:
One Sin, I know, another doth provoke,
Murder's as near to Luſt, as Flame to Smoke.
Poiſon and Treaſon are the Hands of Sin,
Ay, and the Targets to put off the Shame;
Then leſt my Life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll ſhun the Danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his Head:
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my Infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth ſin
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
And by his Fall my Honour muſt keep high.
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highneſs call?
Ant. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our Mind partakes her private Actions
To your Secreſy; and for your Faithfulneſs
We will advance you, *Thaliard*.
Behold, here's Poiſon and here's Gold,

We

We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the Reaſon why;
Becauſe we bid it: Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your ſelf, telling your haſte.

Meſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and as an Arrow, ſhot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his Eye doth level at: So do thou never return, unleſs thou ſay, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Piſtol's length, I'll make him ſure enough: So farewel to your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard adieu; till *Pericles* be dead,
My Heart can lend no ſuccour to my Head. [*Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, *with other Lords.*

Per. Let none diſturb us:
Why ſhould this change of Thoughts,
The ſad Companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
By me ſo us'd, a Gueſt as not an Hour,
In the Day's glorious walk or peaceful Night,
The Tomb where Grief ſhould ſleep, can breed me quiet.
Here Pleaſures court mine Eyes, and mine Eyes ſhun them,
And Danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe Arm ſeems far too ſhort to hit me here.
Yet neither Pleaſure's Art can joy my Spirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that Paſſions of the Mind,
That have their firſt Conception by miſ-dread,
Have after Nouriſhment and Life by Care;
And what was firſt by fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo 'tis with me. The great *Antiochus*,
'Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,

Since

Since he's ſo great, can make his Will his Act,
Will think me ſpeaking, tho I ſwear to ſilence;
Nor boots it me to ſay I honour him,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being known,
He'll ſtop the courſe by which it might be known.
With hoſtile Forces he'll o'er-ſpread the Land,
And with the ſtint of War will look ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall drive Courage from the State:
Our Men be vanquiſh'd, ere they do reſiſt,
And Subjects puniſh'd, that ne'er thought Offence:
Which care of them, not pity of my ſelf,
Who once no more but as the tops of Trees,
Which fence the Roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make not my Body pine, and Soul to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all Comfort in your ſacred Breaſt.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind till ye return to us
Peaceful and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience Tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For Flattery is the Bellows blows up Sin,
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a Spark,
To which that Spark gives heart and ſtronger glowing;
Whereas Reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are Men, for they may err:
When Signior *Sooth* here doth proclaim Peace,
He flatters you, makes War upon your Life.
Prince, pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower than my Knees.

Per. All leave us elſe; but let your Cares o'er-look
What Shipping, and what Lading's in our Haven,
And then return to us: *Hellicanus*, thou haſt
Mov'd us; what ſeeſt thou in our Looks?

Hell. An angry Brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a Dart in Princes Frowns,
How durſt thy Tongue move Anger to our Face?

Hell. How dare the Planets look up unto Heav'n,
From whence they have their Nouriſhment?

Per. Thou know'ſt I have Power to take thy Life from thee.

Hell.

Hell. I have ground the Ax my ſelf,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prithee riſe, ſit down, thou art no Flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and Heav'n forbid
That Kings ſhould let their Ears hear their Faults hid.
Fit Counſellor, and Servant for a Prince,
Who by thy Wiſdom makes a Prince thy Servant.
What would'ſt thou have me do?

Hell. To bear with Patience ſuch Griefs,
As you your ſelf do lay upon your ſelf.

Per. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a Phyſician, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a Potion unto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receive thy ſelf.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where, as thou know'ſt, (againſt the Face of Death)
I ſought the Purchace of a glorious Beauty,
From whence an Iſſue I might propagate,
Are Arms to Princes, and bring Joys to Subjects.
Her Face was to mine Eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (hark in thine Ear) as black as Inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinful Father
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: But thou know'ſt this,
'Tis time to fear, when Tyrants ſeem to kiſs.
Which fear ſo grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful Night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants fears
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter than the Years:
And ſhould he think, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening Air,
How many worthy Princes Blood were ſhed,
To keep his Bed of blackneſs unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with Arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feel War's blow, who fears not Innocence:
Which love to all, for which thy ſelf art one,
Who now reproved'ſt me for it.

Hell. Alas, Sir.

Per. Drew Sleep out of my Eyes, Blood from my Cheeks,
Muſings into my mind, with a thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their Tempeſt ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it Princely Charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, ſince you have given me leave to ſpeak,
Freely will I ſpeak. *Antiochus* you fear,
And juſtly too, I think, you fear the Tyrant;
Who, either by publick War or private Treaſon,
Will take away your Life.
Therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his Rage and Anger be forgot;
Or till the Deſtinies do cut the Thread of his Life:
Your Rule direct to any, if to me,
Day ſerves not Light more faithful, than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy Faith;
But ſhould he wrong my Liberties in my abſence?

Hell. We'll mingle our Bloods together in the Earth,
From whence we had our Being and our Birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whoſe Letters I'll diſpoſe my ſelf:
The care I had and have of Subjects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe Wiſdom's ſtrength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for Faith, not ask thine Oath;
Who ſhuns not to break one, will ſure crack both:
But in our Orbs we live ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this Truth ſhall ne'er convince,
Thou ſheweſt a Subject's ſhine, I a true Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Thaliard *ſolus.*

Thal. So, this is *Tyre,* and this is the Court; here muſt I kill King *Pericles,* and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: It is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wiſe Fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, deſir'd he might know none of his Secrets. Now do I ſee he had ſome reaſon for it: For if a King bid a Man

Man be a Villain, he is bound by the Indenture of his Oath to be one.

Huſht, here come the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, *with other Lords of* Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my Fellow-Peers of *Tyre*,
Further to queſtion me of your King's departure.
His ſeal'd Commiſſion left in truſt with me,
Doth ſpeak ſufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How, the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied,
Why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves)
He would depart; I'll give ſome light unto you.
Being at *Antioch* ———

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not)
Took ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he judg'd ſo:
And doubting that he had erred or ſinned,
To ſhew his Sorrow, he would correct himſelf;
So puts himſelf unto the Shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens Life or Death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I ſhall not be hang'd now, altho I would; but ſince he's gone, the King's Seas muſt pleaſe: he 'ſcap'd the Land, to periſh at the Sea: I'll preſent my ſelf. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With meſſage unto Princely *Pericles*;
But ſince my landing I have underſtood
Your Lord hath betook himſelf to unknown Travels,
My meſſage muſt return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reaſon to deſire it,
Commended to our Maſter, not to us;
Yet ere you ſhall depart, this we deſire,
As Friends to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Tyre*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cleon *the Governor of* Tharſus, *with* Dionyſia, *and others.*

Cle. My *Dionyſia*, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating Tales of others Griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at Fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs Hills becauſe they do aſpire,
Throws down one Mountain to caſt up a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, even ſuch our Griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and ſeen with Miſchiefs Eyes,
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher riſe.

Cle. O *Dionyſia*,
Who wanteth Food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceal his Hunger, till he famiſh?
Our Tongues and Sorrows do ſound deep:
Our Woes into the Air, our Eyes to weep,
Till Tongues fetch Breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if Heav'n ſlumber, while
Their Creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then diſcourſe our Woes felt ſeveral Years,
And wanting Breath to ſpeak, help me with Tears.

Dio. I'll do my beſt, Sir.

Cle. This *Tharſus*, o'er which I've the Government,
A City, on whom Plenty held full Hand,
For Riches ſtrew'd her ſelf even in the Streets,
Whoſe Towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the Clouds,
And Strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whoſe Men and Dames ſo jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's Glaſs to trim them by;
Their Tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on, as delight;
All Poverty was ſcorn'd, and Pride ſo great,
The Name of Help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh 'tis true.

Cle. But ſee what Heav'n can do by this our Change:
Theſe Mouths, who but of late, Earth, Sea, and Air,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Altho they gave their Creatures in abundance;

As

As Houſes are defil'd for want of uſe,
They are now ſtarv'd for want of Exerciſe;
Thoſe Palats, who, not yet to ſayers younger,
Muſt have Inventions to delight the Taſte,
Would now be glad of Bread, and beg for it;
Theſe Mothers who to nouzle up their Babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat thoſe little Darlings whom they lov'd:
So ſharp are hunger's Teeth, that Man and Wife
Draw Lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen Life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many ſink, yet thoſe who ſee them fall,
Have ſcarce Strength left to give them Burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our Cheeks and hollow Eyes do witneſs it.

Cle. O let thoſe Cities that of Plenty's Cup,
And her Proſperities ſo largely taſt,
With their ſuperfluous Riots hear theſe Tears;
The Miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here, ſpeak out thy Sorrows, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for Comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have deſcried, upon our neighbouring Shore,
A portly ſail of Ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One Sorrow never comes but brings an Heir,
That may ſucceed as his Inheritor:
And ſo in ours: Some neighbouring Nation,
Taking Advantage of our Miſery,
Hath ſtuft the hollow Veſſels with their Pow'r,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a Conqueſt of unhappy me,
Whereas no Glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the leaſt Fear;
For by the ſemblance of their Flags diſplaid,
They bring us Peace, and come to us as Favourers,
Not as Foes.

Cle. Thou ſpeak'ſt like Hymns untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt Shew, means moſt Deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the Ground's the loweſt,
And we are half way there:
Go tell their General we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cle. Welcome his Peace, if he on Peace conſiſt;
If Wars, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord Governor, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our Men
Be like a Beacon fir'd, to amaze your Eyes:
We've heard your Miſeries as far as *Tyre*,
And ſeen the Deſolation of your Streets:
Nor come we to add Sorrow to your Tears,
But to releaſe them of their heavy load;
And theſe our Ships, you happily may think
As like the *Trojan* Horſe, was ſtuft within,
With bloody Veins expecting Overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with Corn to make your needy Bread,
And give them Life, whom Hunger ſtarv'd half dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Ariſe, I pray you ariſe;
We do not look for Reverence, but for Love,
And harbourage for our ſelf, our Ships, and Men.

Cle. The which when any ſhall not gratify,
Or pay you with Unthankfulneſs in Thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our ſelves,
The Curſe of Heav'n and Men ſucceed their Evils:
Till when, the which, I hope, ſhall ne'er be ſeen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, feaſt here a while
Until our Stars that frown, lend us a Smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

Gow. *HERE have you ſeen a mighty King,*
His Child, I wis, to Inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benign Lord,
That will prove awful both in Deed and Word.
Be quiet then, as Men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt Neceſſity:
I'll ſhew you thoſe in Troubles Reign,
Loſing a Mite, a Mountain gain:
The Good in Converſation,
To whom I give my Benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharſus, *where each Man*
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But Tidings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your Eyes, what need ſpeak I.

Dumb Show.

Enter at one Door *Pericles* talking with *Cleon*, all the Train with them. Enter at another Door, a Gentleman with a Letter to *Pericles*; *Pericles* ſhews the Letter to *Cleon*, *Pericles* gives the Meſſenger a Reward, and knights him. [*Exit* Pericles *at one Door, and* Cleon *at another.*

Good Hellican *that ſtaid at home,*
Not to eat Honey like a Drone,
From others Labours; for tho he ſtrive
To killen bad keep good alive:
And to fulfil his Prince's Deſire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard *came full bent with Sin,*
And had intent to murther him;
And that in Tharſus *was not beſt,*
Longer for him to make his Reſt:

He

He doing ſo, put forth to Seas,
Where when Men bin there's ſeldom Eaſe;
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder above, and Deeps below,
Make ſuch unquiet, that the Ship
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit;
And he, good Prince, having all loſt,
By Waves, from Coaſt to Coaſt is toſt:
All Periſhen of Man, of Pelf.
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelf;
Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him aſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old Gower, *thus long's the Text.*

Enter Pericles *wet.*

Per. Yet ceaſe your Ire, you angry Stars of Heav'n,
Wind, Rain, and Thunder; remember earthly Man
Is but a Subſtance that muſt yield to you:
And I, as fits my Nature, do obey you.
Alas, the Sea hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from Shore to Shore, and left my Breath
Nothing to think on, but enſuing Death;
Let it ſuffice the greatneſs of your Powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his Fortunes,
And having thrown him from your watry Grave,
Here to have Death in Peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1 *Fiſh.* What, to pelch?
2 *Fiſh.* Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1 *Fiſh.* What, Patch-Breech, I ſay.
3 *Fiſh.* What ſay you, Maſter?
1 *Fiſh.* Look how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a Wannion.
2 *Fiſh.* Faith, Maſter, I am thinking of the poor Men
That were caſt away before us, even now.

1 *Fiſh.*

1 *Fiſh.* Alas, poor Souls, it griev'd my Heart to hear
What pitiful Cries they made to us, to help them,
When, well-a-day, we could ſcarcely help our ſelves.
3 *Fiſh.* Nay, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the *Porpus* how he bo unc'd and tumbled
They ſay, they are half Fiſh, half Fleſh;
A Plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be
waſht.
Maſter, I marvel how the Fiſhes live in the Sea?
1 *Fiſh.* Why, as Men do at Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at laſt devours them all at a Mouthful.
Such Whales have I heard on a' th' Land,
Who never leave gaping, till they ſwallow'd
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.
Per. A pretty Moral.
3 *Fiſh.* But, Maſter, if I had been the Sexton,
I would have been that Day in the Belfrey.
2 *Fiſh.* Why, Man?
3 *Fiſh.* Becauſe he ſhould have ſwallow'd me too:
And when I had been in his Belly,
I would have kept ſuch a jangling of the Bells,
That he ſhould never have left,
Till he caſt Bells, Steeple, Church and Pariſh up again.
But if the good King *Symonides* were of my Mind.
Per. Symonides?
3 *Fiſh.* We would purge the Land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her Honey.
Per. How from the fenny ſubject of the Sea
Theſe Fiſhers tell the Infirmities of Men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may Men approve, or Men detect.
Peace be at your Labour, honeſt Fiſhermen.
2 *Fiſh.* Honeſt, good Fellow, what's that, if it be a
Day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no Body look after it?
Per. Y'may ſee the Sea hath caſt me upon your Coaſt.

2 *Fiſh.* What a drunken Knave was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way.

Per. A Man whom both the Waters and the Wind,
In that vaſt Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fiſh.* No, Friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Get more with Begging, then we can do with Working.

2 *Fiſh.* Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fiſh.* Nay, then thou wilt ſtarve ſure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unleſs thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, Want teaches me to think on;
A Man throng'd up with Cold, my Veins are chill,
And have no more of Life, than may ſuffice
To give my Tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a Man, pray ſee me buried.

1 *Fiſh.* Die ko-tha, now Gods forbid; I have a Gown here, come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a handſome Fellow: Come, thou ſhalt go home, and we'll have Fleſh for all Day, Fiſh for faſting Days and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, Sir.

2 *Fiſh.* Hark you, my Friend, you ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fiſh.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your Beggars whipt then?

2 *Fiſh.* Oh not all, my Friend, not all; for if all your Beggars were whipt, I would wiſh no better Office, than to be Beadle. But, Maſter, I'll go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt Mirth becomes their Labour?

1 *Fiſh.* Hark you, Sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fiſh.* I tell you this is called *Pentapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides* do you call him?

1 *Fiſh.* Ay, Sir, and he deſerves ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable Reign and good Government.

Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gains from
His Subjects, the name of Good, by his Government.
How far is his Court diſtant from this Shore?

1 *Fiſh.* Marry, Sir, half a day's Journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair Daughter, and to morrow is her Birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the World, to Juſt and Turney for her Love.

Per. Were my Fortunes equal to my Deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

2 *Fiſh.* Oh Sir, things muſt be as they may; and what a Man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his Wife's Soul.

Enter the two Fiſhermen drawing up a Net.

2 *Fiſh.* Help, Maſter, help, here's a Fiſh hangs in the Net, like a poor Man's Right in the Law, 'twill hardly come out. Habots on't, 'tis come at laſt, and 'tis turned to a ruſty Armor.

Per. An Armor, Friends! I pray you let me ſee it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet that after all Croſſes,
Thou giv'ſt me ſomewhat to repair my ſelf;
And tho it was mine own, part of mine Heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,
With this ſtrict Charge, even as he left his Life:
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a Shield
'Twixt me and Death; and pointed to this Brayſe;
For that it ſav'd me; keep it in like neceſſity;
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearly lov'd it,
Till the rough Seas, that ſpares not any Man,
Took it in rage, tho calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my Shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my Father's Gift in's Will.

1 *Fiſh.* What mean you, Sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind Friends, this Coat of Worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King;
I know it by this Mark; he lov'd me dearly,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the having of it;

And that you'd guide me to your Sovereign's Court,
Where with it I may appear a Gentleman;
And if that ever my low Fortune's better,
I'll pay your Bounties; till then reſt your Debtor.

1 Fiſh. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'll ſhew the Virtue I have born in Arms.

1 Fiſh. Why, take it, and the Gods give thee good on't.

2 Fiſh. But hark you, my Friend, 'twas we that made up this Garment thro' the rough Seams of the Waters; there are certain Condolements, certain Vails; I hope, Sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will;
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steel,
And ſpight of all the rapture of the Sea,
This Jewel holds his building on my Arm;
Unto thy value I will mount my ſelf
Upon a Courſer, whoſe delightful ſteps
Shall make the Gazer joy to ſee him tread:
Only, my Friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of Baſes.

2 Fiſh. We'll ſure provide, thou ſhalt have
My beſt Gown to make thee a pair;
And I'll bring thee to the Court my ſelf.

Per. Then Honour be but a Goal to my Will,
This Day I'll riſe, or elſe add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Symonides *with Attendants, and* Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my Liege, and ſtay your coming,
To preſent themſelves.

King. Return them, we are ready; and our Daughter
In Honour of whoſe Birth, theſe Triumphs are, [here,
Sits here like Beauty's Child, whom Nature gat,
For Men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaſeth you, my royal Father, to expreſs
My Commendations great, whoſe Merit's leſs.

King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A Model which Heav'n makes of it ſelf:
As Jewels loſe their Glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renowns, if not reſpected.

'Tis

'Tis now your Honour, Daughter, to entertain
The Labour of each Knight, in his Device.

Thai. Which, to preſerve mine Honour, I'll perform.

[*The firſt Knight paſſes by.*

King. Who is the firſt that doth prefer himſelf?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta*, my renowned Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his Life of you.

[*The ſecond Knight.*

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelf?

Thai. A Prince of *Macedon*, my Royal Father,
And the Device he bears upon his Shield,
Is an arm'd Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady;
The Motto thus in *Spaniſh*, *Pue Por dolcera chi por forza.*

[*The third Knight.*

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his Device
A wreath of Chivalry; the word, *Me Pompei provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight.*

King. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upſide down,
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit.*

King. Which ſhews that Beauty hath his Power and Will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight.*

Thai. The fifth, an Hand environed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-ſtone try'd:
The Motto thus, *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

[*The ſixth Knight.*

King. And what's the ſixth and laſt, the which the
Knight himſelf with ſuch a graceful Courteſy deliver'd?

Thai. He ſeems to be a Stranger, but his Preſent is
A wither'd Branch, that's only green at top:
The Motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

King. A pretty Moral:
From the dejected State wherein he is,
He hopes by you his Fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward Shew
Can any way ſpeak in his juſt commend:
For, by his ruſty Outſide, he appears
To'ave practis'd more the Whipſtock than the Lance.
2 *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd Triumph ſtrangely furniſh'd.
3 *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his Armor ruſt
Until this Day, to ſcour it in the Duſt.
King. Opinion's but a Fool, that makes us ſcan
The outward Habit by the inward Man.
But ſtay, the Knights are coming.
We will withdraw into the Gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.*

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you're welcome, were ſuperfluous.
To place upon the Volumn of your Deeds,
As in a Title Page, your worth in Arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every Worth in ſhew commends it ſelf.
Prepare for Mirth, for Mirth comes at a Feaſt;
You are Princes, and my Gueſts.
Thai. But you, my Knight and Gueſt,
To whom this wreath of Victory I give,
And crown you King of this Day's happineſs.
Per. 'Tis more by Fortune, Lady, than by Merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the Day is yours.
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her labour'd Scholar: Come, Queen o' th' Feaſt,
For, Daughter, ſo you are, here take your place:
Martial the reſt, as they deſerve thy grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*
King. Your Preſence glads our Days, Honour we love,
For w'o hates Honour, hates the Gods above.
Marſh. Sir, yonder is your Place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, Sir, for we are Gentlemen,

That neither in our Hearts, nor outward Eyes,
Envy the Great, nor do the Low deſpiſe.
Per. You are right, courteous Knights.
King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Jove*, I wonder, that is King of Thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought upon.
Thai. By *Juno*, that is the Queen of Marriage,
All Viands that I eat do ſeem unſavoury,
Wiſhing him my Meat; ſure he's a gallant Gentleman.
King. He's but a Country Gentleman; has done no more
Than other Knights have done, has broken a Staff,
Or ſo; let it paſs.
Thai. To me he ſeems a Diamond to Glaſs.
Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's Picture,
Which tells me in that Glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like Stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer Lights,
Did veil their Crowns to his Supremacy;
Where now his Son, like a Glow-worm in the Night,
The which hath Fire in Darkneſs, none in Light;
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,
For he's their Parents, and he is their Grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this Royal Preſence?
King. Here, with a Cup that's ſtirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your Miſtreſs' Lips,
We drink this Health to you.
Knights. We thank your Grace.
King. Yet pauſe a while.
Yon Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the Entertainment in our Court
Had not a ſhew might countervail his Worth.
Note it not you, *Thaiſa?*
Thai. What is't to me, my Father?
King. O, attend, my Daughter;
Princes, in this, ſhould live like Gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,

Which make a ſound, but kill'd are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more ſweet,
Here ſay we drink this ſtanding Bowl of Wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my Father, it befits not me,
Unto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my Proffer take for an Offence,
Since Men take Womens Gifts for Impudence.
King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me elſe.
Thai. Now, by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better. [*Aſide.*
King. And furthermore tell him,
We deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his Name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my Father, Sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much Blood unto your Life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your Name and Parentage.
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my Name *Pericles*,
My Education been in Arts and Arms,
Who looking for Adventures in the World,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and Men,
And after Shipwrack, driv'n upon this Shore.
Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himſelf *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*, who only by misfortune of the Seas,
Bereft of Ships and Men, caſt on the Shore.
King. Now by the Gods, I pity his Misfortune,
And will awake him from his Melancholy.
Come, Gentlemen, we ſit too long on Trifles,
And waſte the time, which looks for other Revels.
Ev'n in your Armors, as you are addreſt,
Will very well become a Soldier's Dance:
I will not have excuſe, with ſaying that
Loud Muſick is too harſh for Ladies Heads,
Since they love Men in Arms, as well as Beds. [*They dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, Sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*

Are

Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their Meaſures are as excellent.

Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are, my Lord.

King. O that's as much as you would be deny'd
Of your fair Courteſy, unclaſp, unclaſp. [*They dance.*
Thanks Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt. Pages and Lights, to conduct
Theſe Knights unto their ſeveral Lodgings,
Yours, Sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleaſure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talk of Love,
And that's the Mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his Reſt,
To Morrow, all for ſpeeding do their beſt.

Enter Hellicanus *and* Eſcanes.

Hell. No, *Eſcanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from Inceſt liv'd not free:
For which, the moſt high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the Vengeance that
They had in ſtore, due to his heinous
Capital Offence; even in the Height and Pride
Of all his Glory, when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable Value, and his Daughter
With him; a Fire from Heav'n came and ſhrivell'd
Up thoſe Bodies, even to loathing; for they ſo ſtunk,
That all thoſe Eyes ador'd them, ere their Fall,
Scorn now their Hand ſhould give them burial.

Eſca. It was very ſtrange.

Hell. And yet but Juſtice;
For tho this King were great,
His Greatneſs was no guard to bar Heaven's ſhaft,
But Sin had his Reward.

Eſca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See not a Man in private Conference,
Or Counſel, hath reſpect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It ſhall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.
1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellican*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy Day, my Lords.
1 *Lord.* Know that our Griefs are riſen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their Banks.
Hell. Your Griefs, for what? wrong not your Prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelf then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what Ground's made happy by his Breath:
If in the World he live, we'll ſeek him out;
If in the Grave he reſt, we'll find him there,
And be reſolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, gives cauſe to mourn his Funeral,
And leave us to our free Election.
2 *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed, the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdom is without a Head,
Like goodly Buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to Ruin: Your noble ſelf,
That beſt knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus ſubmit unto our Sovereign.
Omn. Live, noble *Hellican.*
Hell. Try Honour's Cauſe; forbear your Suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear:
(Take I your wiſh, I leap into the Seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a Minute's eaſe,)
A Twelve-month longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the abſence of your King:
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I ſhall with aged Patience bear your Yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this Love,
Go ſearch like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventurous Worth,
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit about his Crown.
1 *Lord.* To Wiſdom, he's a Fool that would not yield,
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enjoineth us,
We with our Travels will endeavour.

Hell.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll claſp Hands,
When Peers thus knit, a Kingdom ever ſtands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King reading of a Letter at one Door, and the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Symonides*,
King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve Month, ſhe'll not undertake
A married Life: Her Reaſon to her ſelf is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get acceſs to her, my Lord?
King. Faith, by no means, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Ty'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impoſſible:
One twelve Moons more ſhe'll wear *Diana*'s Livery:
This by the Eye of *Cynthia* hath ſhe vow'd,
And on her Virgin Honour will not break.
3 *Knight.* Loth to bid farewel, we take our leaves. [*Ex.*
King. So, they are well diſpatch'd.
Now to my Daughter's Letter; ſhe tells me here,
She'll wed the ſtranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor Day nor Light.
'Tis well, Miſtreſs, your Choice agrees with mine,
I like that well; nay, how abſolute ſhe's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice, and will no longer
Have it be delay'd: Soft, here he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All Fortune to the good *Symonides*.
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholden to you,
For your ſweet Muſick this laſt Night;
I do proteſt, my Ears were never fed
With ſuch delightful pleaſing Harmony.
Per. It is your Grace's Pleaſure to commend,
Not my Deſert.
King. Sir, you are Muſick's Maſter.
Per. The worſt of all her Scholars, my good Lord.

King. Let me ask you one thing.
What do you think of my Daughter, Sir?

Per. A moſt virtuous Princeſs.

King. And ſhe's fair too, is ſhe not?

Per. As a fair Day in Summer: Wondrous Fair.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her School-maſter.

King. She thinks not ſo, peruſe this Writing elſe.

Per. What's here, a Letter,
That ſhe loves the Knight of *Tyre?*
'Tis the King's Subtility to have my Life:
Oh ſeek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That never aim'd ſo high to love your Daughter,
But bent all Offices to honour her.

King. Thou haſt bewitch'd my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.

Per. By the Gods I have not;
Never did Thought of mine levy Offence;
Nor never did my Actions yet commence
A Deed might gain her Love, or your Diſpleaſure.

King. Traitor, thou lyeſt.

Per. Traitor!

King, Ay, Traitor.

Per. Even in his Throat, unleſs it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the Lye.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his Courage.

Per. My Actions are as noble as my Thoughts,
That never reliſh'd of a baſe Deſcent.
I came unto the Court for Honour's Cauſe,
And not to be a Rebel to her State;
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This Sword ſhall prove, he's Honour's Enemy.

King. No? here comes my Daughter, ſhe can witneſs it.

Enter Thaiſa.

Per. Then as you are as Virtuous as Fair,
Reſolve your angry Father, if my Tongue

Did

Did e'er ſollicit, or my Hand ſubſcribe
To any Syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, Sir, if you had, who takes offence
At that, would make me glad.
King, Yea, Miſtreſs, are you ſo peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my Heart. [*Aſide.*
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in ſubjection.
Will you, not having my Conſent,
Beſtow your Love and your Affections
Upon a Stranger? — who, for ought I know, [*Aſide.*
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in Blood as I my ſelf. ——
Therefore hear you, Miſtreſs, either frame
Your Will to mine; and you, Sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you ———
Man and Wife; nay, come, your Hands
And Lips muſt ſeal it too: And being join'd,
I'll thus your Hopes deſtroy, and for further Grief,
God give you Joy; what, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, Sir.
Per. Ev'n as my Life, or Blood that foſters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to Bed.

Enter *Gower.*

Now ſleep ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnoars about the Houſe,
Made louder by the o'er-fee Beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous Marriage Feaſt:
The Cat with Eyne of burning Coal,
Now couches from the Mouſe's hole:
And Crickets ſing at th' Oven's Mouth,
Are the blither for their Drouth:
Hymen *hath brought the Bride to Bed,*
Where, by the Loſs of Maidenhead,
A Babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,

With

With your fine Fancies quaintly each,
What's dumb in Shew, I'll plain with Speech.

Enter *Pericles* and *Symonides* at one Door with Attendants, a Meſſenger meets them, kneels, and gives *Pericles* a Letter, *Pericles* ſhews it *Symonides*, the Lords kneel to him; then enter *Thaiſa* with Child, with *Lychorida* a Nurſe, the King ſhews her the Letter, ſhe rejoices: She and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, and depart.

By many a dearn and painful Pearch
Of Pericles, *the careful Search,*
By the four oppoſing Coignes
Which the World together joines.
Is made with all due diligence,
That Horſe and Sail, and high Expence,
Can ſteed the queſt; at laſt from Tyre,
Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To the Court of King Symonides,
Are Letters brought, the tenour theſe.
Antiochus *and his Daughter's dead,*
The Men of Tyrus, *on the Head*
Of Hellicanus *would ſet on*
The Crown of Tyre, *but he will none:*
The Mutiny he there haſtes t'oppreſs,
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice ſix Moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the Crown: The ſum of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And every one with claps can ſound,
Our Heir apparent is a King:
Who dreamt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Brief, he muſt hence depart to Tyre,
His Queen with Child, makes her deſire,
Which who ſhall croſs, along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe;
Lychorida *her Nurſe ſhe takes,*
And ſo to Sea; then Veſſel ſhakes.

On

On Neptune's *Billow, half the Flood*
Hath their Keel cut; but Fortune mov'd,
Varies again, the griſly North
Diſgorges ſuch a Tempeſt forth,
That as a Duck for Life that dives,
So up and down the poor Ship drives:
The Lady ſhrieks, and well-a-near,
Doth fall in travel with her fear:
And what enſues in this ſelf Storm,
Shall for it ſelf, it ſelf perform:
I nill relate, Action may
Conveniently the reſt convey;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your Imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, upon whoſe Deck
The Sea-toſt Pericles *appears to ſpeak.*

Enter Pericles *on Shipboard.*

Per. Thou God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe Surges,
Which waſh both Heav'n and Hell; and thou that haſt
Upon the Winds command, bind them in Braſs,
Having call'd them from the Deep; O ſtill
Thy deafning dreadful Thunders; daily quench
Thy nimble ſulphurous Flaſhes: O how, *Lychorida*,
How does my Queen? then ſtorm venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpit all thy ſelf? the Seaman's whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the Ears of Death,
Unheard *Lychorida? Lucina*, oh ——
Divineſt Patroneſs, and my Wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by Night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dancing Boat, make ſwift the Pangs
Of my Queen's Travels. Now, *Lychorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do;
Take in your Arms this piece of your dead Queen.
Per. How? how, *Lychorida?*

Lyc.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, do not aſſiſt the Storm,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh you Gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly Gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We here below recal not what we give,
And we therein may uſe Honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good Sir, even for this charge.

Per. Now mild may be thy Life,
For a more bluſtrous Birth had never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy Conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this World,
That ever was Prince's Child; happy that follows,
Thou haſt as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Heav'n can make
To harold thee from the Womb:
Ev'n at the firſt, thy loſs is more than can
Thy Portage quit, with all thou canſt find here:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt Eyes upon it.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What Courage, Sir? God ſave you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the Flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: Yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this freſh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the Bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou blow and ſplit thy ſelf?

2 *Sail.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy Billow kiſs the Moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your Queen muſt over-board,
The Sea works high, the Wind is loud,
And will not lie till the Ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your Superſtition. [obſerv'd,

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, Sir, with us at Sea it ſtill hath been
And we are ſtrong in Eaſtern, therefore briefly yield her.

Per. As you think meet, for ſhe muſt o'er-board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queen.

Lyc.

Lyc. Here ſhe lies, Sir.

Per. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had, my Dear;
No Light, no Fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallow'd to thy Grave, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely coffin'd, in oar,
Where for a Monument upon thy Bones,
The Air remaining Lamps, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt o'erwhelm thy Corps
Lying with ſimple Shells: Oh, *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: Lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A Prieſtly Farewel to her: Suddenly, Woman.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a Cheſt beneath the Hatches,
Caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee: Mariner, ſay, what Coaſt is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near *Tharſus*.

Per. Thither, gentle Mariner,
Alter thy Courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of Day, if the Wind ceaſe.

Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*: There I'll leave it
At careful Nurſing: Go thy ways, good Mariner.
I'll bring the Body preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Cerymon *with a Servant.*

Cer. Philemon, oh!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get Fire and Meat for theſe poor Men,
It hath been a turbulent and ſtormy Night.

Ser. I have been in many; but ſuch a Night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your Maſter will be dead ere you return.
There's nothing can be miniſtred to Nature,
That can recover him: Give this to th'Pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good Morrow.
2 *Gent.* Good Morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtir ſo early?
1 *Gent.* Sir, our Lodging ſtanding bleak upon the Sea,
Shook as if the Earth did quake:
The very Principles did ſeem to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and fear made me to leave the Houſe.
2 *Gent.* This is the Cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
'Tis not our Husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your Lordſhip
Having rich Attire about you, ſhould at theſe early Hours
Shake off the golden Slumber of Repoſe; 'tis moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with Pain,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning
Were Endowments greater, than Nobleneſs and Riches;
Careleſs Heirs may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God:
'Tis known, I ever have ſtudied Phyſick,
Thro' which ſecret Art, by turning o'er Authority,
I have, together with my Practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid, the beſt Infuſions that dwell
In Vegetives, in Metals, Stones; and can ſpeak of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her Cures;
Which doth give me a more content
In courſe of true Delight
Than to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my Pleaſure up in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Fool and Death.
2 *Gent.* Your Honour hath thro' *Epheſus*
Pour'd forth your Charity, and hundreds call themſelves

Your

Your Creatures; who by you have been reſtor'd,
And not your Knowledge, your perſonal Pain,
But even your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerymon*
Such ſtrong Renown, as never ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, liſt there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea toſs up upon our Shore This Cheſt: 'tis of ſome wrack.
Cer. Set it down, let us look upon it,
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, Sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Sea's Stomach be o'er-charg'd with Gold,
'Tis a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches upon us.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis ſo, my Lord.
Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and bottom'd, did the Sea caſt it up?
Ser. I never ſaw ſo huge a Billow, Sir, as toſt it upon Shore.
Cer. Wrench it open: it ſmells moſt ſweetly in my Senſe.
2 *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As ever hit my Noſtril; ſo, up with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Coarſe?
1 *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange.
Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of State, balm'd and entreaſured
With full Bags of Spices, a Paſſport to *Apollo*.
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to underſtand,
If e'er this Coffin drive a-land;
I King Pericles *have loſt*
This Queen, worth all our mundane coſt:
Who finds her, give her Burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Beſides this Treaſure for a Fee,
The Gods requite his Charity.

If

If thou liveſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a Heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to Night.

2 *Gent.* Moſt likely, Sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to Night.
For look how freſh ſhe looks!
They were too rough, that threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within, fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may uſurp on Nature many Hours,
And yet the Fire of Life kindle again the o'er-preſt Spirits.
I heard of an *Ægyptian* that had nine Hours been dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid, the Fire and Cloths,
The rough and woful Muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound I beſeech you:
The Vial once more; how thou ſtirreſt, thou Block!
The Muſick there; I pray you give her Air;
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warm Breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five Hours.
See how ſhe 'gins to blow into Life's Flower again.

1 *Gent.* The Heav'ns, thro' you, increaſe our Wonder,
And ſets up your Fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her Eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heav'nly Jewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their Fringes of bright Gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt praiſed Water do appear,
To make the World twice rich, live, and make us weep
To hear your Fate, fair Creature, rare as you ſeem to be.

[*She moves.*

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What World is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange?

1 *Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh, my gentle Neighbours, lend me your Hands,
To the next Chamber bear her, get Linnen;

Now

Now this matter muſt be look'd to, for the Relapſe
Is mortal: Come, come, and, *Æſculapius*, guide us.
[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Pericles *at* Tharſus, *with* Cleon *and* Dionyſia.

Per. MOST honour'd *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone,
My twelve Months are expir'd, and *Tyre* ſtands
In a peace; you and your Lady take from my Heart
All Thankfulneſs. The Gods make up the reſt upon you.
Cle. Your ſhakes of Fortune, tho they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us.
Dion. O your ſweet Queen!
That the ſtrict Fates had pleas'd you'd brought her hither,
To have bleſt mine Eyes with her.
Per. We cannot but obey the Pow'rs above us;
Could I rage and roar as doth the Sea ſhe lyes in,
Yet the end muſt be as 'tis: My gentle Babe, *Marina*,
Whom, for ſhe was born at Sea, I have nam'd ſo,
Here, I charge your Charity withal; leaving her
The Infant of your Care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is born.
Cle. Fear not my Lady, but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn, for which
The Peoples Prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your Child
Be thought on; if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common Body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my Duty; but if to that
My Nature need a Spur, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of Generation.

Per.

Per. I believe you, your Honour and your Goodneſs
Teach me to't without your Vows; 'till ſhe be married,
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſter'd ſhall this Heir of mine remain,
Tho I ſhew will in't; So I take my leave:
Good Madam, make me bleſſed, in your Care
In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I've one my ſelf, who ſhall not be more dear
To my reſpect than yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my Thanks and Prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace to the Edge of the Shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt Winds of Heav'n.

Per. I will embrace your Offer. Come, deareſt Madam: O, no Tears, *Lychorida*, no Tears; look to your little Miſtreſs, on whoſe Grace you may depend hereafter: Come, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cerymon *and* Thaiſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certain Jewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer,
Which are at your Command: Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lord's; that I was ſhip'd at Sea,
I well remember, ev'n on my eaning-time;
But whether there delivered, by the holy Gods,
I cannot rightly ſay; but ſince King *Pericles*,
My wedded Lord, I ne'er ſhall ſee again,
A veſtal Livery will I take me to,
And never more have Joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeak,
Diana's Temple is not diſtant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire;
Moreover if you pleaſe, a Niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good Will is great, tho the Gift ſmall.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Gower.

Gow. *Imagine* Pericles *arriv'd at* Tyre,
Welcom'd and ſettled to his own deſire;
His woful Queen we leave at Epheſus,
Unto Diana, *there's a Votareſs.*
Now to Marina *bend your Mind,*
Whom our faſt growing Scene muſt find
At Tharſus, *and by* Cleon *train'd*
In Muſick's Letters, who hath gain'd
Of Education all the Grace,
Which makes high both the Art and Place
Of general Wonder: But alack,
That Monſter Envy, oft the Wrack
Of earned Praiſe, Marina's *Life*
Seeks to take off by Treaſon's Knife,
And in this kind, our Cleon *hath*
One Daughter and a full grown Wench,
Even ripe for Marriage ſight: This Maid
Hight Philoten: *And it is ſaid*
For certain in our Story, ſhe
Would ever with Marina *be,*
Be't when they weav'd the ſtedded Silk,
With Fingers long, ſmall, white as Milk,
Or when ſhe would with ſharp Needle wound
The Cambrick, which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
She ſung and made the Night Bed mute
That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant Pen,
Veil to her Miſtreſs Dion *ſtill,*
This Philoten *contends in skill*
With abſolute Marina: *So*
The Dove of Paphos *might with the Crow*
Vy Feathers white. Marina *gets*
All Praiſes, which are paid as Debts,
And not as given; this ſo darks
In Philoten *all graceful Marks,*
That Cleon's *Wife with Envy rare,*
A preſent Murderer do's prepare

For

For Good Marina, *that her Daughter*
Might ſtand peerleſs by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile Thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida *our Nurſe is dead,*
And curſed Dionyſia *hath*
The pregnant Inſtrument of Wrath
Preſt for this blow, the unborn Event
I do commend to your Content.
Only I carried winged Time
Poſt, on the lame Feet of my Rhime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your Thoughts went on my Way.
Dionyſia *doth appear,*
With Leonine *a Murderer.* [Exit.

Enter Dionyſia, *and* Leonine.

Dion. Thy Oath remember, thou haſt ſworn to do it,
Tis but a blow, which never ſhall be known.
Thou canſt not do a thing in the World ſo ſoon,
To yield thee ſo much Profit; let not Conſcience
Which is but cold, enflaming thy love Boſom,
Enflame too nicely; nor let Pity, which
Even Women have caſt off, melt thee,
But be a Soldier to thy Purpoſe.

Leon. I will do't, but yet ſhe is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould have her.
Here ſhe comes weeping for her only Miſtreſs' Death:
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina *with a Baſket of Flowers.*

Mar. No: I will rob gay *Tellus* of her Weed,
To ſtrew thy Grave with Flowers: The yellows, blues,
The purple Violets and Marigolds,
Shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave,
While Summer Days doth laſt. Ay me, poor Maid,
Born in a Tempeſt, when my Mother dy'd:

This

This World to me is like a laſting Storm,
Hurrying me from my Friends.
Dion. How now, *Marina?* why de'ye weep alone?
How chance my Daughter is not with you?
Do not conſume your Blood with ſorrowing,
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord! your Favour's
Chang'd, with this unprofitable Woe:
Come give me your Flowers, ere the Sea mar it,
Walk with *Leonine*, the Air is quick there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the Stomach:
Come, *Leonine*, take her by the Arm, walk with her.
Mar. No I pray you,
I'll not bereave you of your Servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the King your Father, and your ſelf,
With more then foreign Heart; we every Day
Expect him here, when he ſhall come and find
Our Paragon, to all Reports thus blaſted,
He will repent the Breadth of his great Voyage,
Blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your beſt Courſes. Go I pray you,
Walk and be chearful once again; reſerve
That excellent Complexion, which did ſteal
The Eyes of Young and Old. Care not for me,
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go,
But yet I have no deſire to it.
Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you;
Walk half an Hour, *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I have ſaid.
Leon. I warrant you, Madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my ſweet Lady, for a while;
Pray walk ſoftly, do not heat your Blood:
What, I muſt have a care of you. [*Exit.*
Mar. My Thanks, ſweet Madam. Is the Wind Weſterly that blows?
Leon. South-Weſt.
Mar. When I was born, the Wind was North.
Leon. Was't ſo?
Mar. My Father, as Nurſe ſaith, did never fear,
But cried, good Seamen to the Sailors, galling

His

His Kingly Hands,
Hailing the Ropes, and claſping to the Maſt,
Endur'd a Sea that almoſt burſt the Deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born,
Never was Waves nor Wind more violent,
And from the Ladder-Tackle, waſhes off
A Canvas Climber: Ha, ſaith one, wilt out!
And with a dropping Induſtry they skip
From Stern to Stern:
The Boat-ſwain whiſtles, and the Maſter calls
And trebles their Confuſion.
Leon. Come ſay your Prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little ſpace for Prayer,
I grant it; pray, but be not tedious,
For the Gods are quick of Ear,
And I am ſworn to do my Work with haſte.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To ſatisfy my Lady.
Mar. Why would ſhe have me kill'd now? as I can
Remember by my Troth, I never did hurt her
In all my Life, I never ſpake bad word,
Nor did ill turn to any living Creature;
Believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouſe,
Nor hurt a Fly. I trod upon a Worm once
Againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my Death might yield her any profit,
Or my Life imply her any danger?
Leon. My Commiſſion
Is not to reaſon of the Deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the World, I hope:
You are well-favour'd, and your Looks fore-ſhew
You have a very gentle Heart. I ſaw you lately,
When you caught Hurt in parting two that fought:
Good ſooth, it ſhewed well in you, do ſo now,
Your Lady ſeeks my Life, come you between,
And ſave poor Me the weaker.
Leon. I am ſworn, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pirat.* Hold, Villain.

2 *Pirat.* A Prize! a Prize!

3 *Pirat.* Half part, Mates, half part. Come, let's have her aboard ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing Thieves ſerve the great Pirate *Valdes.*
And they have ſeized *Marina:* let her go,
There's no hope ſhe will return: I'll ſwear ſhe's dead,
And thrown into the Sea; but I'll ſee further:
Perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her,
Not carry her aboard; if ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſh'd, muſt by me be ſlain. [*Exit.*

Enter Pander, Boult *and* Bawd.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the Market narrowly, *Metalline* is full of Gallants, we loſt too much Money this Mart, by being too Wenchleſs.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of Creatures; we have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continual Action, are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have freſh ones what e'er we pay for them; if there be not a Conſcience to be us'd in every Trade, we ſhall never proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor Baſtards, as I think, I brought ſome eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again, But ſhall I ſearch the Market?

Bawd. What elſe, Man? The Stuff we have, a ſtrong Wind will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pand. Thou ſay'ſt true, there's two unwholſome in Conſcience, the poor *Tranſilvanian* is dead that lay with the little Baggage.

Boult. Ay, ſhe quickly poup'd him, ſhe made him Roaſt-Meat for Worms; but I'll go ſearch the Market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thouſand Chickens were as pretty a Proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our Credit comes not in like the Commodity, nor the Commodity wages not with the Danger: Therefore, if in our Youths we could pick up ſome pretty Eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our Door hatch'd. Beſides, the ſore Terms we ſtand upon with the Gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, ay, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our Profeſſion any Trade, it's no Calling: But here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult *with Pirates, and* Marina.

Boult. Come your ways, my Maſters, you ſay ſhe's a Virgin?

Pirat. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone thro' for this Piece you ſee, if you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my Earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhe any Qualities?

Boult. She has a good Face, ſpeaks well, and hath excellent good Clothes: There's no farther neceſſity of Qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her Price, *Boult?*

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand Pieces.

Pand. Follow me, my Maſters, you ſhall have your Money preſently: Wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do, that ſhe may not be raw in her Entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the Marks of her, the Colour of her Hair, Complexion, Height, Age, with warrant of her Virginity; and cry, He that will give moſt ſhall have

have her firſt. Such a Maiden-head were no cheap thing; if Men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that *Leonine* was ſo ſlack, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould have ſtruck, not ſpoke;
Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had o'er-board thrown me, for to ſeek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the Gods have done their Part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my Fault to 'ſcape his hands, Where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you ſhall live in Pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all Faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the difference of all Complexions. What, d'ye ſtop your Ears?

Mar. Are you a Woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a Woman?

Mar. An honeſt Woman, or not a Woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Goſling: I think I ſhall have ſomething to do with you. Come, y'are a young fooliſh Sapling, and muſt be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd. If it pleaſe the Gods defend you by Men, then Men muſt comfort you, Men muſt feed you, Men muſt ſtir you up: *Boult*'s return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, Sir, haſt thou cry'd her thro' the Market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almoſt to the number of her Hairs. I have drawn her Picture with my Voice.

Bawd. And prithee tell me, how doſt thou find the Inclination of the People, eſpecially of the younger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would have hearken'd to their Father's Teſtament. There was a *Spaniard*'s Mouth ſo watered, that he went to Bed to her very Deſcription.

Bawd. We ſhall have him here to Morrow with his beſt Ruff on.

Boult. To Night, to Night. But, Miſtreſs, do you know the *French* Knight that cowers i'th'Hams?

Bawd. Who? Monſieur *Verollus?*

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a Caper at the Proclamation, but he made a Groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to Morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his Diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our Shadow, to ſcatter his Crowns in the Sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a Traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this Sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while, you have Fortunes coming upon you, mark me, you muſt ſeem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; deſpiſe Profit, where you have moſt Gain: to weep that you live as you do, makes Pity in your Lovers ſeldom, but that Pity begets you a good Opinion, and that Opinion a meer Profit.

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home, Miſtreſs, take her home; theſe Bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent Practice.

Bawd. Thou ſayeſt true i'faith, ſo they muſt; for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not; but Miſtreſs, if I have bargain'd for the Joint.

Bawd. Thou may'ſt cut a Morſel off the Spit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould deny it? [well.
Come young one, I like the manner of your Garments

Boult. Ay, by my Faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Bawd.

Bawd. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Town, report what a Sojourner we have; you'll loſe nothing by Cuſtom. When Nature fram'd this Piece, ſhe meant thee a good Turn, therefore ſay what a Paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the Harveſt out of thine own Report.

Boult. I warrant you, Miſtreſs, Thunder ſhall not ſo awake the Beds of Eels, as my giving out of her Beauty ſtirs up the lewdly inclin'd. I'll bring home ſome to Night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If Fires be hot, Knives ſharp, or Waters deep, Unty'd I ſtill my Virgin-knot will keep.
Diana, aid my Purpoſe.

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana?* pray you go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon *and* Dionyſia.

Dion. Why are you fooliſh, can it be undone?

Cle. O *Dionyſia*, ſuch a piece of Slaughter,
The Sun and Moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a Child again.

Cle. Were I chief Lord of all this ſpacious World, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much leſs in Blood than Virtue, yet a Princeſs to equal any ſingle Crown of the Earth, in the juſtice of compare: O Villain, *Leonine*, whom thou haſt poiſoned too; if thou had'ſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs becoming well thy Face. What can'ſt thou ſay, when noble *Pericles* ſhall demand his Child?

Dion. That ſhe is Dead. Nurſes are not the Fates to foſter it, nor ever to preſerve; ſhe dy'd at Night, I'll ſay ſo, who can croſs it, unleſs you play the Innocent, and for an honeſt Attribute, cry out, ſhe dy'd by foul Play?

Cle. O go to; well, well, of all the Faults beneath the Heav'ns, the Gods do like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe that thinks the pretty Wrens of *Tharſus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do ſhame to think of what a noble Strain you are, and of how coward a Spirit.

Cle. To ſuch proceeding, who ever but his Approbation added, tho not his whole Conſent, he did not flow from honourable Courſes.

Dion. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know but you how ſhe came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did diſdain my Child, and ſtood between her and her Fortunes: None would look on her, but caſt their Gazes on *Marina*'s Face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thro', and tho you call my Courſe unnatural, you not your Child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of Kindneſs perform'd to your ſole Daughter.

Cle. Heav'ns forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay?
We wept after her Hearſe, and yet we mourn:
Her Monument almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph
In glittering golden Characters, expreſs
A general Praiſe to her, and Care in us,
At whoſe Expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpy,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angel's Face,
Seize with thine Eagle's Talons.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſwear to th'Gods, that Winter kills the Flies;
But yet I know, you'll do as I adviſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gower.

THus Time we waſte, and longeſt Leagues make ſhort,
Sail Seas in Cockles, have and wiſh but for't,
Making to take our Imagination,
From Bourn to Bourn, Region to Region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no Crime,
To uſe one Language, in each ſeveral Clime,
Where our Scenes ſeem to live. I do beſeech you
To learn of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you

The

The Stages of our Story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward Seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his Life's Delight:
Old Hellicanus *goes along behind,*
Is left to govern it: You bear in Mind
Old Eſcanes, *whom* Hellicanus *late*
Advanc'd in time to great and high Eſtate.
Well ſailing Ships, and bounteous Winds have brought
This King to Tharſus, *think this Pilot thought,*
So with his Steerage, ſhall your Thoughts grone
To fetch his Daughter home, who firſt is gone;
Like Motes and Shadows ſee them move a while,
Your Ears unto your Eyes I'll reconcile.

Enter *Pericles* at one Door with all his Train, *Cleon* and *Dionyſia* at the other: *Cleon* ſhews *Pericles* the Tomb, whereat *Pericles* makes Lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty Paſſion departs.

Gower. *See how Belief may ſuffer by foul ſhow,*
This borrow'd Paſſion ſtands for true old Woe:
And Pericles *in Sorrow all devour'd,*
With Sighs ſhot thro', and biggeſt Tears o'er-ſhower'd,
Leaves Tharſus, *and again imbarks, he ſwears*
Never to waſh his Face, nor cut his Hairs,
He put on Sackcloth, and to Sea, he bears
A Tempeſt which his mortal Veſſel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, *writ by* Dionyſia.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies here,
Who wither'd in her Spring of Year:
She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
On whom foul Death hath made this Slaughter:
Marina was ſhe call'd, and at her Birth,
That is, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part of th'Earth:
Therefore the Earth fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath *Thetis'* Birth-child on the Heav'ns beſtow'd

Wherefore ſhe does and ſwears ſhe'll never ſtint,
Make raging Battry upon Shores of Flint.

No Vizor does become black Villany,
So well as ſoft and tender Flattery.
Let Pericles *believe his Daughter's dead,*
And bear his Courſes to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, *while our ſtear muſt play*
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy Service: Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline. [*Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have Divinity preach'd there, did you ever dream of ſuch a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no; come, I am for no more Bawdy-houſes, ſhall we go hear the Veſtals ſing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the three Bawds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her ſhe had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to freeze the God *Priapus*, and undo a whole Generation, we muſt either get her raviſh'd, or be rid of her; when ſhe ſhould do for Clients her fitment, and do me the kindneſs of our Profeſſion, ſhe has me her Quirks, her Reaſons, her Maſter-reaſons, her Prayers, her Knees, that ſhe would make a Puritan of the Devil, if he ſhould cheapen a Kiſs of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaliers, and make all our Swearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the Pox upon her Green-ſickneſs for me.

Bawd.

Bawd. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguis'd.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lown, if the peeviſh Baggage would but give way to Cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of Virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods bleſs your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your Honour in good Health.

Lyſ. You may ſo, 'tis the better for you, that your Reſorters ſtand upon ſound Legs; how now? wholeſome Impunity have you, that a Man may deal withal, and defy the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, Sir, if ſhe would—— But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhe'd do the Deeds of Darkneſs, thou would'ſt ſay.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For Fleſh and Blood, Sir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prithee?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the Renown of a Bawd, no leſs than it gives a good Report to a number to be chaſte.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the ſtalk,
Never pluck'd yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a fair Creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long Voyage at Sea. Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your Honour give me leave a Word, And I'll have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable Man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governor of this Country, and a Man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not pac'd yet, you must take some pains to work her to your manage; come, we will leave his Honour and her together. [*Exit* Bawd.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this Trade?

Mar. What Trade, Sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my Trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this Profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young: were you a Gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, Sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why the House you dwell in, proclaims you to be a Creature of Sale.

Mar. Do you know this House to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable Parts, and the Governor of this Place.

Lys. Why? hath your Principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Lys. Why your Herb-woman, she that sets Seeds and Roots of Shame and Iniquity. O you have heard something of my Power, and so stand aloof for more serious Wooing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my Authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private Place, come, come.

Mar.

Mar. If you were born to Honour, ſhew it now;
If put upon you, make the Judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lyſ. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage—

Mar. For me that am a Maid, tho moſt ungentle
Fortune have plac'd me in this Sty,
Where ſince I came, Diſeaſes have been ſold
Dearer than Phyſick; O that the Gods
Would ſet me free from this unhallow'd Place,
Tho they did change me to the meaneſt Bird
That flies i'th'purer Air.

Lyſ. I did not think
Thou could'ſt have ſpoke ſo well, I ne'er dream'd thou could'ſt;
Had I brought hither a corrupted Mind,
Thy Speech had alter'd it; hold, here's Gold for thee,
Perſevere in that clear way thou goeſt,
And the Gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preſerve you.

Lyſ. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me
The very Doors and Windows ſavour vilely.
Fare thee well.
Thou art a piece of Virtue, and I doubt not
But thy training hath been noble;
Hold, here's more Gold for thee.
A Curſe upon him, die he like a Thief, [me;
That robs thee of thy Goodneſs; if thou doſt hear from
It ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your Honour, one Piece for me.

Lyſ. Avant thou damn'd Door-keeper,
Your Houſe, but for this Virgin that doth prop it,
Would ſink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We muſt take another Courſe with you; if your peeviſh Chaſtity, which is not worth a Breakfaſt in the cheapeſt Country under the Cope, ſhall undo a whole Houſhold, let me be gelded like a Spaniel; come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your Maidenhead taken off, or the common Hangman ſhall execute it; come your way, we'll

we'll have no more Gentlemen driv'n away: come your ways, I ſay.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe, Miſtreſs, ſhe hath here ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. She makes our Profeſſion as it were to ſtink before the Face of the Gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a Snowball; ſaying his Prayers too.

Bawd. Boult take her away, uſe her at thy Pleaſure, crack the Glaſs of her Virginity, and make the reſt malleable.

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier Piece of Ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you Gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would ſhe had never come within my Doors, marry hang you, ſhe's born to undo us, will you not go the way of Womenkind? Marry come up my Diſh of Chaſtity, with Roſemary and Bays. [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, Miſtreſs, come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the Jewel you hold ſo dear.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'ſt thou wiſh thine Enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtreſs.

Mar. Neither of theſe are yet ſo bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their Command;
Thou hold'ſt a place, for which the pained'ſt Fiend
In Hell would not in Reputation change: [comes
Thou art the damn'd Door-keeper to every Cuſherel that
Enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerick fiſting of every
Thy Ear is liable, thy Food is ſuch [Rogue
As hath been belch'd on by infectious Lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the Wars, would you, where a Man may ſerve ſeven Years for the loſs of a Leg, and have not Money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doſt,
Empty old Receptacles, or Common-ſhores of Filth;
Serve by Indenture to the common Hangman;
Any of theſe ways are yet better than this:
For what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboon, could he ſpeak,
Would own a Name too dear:
Oh, that the Gods would ſafely deliver me from this Place;
Here, here's Gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can ſing, weave, ſow, and dance,
With other Virtues, which I'll keep from boaſt,
And I will undertake all theſe to teach.
I doubt not but this populous City will yield many Scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And proſtitute me to the baſeſt Groom
That doth frequent your Houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt Women.

Boult. Faith my Acquaintance lies little among them; but ſince my Maſter and Miſtreſs have bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: Therefore I will make them acquainted with your Purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can, come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Gower.*

Marina *thus the Brothel ſcapes, and chances*
Into an honeſt Houſe our Story ſays:
She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
As Goddeſs-like to her admired Lays:
Deep Clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her Needle compoſes
Nature's own Shape of Bud, Bird, Branch or Berry,
That even her Art ſiſters the natural Roſes,
Her Incle, Silk Twine, with the rubied Cherry,

That

That Pupils lacks she none of noble Race,
Who pour their Bounty on her, and her Gain
She gives the curſed Bawd. Leave we her place,
And to her Father turn our Thoughts again;
Where we left him at Sea, tumbled and toſt,
And driv'n before the Wind, he is arriv'd
Here where his Daughter dwells, and on this Coaſt
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: The City ſtriv'd
God Neptune's *annual Feaſt to keep, from whence*
Lyſimachus *our* Tyrian *Ship eſpies,*
His Banners ſable trim'd with rich Expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes,
In your ſuppoſing, once more put your ſight
Our heavy Pericles, *think this his Bark.*
Where what is done in Action, more of might
Shall be diſcover'd, pleaſe you ſit and hark. [Exit.

Enter Hellicanus, *to him two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus?* he can reſolve you. O here he is. Sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Governour, who craves to come aboard; what is your Will?

Hell. That he have his——call up ſome Gentlemen.

2 *Sail.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1 *Sail.* Sir, this is the Man that can, in ought you would, reſolve you.

Lyſ. Hail, reverend Sir, the Gods preſerve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the Age I am, and die as I would do.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well.

Being on ſhore, honouring of *Neptune*'s Triumphs,

Seeing

Seeing this goodly Veſſel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your Place?

Lyſ. I am the Governor of this Place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our Veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King,
A Man, who for this three Months hath not ſpoken
To any one, nor taken Suſtenance,
But to prolong his Grief.

Lyſ. Upon what ground is his Diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main Grief ſprings from the loſs of a beloved Daughter, and a Wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſs is your ſight, he will not ſpeak to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtain my Wiſh.

Hell. Behold him; this was a goodly Perſon, till the Diſaſter that one mortal Wight drove him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all hail, the Gods preſerve you; hail, Royal Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not ſpeak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a Maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome Words from him.

Lyſ. 'Tis well bethought: ſhe, queſtionleſs with her ſweet Harmony, and other choſen Attractions, would allure and make a Battery thro' his defended Parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt; ſhe is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow Maids, now upon the levy ſhelter that abuts againſt the Iſland-ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſs, yet nothing we'll omit that bears Recovery's Name. But ſince your Kindneſs we have ſtretch'd thus far, let us beſeech you, that for our Gold we may have Proviſion, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, Sir, a Courteſy, which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God for every Graff would ſend a Caterpiller, and ſo inflict our Province; yet once more let me entreat to know at large the Cauſe of your King's Sorrow.

Hell. Sir, Sir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O here's the Lady that I ſent for.
Welcome, Fair One: Is't not a goodly preſent?
Hell. She's a gallant Lady.
Lyſ. She's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſur'd,
Came of a gentle Kind, and noble Stock,
I'd wiſh no better Choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair, and all Goodneſs that conſiſts in Beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly Patient,
If that thy proſperous and artificial Fate
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy Sacred Phyſick ſhall receive ſuch Pay,
As thy Deſires can wiſh.
Mar. Sir, I will uſe my uttermoſt Skill in his Recovery, provided that none but I and my Companion Maid, be ſuffered to come near him.
Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her proſperous. [*The Song.*
Lyſ. Mark'd he your Muſick?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak to him.
Mar. Hail, Sir, my Lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha.
Mar. I am a Maid, my Lord, that ne'er before invited Eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: She ſpeaks, my Lord, that, may be, hath endured a Grief might equal yours, if both were juſtly weighed. Tho wayward Fortune did malign my State, my Derivation was from Anceſtors who ſtood equivalent with mighty Kings; but time hath rooted out my Parentage, and to the World and aukward Caſualties bound me in ſervitude: I will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glows upon my Cheek, and whiſpers in my Ear, *Go not till he ſpeak.*
Per. My Fortunes, Parentage, good Parentage to equal mine: was it not thus! what ſay you?
Mar. I ſaid, my Lord, if you did know my Parentage, you would not do me Violence.

Per.

Per. I do think ſo, pray you turn your Eyes upon me, y'are like ſomething that, what Country-women hear of theſe Shews?

Mar. No, nor of any Shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: My deareſt Wife was like this Maid, and ſuch a one my Daughter might have been: My Queen's Square-brows, her Stature to an Inch, as wand-like ſtrait, as Silver-voic'd, her Eyes as Jewel-like, and caſt as richly, in pace another *Juno*. Who ſtarves the Ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry the more ſhe gives them Speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a Stranger; from the Deck you may diſcern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? And how atchiev'd you theſe Endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my Hiſtory, it would ſeem like Lyes diſdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee ſpeak; Falſeneſs cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as Juſtice, and thou ſeem'ſt a *Pallas* for the crowned Truth to dwell in. I will believe thee, and make my Senſes credit thy Relation, to Points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou look'ſt like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy Friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee back; which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'ſt from good Deſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy Parentage, I think thou ſaidſt thou hadſt been toſt from Wrong to Injury, and that thou thought'ſt thy Griefs might equal mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more but what my Thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy Story, if thine conſidered prove the thouſandth Part of my Endurance, thou art a Man, and I have ſuffered like a Girl; yet thou doſt look like Patience, gazing on King's Graves, and ſmiling Extremity out of act. What were thy Friends? how loſt thou thy Name, my moſt kind Virgin? recount, I do beſeech thee, come ſit by me.

Mar.

Mar. My Name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mock'd, and thou by ſome incenſed God ſent hither to make the World to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good Sir, or here I'll ceaſe.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient, thou little know'ſt how thou doſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelf *Marina.*

Mar. The Name was given me by one that had ſome Power, my Father and a King.

Per. How, a King's Daughter, and call'd *Marina?*

Mar. You ſaid you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your Peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you Fleſh and Blood?
Have you a working Pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion? well, ſpeak on, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina?*

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at Sea.

Per. At Sea? who was thy Mother?

Mar. My Mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the Minute I was born, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt Dream
That e'er dull Sleep did mock ſad Fools withal:
This cannot be my Daughter, buried! well, where were you bred? I'll here you more to the bottom of your Story, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorn, believe me 'twere beſt I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the Syllable of what you ſhall deliver; yet give me leave, how, came you in theſe Parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King, my Father, did in *Tharſus* leave me,
Till cruel *Cleon*, with his wicked Wife,
Did ſeek to murder me: And having woed a Villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A Crew of Pirates came and reſcu'd me,
Brought me to *Metaline.*
But, good Sir, whither will you have me? why do you weep? It may be you think me an Impoſtor; no, good faith, I am the Daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per.

Per. Ho, *Hellicanus?*

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general, tell me, if thou canſt, what this Maid is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, Sir, of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell her Parentage.
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me, honoured Sir, give me a gaſh, put me to preſent Pain, leſt this great Sea of Joys ruſhing upon me, o'er-bear the Shores of my Mortality, and drown me with their ſweetneſs: O come hither.
Thou that beget'ſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt born at Sea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at Sea again: O *Hellicanus*,
Down on thy Knees, thank the holy Gods, as loud
As Thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.
What was thy Mother's Name? tell me but that,
For Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Tho Doubts did ever ſleep.

Mar. Firſt, Sir, I pray, what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*; but tell me now my Drown'd Queen's Name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt been God-like perfect, the Heir of Kingdoms,
And another like to *Pericles* thy Father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your Daughter, than to ſay, my Mother's Name is *Thaiſa*? *Thaiſa* was my Mother, who did end the Minute I began.

Per. Now Bleſſing on thee, riſe, thou art my Child. Give me freſh Garments, mine own *Hellicanus*; ſhe is not dead at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould have been by ſavage *Cleon*, ſhe ſhall tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneel and juſtify in Knowledge, ſhe is thy very Princeſs. Who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis the Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your Melancholy, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my Robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n bleſs my Girl.

But

But hark! what Muſick's this, *Hellicanus?* my *Marina*,
Tell him o'er Point by Point, for yet he ſeems to doat,
How ſure you are my Daughter; but where's this Muſick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? The Muſick of the Sphere, liſt, my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſs him, give him way.

Per. Rareſt Sounds, do ye not hear?

Lyſ. Muſick, my Lord, I hear.

Per. Moſt heav'nly Muſick,
It nips me unto liſtning, and thick Slumber
Hangs upon mine Eyes; let me reſt.

Lyſ. A Pillow for his Head, ſo leave him all.
Well my Companion Friends, if this but anſwer to my juſt belief, I'll well remember you.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Diana *appearing to* Pericles *aſleep.*

Dia. MY Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*, hie thee thither,
And do upon mine Altar ſacrifice.
There, when my Maiden Prieſts are met together,
Before all the People reveal
How thou at Sea didſt loſe thy Wife
To mourn thy Croſſes with thy Daughters call,
And give them Repitition to the like:
Or perform my bidding, or thou liveſt in woe:
Do't, and happy by my ſilver Bow;
Awake, and tell thy Dream.

Per. Celeſtial *Dian*, Goddeſs *Argentine*,
I will obey thee. *Hellicanus.*

Enter Lyſimachus.

Per. My Purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other Service firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turn our blown Sails,

Eſtſoons

Eſtſoons I'll tell why. Shall we refreſh us, Sir, upon your Shore, and give you Gold for ſuch Proviſion as our Intents will need?

Lyſ. Sir, with all my Heart, and when you come aſhore, I have another ſlight.

Per. You ſhall prevail, were it to woe my Daughter, For it ſeems you have been noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your Arm.

Per. Come, my *Marina.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our Sands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then done.
This my laſt Boon give me,
For ſuch kindneſs muſt relieve me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What Pageantry, what Feats, what Shows,
What Minſtrelſy, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Metalin,
To greet the King; ſo he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina, *but in no wiſe,*
Till he had done his Sacrifice.
As Dian *had; whereto being bound,*
The interim pray you all confound.
In feather'd briefneſs Sails are fill'd,
And wiſhes fall out as they're will'd.
At Epheſus *the Temple ſee,*
Our King, and all his Company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoon,
Is by your Fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, Thaiſa, Cerymon, *and others.*

Per. Hail *Dian,* to perform thy juſt Command,
I here confeſs my ſelf the King of *Tyre,*
Who frighted from my Country, did wed
At *Pentapolis,* the fair *Thaiſa,*

At

At Sea in Child-bed died ſhe, but brought forth
A Maid-child called *Marina*; who, O Goddeſs,
Wears yet thy Silver Livery. She at *Tharſus*
Was nurs'd with *Cleon*, who at fourteen Years
He ſought to murder, but her better Stars
Brought her to *Metaline*, 'gainſt whoſe Shore riding,
Her Fortunes brought the Maid aboard to us,
Where by her own moſt clear remembrance, ſhe
Made known her ſelf my Daughter.

Thai. Voice and Favour! You are, you are, O Royal *Pericles.* [*She faints away.*

Per. What means the Woman? ſhe dies! help, Gentlemen.

Cer. If you have told *Diana*'s Altar true,
This is your Wife.

Per. Reverend Appearer, no, I threw her over-board with theſe very Arms.

Cer. Upon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis moſt certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O ſhe's but over-joy'd. Early in bluſt'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon this Shore: I open'd the Coffin, found theſe rich Jewels, recover'd her, and plac'd her here in *Diana*'s Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhall be brought you to my Houſe, whither I invite you; look, *Thaiſa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me look; if he be none of mine,
My Sanctity will to my Senſe bend no licentious Ear,
But curb in ſpight of ſeeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?*
Like him you ſpeak, like him you are:
Did you not name a Tempeſt, a Birth, and Death?

Per. The Voice of dead *Thaiſa.*

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian!*

Thai. Now I know you better,
When we with Tears parted *Pentapolis*,
The King, my Father, gave you ſuch a Ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods;
Your preſent Kindneſs makes my paſt Miſeries Sport.

You

You ſhall do well, that on the touching of her Lips,
I may melt, and no more be ſeen;
O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe Arms.

Mar. My Heart leaps to be gone into my Mother's Boſom.

Per. Look who kneels here, Fleſh of thy Fleſh, *Thaiſa*,
Thy Burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*,
For ſhe was yielded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, Madam, and my Queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me ſay when I did fly from *Tyre*,
I left behind an antient Subſtitute;
Can you remember what I call'd the Man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still Confirmation,
Embrace him dear *Thaiſa*, this is he;
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How poſſibly preſerved; and who to thank,
Beſides the Gods, for this great Miracle.

Thai. Lord *Cerymon*, my Lord, this Man, thro' whom
The Gods have ſhewn their Power, that can from firſt
To laſt reſolve you.

Per. Reverend Sir,
The Gods can have no mortal Officer
More like a God than you,
Will you deliver how this dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord; beſeech you firſt go with me
Unto my Houſe, where ſhall be ſhewn you all
Was found with her;
How ſhe came plac'd here in the Temple,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian!* bleſs thee for thy Viſion,
I will offer Night Oblations to thee.
Thaiſa, this Prince, the fair betroth'd of your Daughter,
Shall marry at *Pentapolis*,
And now this Ornament that makes me look diſmal,
Will I clip to form,

And

And what this fourteen Years no Razor touch'd,
To grace thy Marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord C[illegible]*mon* hath Letters of good Credit, Sir, my Father's dead.

Per. Heav'ns make a Star of him; yet here, my Queen,
We'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our ſelves
Will in that Kingdom ſpend our following Days;
Our Son and Daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* reign.
Lord *Cerymon*, we do our longing ſtay,
To hear the reſt untold, Sir, lead's the way. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Gower.

In Antiochus *and his Daughter, you have heard*
Of monſtrous Luſt, the due and juſt Reward:
In Pericles, *his Queen and Daughter, ſeen,*
Altho aſſail'd with Fortunes fierce and keen,
Virtue preferr'd from fell Deſtruction's blaſt,
Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with Joy at laſt.
In Hellicanus *may you well deſcry,*
A Figure of Truth, of Faith, of Loyalty:
In reverend Cerymon *there well appears,*
The worth that learned Charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon *and his Wife, when Fame*
Had ſpread their curſed Deed, and honour'd Name
Of Pericles, *to rage the City turn,*
That him and his, they in his Palace burn.
The Gods for Murder ſeemed ſo content,
To puniſh, altho not done, but meant.
So on your Patiences ever more attending,
New Joy wait on you; here our Play hath ending.

P. Fourdrinier sculp. *V. 9. p. 73.*

THE
LONDON
PRODIGAL.
A
COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at* Venice.
Matthew Flowerdale, *his Prodigal Son.*
Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*
Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of* Lewſome *in* Kent.
Sir Arthur Greenſhood, *a Commander,* } *In Love*
Oliver, *a* Corniſh *Clothier,* } *with* Luce.
Weathercock, *a Paraſite to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Tom Civet, *in Love with* Frances.
Daffidil, } *Servants to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Artichoak, }
Dick *and* Ralph, *two Cheating Gameſters.*
Ruffin, *a Pander to Miſtreſs* Apricock, *a Bawd.*

Frances, }
Luce, } *Daughters to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Delia, }

Sheriff and Officers.
A Citizen and his Wife.
Drawers.

SCENE London, *and the Parts adjacent.*

THE

THE *London* Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale *the Merchant, and his Brother.*

FATHER.

BROTHER, from *Venice*, being thus disguis'd,
I come to prove the Humours of my Son:
How hath he born himself since my departure,
I leaving you his Patron and his Guide?

Unc. I'faith, Brother, so as you will grieve to hear, And I almost ashamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't Brother? What, doth he spend Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more: why, your Exhibition is nothing; he hath spent that, and since hath borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to

wring Mony from me, by the Love I bore his Father, by the Fortunes might fall upon himſelf, to furniſh his Wants: That done, I have had ſince his Bond, his Friend and Friends Bond; altho I know that he ſpends is yours, yet it grieves me to ſee the unbridled Wildneſs that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his Life? how is the Name of his Offences? if they do not reliſh altogether of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonneſs: I my ſelf ran an unbridled Courſe till thirty, nay, almoſt till forty; well, you ſee how I am: For Vice once looked into with the Eyes of Diſcretion, and well ballanced with the weights of Reaſon, the Courſe paſt ſeems ſo abominable, that the Landlord of himſelf, which is the Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himſelf in the Earth, or ſeek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once ſettled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all theſe Vices, and left 'em, than thoſe that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die moſt virtuous, have in their Youth liv'd moſt vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But ſay, how is the Courſe of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to ſwear is bad, but not in keeping thoſe Oaths is better; for who will ſet by a bad thing? Nay, by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by the worſt.

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worſt neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him ſhun it: For what brings a Man or Child more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him elſe?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himſelf.

Fath. O beſt of all; Vice ſhould be forgotten: let him drink on, ſo he drink not Churches. Nay, and this

this be the worſt, I hold it rather Happineſs in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

Fath. Why you ſee ſo doth the Sea, it borrows of all the ſmall Currents in the World to increaſe himſelf.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and ſo will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Une. Then, Brother, I ſee you rather like theſe Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay miſtake me not, Brother; for tho I ſlur them over now, as things ſlight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart they ſhould ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[Flowerdale *knocks within.*

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Money.

Fath. For God's ſake give it out I am dead,
See how he'll take it.
Say I have brought you News from his Father.
I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from my ſelf,
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? [*Within.*

Unc. Let my Couſin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from *Venice*, and my Name is *Chriſtopher.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth, Uncle.

Unc. In truth would a ſerv'd, Couſin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of Truth. A couple of Raſcals at the Gate, ſet upon me for my Purſe.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend me ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Couſin ſome ſmall Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jeſt now; by this Light, I ſhould ride to *Croydon* Fair, to meet Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*; I ſhould have his Daughter *Luce*, and for ſcurvy ten Pound, a Man ſhall loſe nine hundred threeſcore and odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beſide: by this Hand, Uncle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To ſee now; why you ſhall have my Bond, Uncle, *Tom. White*'s, *James Brock*'s, or *Nick Hall*'s; as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in *England*; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you; the worſt of us all will not damn our ſelves for ten Pound. A pox of ten Pound.

Unc. Couſin, this is not the firſt time I have believ'd you.

Flow. Why truſt me now, you know not what may fall; if one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I ſhould not need ten Pound; but when a Man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Couſin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the *Kentern* Hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't.

Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News. What, is't in the Pool can you tell?

Unc. It is, what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have ſix Pieces of Velvet ſent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus ſaid the Letter, a Piece of Aſh-colour, a three pil'd black, a colour'd Deroy, a Crimſon, a ſad Green, and a Purple: Yes i'faith.

Unc. From whom ſhould you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father; with Commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, ſaith he, thou haſt much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom, God willing, at my return I will ſee amply ſatisfy'd; amply, I remember, was the very word; ſo God help me.

Unc.

Unc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me ſee, what Breeches wore I on *Saturday*: Let me ſee, a *Tueſday*, my Calamanka; a *Wedneſday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thurſday* my Vellure, a *Friday* my Calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me ſee, a *Saturday*, for in thoſe Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, thoſe that you thought had been Velvet, in thoſe very Breeches is the Letter.

Unc. When ſhould it be dated?

Flow. Marry, *Didiſſimo terſios Septembris*, no, no, *tridiſſimo tertio Octobris*, ay *Octobris*, ſo it is.

Unc. Dicditimo terſios Octobris: And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June*: How ſay you, *Keſter?*

Fath. Yes truly Sir, your Father is dead; theſe Hands of mine holp to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sblood, how ſhould my Father come dead?

Fath. I, faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was born, and cried, became Man,
After fell ſick, and died.

Unc. Nay, Couſin, do not take it ſo heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you extempory; marry, ſome two or three Days hence I ſhall weep without any ſtintance. But I hope he died in good Memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and ſet down every thing in good order; and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talk'd of, I came over in; and I ſaw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet you talk'd of, there is no ſuch aboard.

Flow. By Gad, I aſſure you, then there's Knavery abroad.

Fath. I'll be ſworn of that: there's Knavery abroad, altho there was never a Piece of Velvet in *Venice.*

Flow. I hope he died in good Eſtate.

Fath. To the report of the World he did, and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the preſence of your Uncle I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Couſin, now God hath bleſſed you with Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do reaſon, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the denial of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I deny'd you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he ſaid he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old Phraſe hold: Well Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies, in the Name of God, *Amen.*

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale,* three hundred Pounds, to pay ſuch trivial Debts as I owe in *London.*

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale,* I bequeath two Bail of falſe Dice, *videlicet,* high Men and low Men, Fullomes, ſtop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Couſin.

Flow. Theſe Precepts I leave him, Let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will truſt him. Let him by no means marry an honeſt Woman, for the other will keep herſelf. Let him ſteal as much as he can, that a guilty Conſcience may bring him to his deſtinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his laſt Will and Teſtament, the Devil ſtood laughing at his Bed's feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to fop off his Poſterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this ten Pound: imagine you have loſt it, or robb'd of it, or miſreckon'd your ſelf ſo much; any way to make it come eaſily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I my ſelf have an Eſtate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll ingage for him; he ſaith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow.

Flow. Ay marry doth it; this is a Fellow of ſome ſenſe, this: Come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your Word for it, *Keſter?*

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Couſin, come to me an hour hence, you ſhall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You ſhall not, come or ſend.

Flow. Nay I'll come my ſelf.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your Worſhip's Man.

Flow. What? would'ſt thou ſerve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou ſhalt do; thou ſay'ſt thou haſt twenty Pound, go into *Birchin*-Lane, put thy ſelf into Clothes, thou ſhalt ride with me to *Croydon* Fair.

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Couſin.

Flow. What's thy Name? *Keſter?*

Fath. Ay, Sir.

Flow. Well, provide thy ſelf: Uncle farewel till anon.

[*Exit* Flowerdale.

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,
Or as a Hawk, that never ſtoop'd to lure:
The one muſt be tamed with an Iron Bit,
The other muſt be watch'd, or ſtill ſhe is wild.
Such is my Son, a while let him be ſo;
For Counſel ſtill is Folly's deadly Foe.
I'll ſerve his Youth, for Youth muſt have his courſe;
For being reſtrain'd it makes him ten times worſe:
His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,
Time may recal, and all his Madneſs tam'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Mr.* Weathercock, Daffidil, Artichoak, Luce *and* Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah, *Artichoak*, get you home before;
And as you prov'd your ſelf a Calf in buying,
Drive home your Fellow-Calves that you have bought.

Art. Yes, forſooth, ſhall not my Fellow *Daffidil* go along with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no, I muſt have one to wait on me.

Art. Daffidil, farewel, good Fellow *Daffidil*.
You may ſee, Miſtreſs, I am ſet up by the halves,
Inſtead of waiting on you, I am ſent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith, *Frank*, I muſt turn away this *Daffidil*,
He's grown a very fooliſh ſawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was ſo ſince I had him:
Before he was wiſe enough for a fooliſh Serving-man.

Weath. But what ſay you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward:
Here's two of them, God ſave them; but the third,
O ſhe's a Stranger in her courſe of Life,
She hath refuſed you, Maſter *Weathercock*.

Weath. Ay by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that ſhe hath; but had ſhe try'd me, ſhe ſhould have found a Man of me indeed.

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, at her denial, ſhe hath refus'd ſeven of the worſhipfull'ſt, and worthieſt Houſe-keepers this day in *Kent*: indeed ſhe will not marry, I ſuppoſe.

Weath. The more Fool ſhe.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chaſtity?

Weath. No, miſtake me not, Sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a fooliſh Proverb and a falſe. [go:

Weath. By the Maſs, I think it be, and therefore let it
But who ſhall marry with Miſtreſs *Frances*?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me, Siſter.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Sentences ſtill, ſweet Miſtreſs,
You have a Wit, and it were your Alablaſter.

Luce. I'faith and thy Tongue trips trench more.

Lanc. No, of my Knighthood, not a Suitor yet;
Alas, God help her, ſilly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool;
But there's the other black Brows, a ſhrewd Girl,

She

She hath Wit at Will, and Suitors two or three;
Sir *Arthur Greenſhood* one, a gallant Knight,
A valiant Soldier, but his Power but poor.
Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonſhire* Lad,
A wary Fellow, marry, full of Wit,
And rich by the Rood; but there's a third all Air,
Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind:
Young *Flowerdale.*

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a deſperate *Dick* indeed: Bar him your Houſe.

Lanc. Fie, not ſo, he's of good Parentage.

Weath. By my fay and ſo he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay marry, there's the point, Sir *Lancelot*:
For there's an old ſaying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low,
Be he born in Barn or Hall,
'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Maſter *Weathercock.*

Enter Monſieur Civet.

Civ. Soul, I think I am croſſed ſure, or witch'd with an Owl; I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's ſhe, I hope to God 'tis ſhe; nay I know 'tis ſhe now, for ſhe treads her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn? We are paſt it, *Daffidil.*

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate is before.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?

Daf. No pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.
I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Deſtinies and Mortality work.

Civ. What's her Name, Sir;

Daf. Miſtreſs *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* Daughter.

Civ.

Civ. Is ſhe a Maid, Sir?

Daf. You may ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proſerpine* that: I would be loth to be ridled, Sir.

Civ. Is ſhe married I mean, Sir?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker ſhall make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir? I would be very glad to beſtow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God ſave you, Sir.

Daf. I pray your Name, Sir?

Civ. My Name is Maſter *Civet*, Sir.

Daf. A ſweet Name, God be with you, good Maſter *Civet*. [*Exit* Civet.

Lanc. A, have we ſpy'd you ſtout St. *George*?
For all your Dragon, you had beſt ſell's good Wine,
That needs no Ivy-buſh: well, we'll not ſit by it,
As you do on your Horſe, this Room ſhall ſerve:
Drawer, let me have Sack for us old Men;
For theſe Girls and Knaves ſmall Wines are beſt.
A Pint of Sack, no more.

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns.

Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint. *Daffidil*,
Call for Wine to make your ſelves drink.

Fran. And a Cup of ſmall Beer, and a Cake, good *Daffidil*.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, ſie, ſit in the open Room, now good Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind Friend, worſhipful Maſter *Weathercock*. What at your Pint? a Quart for ſhame.

Lanc. Nay, Royſter, by your leave we will away:

Flow. Come, give's ſome Muſick, we'll go Dance; Be gone, Sir *Lancelot*, what, and Fair day too?

Luce. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you ſay ſo, faireſt of all Fairs, then I'll not dance; a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath ſpoil'd me a Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver; but if ever the Raſcal ſerve me ſuch another Trick, I'll give him leave, i'faith, to put me in the Calender of Fools, and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and

Maſter

Master *Weathercock*, my Goldsmith too on t'other side, I bespoke thee, *Luce*, a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou shouldst a-had it for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Rerages for Orient Pearl: but thou shalt have it by Sunday Night, Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath sent you a Pottle of Rhenish Wine, brewed with Rose-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and desires his more Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? what's he that proves so kind?

Daf. I have a trick to know his Name, Sir; he hath a Month's Mind here to Mistress *Frances*, his Name is Master *Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidil*.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reasonably rich: his Father was one of these Lease-mongers, these Corn-mongers, these Money-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Civet.

Lanc. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal; if it please you, Sir, I have a great mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir: please you to come to *Lewsome*, to my poor House, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here, Drawer?

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. I'faith you do us wrong,
But we shall live to make amends ere long:
Master *Flowerdale*, is that your Man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wise,

Now

Now you take ſuch a Servant:
Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewſome*, let's away;
'Tis ſcarce two Hours to the end of Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Greenſhood, Oliver, *Lieutenant, and Soldiers.*

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships,
There let them have their Coats, at their arrival
They ſhall have pay; farewel, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now ſent away, and cannot ſo much as ſpeak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you uſed a zutch a Faſhion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant, lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Clothes, I'll venture a running away, tho I hang for't.

Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Oli. Bin you a Preſſer, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot, Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Commander, Shud a-ſpoke with my Vreens before I chid a-gone, ſo ſhud.

Arth. Content your ſelf, Man, my Authority will ſtretch to preſs ſo good a Man as you.

Oli. Preſs me? I devy; preſs Scoundrels, and thy Meſſels: Preſs me, chee ſcorns thee i'faith: For ſeeſt thee, here's a worſhipful Knight knows, cham not to be preſſed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, *young* Flowerdale, *old* Flowerdale, Luce *and* Frank.

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewſome*, welcome by my Troth. What's the matter Man, why are you vex'd?

Oli. Why, Man, he would preſs me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, preſs him?
He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the Nobles, The golden Ruddocks he.

Arth.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars: And were he not in favour With your Worſhips, he ſhould ſee: That I have power to preſs ſo good as he.

Oli. Chill ſtand to the Trial, ſo chill.

Flow. Ay marry ſhall he, preſs Cloth and Karſy, White-Pot and drowſen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, tho you ſee vlouten Cloth and Karſy, chee a zeen zutch a Karſy-coat wear out the Town ſick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well ſed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well ſed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell too: What doſt think cham aveard of thy Zilken Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis beſt ſo, good Maſter *Oliver.*

Flow. Is your Name Maſter *Oliver*, I pray you.

Oli. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have a fooliſh Plot out of Maſter *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, ſtand aſide; work thy fooliſh Plots upon me, chill ſo uſe thee, thou wert never ſo uſed ſince thy Dam bound thy Head: work upon me!

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrrha, Zyrrha, if it were not for ſhame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiſter poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet: Stand aſide, let me looſe, cham all of a vlaming Fire-brand; ſtand aſide.

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friend's ſake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, doſt thou tell me of my vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Maſter *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur.* And Maiden, here in the ſight of all your Suitors, every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I faineſt would preſer to the hard Bargain of your Marriage-bed; ſhall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'tis beſt.

Lanc. Then, Sir, firſt to you, I do confeſs you a moſt gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honeſt Man:

But Honesty maintains a *French* hood, goes very seldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small Train of Servants; hath few Friends: And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge; God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a-my-side, why Master *Weathercock*, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Wea. Now by my troth I know no otherwise,
O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed:
Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust.
And your good Father, honest Gentleman,
He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough,
He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradise,
And left me to cut a Caper against Care:
Luce, look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I'faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth,
I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there:
Look on this *Devonshire* Lad;
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threescore pack of Karsay, and Blacken Hall, and chief Credit beside, and my Fortunes may be so good as another's, zo it may.

Luce. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

Arth. Thanks, fairest.

Flow. What, wouldst thou have me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howsoever I prefer this *Devonshire* Suitor, I'll enforce no love, my Daughter shall have her liberty to chuse whom she likes best.
In your Love-suit proceed:
Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well: Indeed right well.

Enter

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Miſtreſs, here's one would ſpeak with you: my fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the Cellar already; he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* Fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His Name is Monſieur *Civet.*

Art. The ſame, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come,
My fooliſh Daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my Saint, no man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young* Flowerdale, Oliver, *and old* Flowerdale.

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you to ſay to me now?

Flow. Ye ſhall hear from me, and that very ſhortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig. [*Exit* Oliver.

Flow. What if he ſhould come now? I am fairly dreſt.

Fath. I do not mean that you ſhall meet with him,
But preſently we'll go and draw a Will;
Where we'll ſet down Land that we never ſaw,
And we will have it of ſo large a Sum,
Sir *Lancelot* ſhall intreat you to take his Daughter:
This being formed, give it Maſter *Weathercock,*
And make Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter Heir of all;
And make him ſwear never to ſhew the Will
To any one, until that you be dead.
This done, the fooliſh changling *Weathercock*
Will ſtrait diſcourſe unto Sir *Lancelot,*
The Form and Tenor of your Teſtament.
Nor ſtand to pauſe of it, be rul'd by me:
What will enſue, that you ſhall quickly ſee.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, ſweet *Kit,*
Can get the Wench, I ſhall renown thy Wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Daffidil *and* Luce.

Daf. Miſtreſs, ſtill froward?
No kind looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the Gods.
Luce. Away my fooliſh Knave, let my Hand go.
Daf. There's your Hand, but this ſhall go with me:
My Heart is thine, this is my true Love's Fee.
Luce. I'll have your Coat ſtript o'er your Ear for this,
You ſawcy Raſcal.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. How now Maid, what is the News with you?
Luce. Your Man is ſomething ſawcy. [*Exit* Luce.
Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.
Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horſe, I trow:
I know my ſtrength, then no more than ſo.
Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I ſaw him the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*. I'faith, God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.
Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a Cup of Wine,
That ere I part with Maſter *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewel in *French* Wine.
Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you friendly Knight,
I'll come and viſit you, by the Mouſe-foot I will;
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a deſperate Dick, I warrant you.
Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me ſome Wine.
Ha, what wears he on his Arm?
My Daughter *Luce*'s Bracelet, ay, 'tis the ſame.
Ha to you, Maſter *Weathercock*.
Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honeſt Fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well, I'll take my leave, good Night, and I hope to have you and all your Daughters at my poor Houſe, in good ſooth I muſt.
Lanc. Thanks, Maſter *Weathercock*, I ſhall be bold to trouble you, be ſure.

Weath.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewel. [*Exit* Weath.

Lanc. Sirrah, I ſaw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my Livery too. Have I care to ſee my Daughter match'd with Men of Worſhip, and are you grown ſo bold? Go, Sirrah, from my Houſe, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whip'd, Sir, there's your Livery:
This is a Servingman's reward, what care I,
I have means to truſt to, I ſcorn Service, I. [*Ex.* Daf.

Lanc. Ay, a luſty Knave, but I muſt let him go.
Our Servants muſt be taught what they ſhould know.

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Suitor that I have, altho that Soldiers ſcarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
Know what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What Man offends me, that my Sword ſhall right:
What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love,
But there be ſome that bear a Soldier's Form,
That ſwear by him they never think upon,
Go ſwaggering up and down from Houſe to Houſe,
Crying, God pays: And———

Arth. I'faith, Lady, I'll deſcry you ſuch a Man.
Of them there be many which you have ſpoke of,
That bear the name and ſhape of Soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very ſeldom ſaw the War:
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houſes ſometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutiſh humour of their Minds,
Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Deſpair:
Their mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood,
Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet theſe are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No, they are wretched Slaves,
Whoſe deſperate Lives do bring them timeleſs Graves.

Luce.

Luce. Both for your ſelf, and for your form of Life,
If I may chuſe, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot *and* Oliver.

Oli. And tut truſt to it, ſo then.

Lanc. Aſſure your ſelf,
You ſhall be married with all ſpeed we may:
One Day ſhall ſerve for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time for providing Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, firſt get your Aſſurance made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that diſpatch'd, we will in two Days make Proviſion.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by to morrow.

Lanc. To morrow be it then, let's meet at the *King's-Head* in *Fiſh-ſtreet*.

Oli. No, fy Man, let's meet at the *Roſe* at *Temple-Bar*, that will be nearer your Counſellor and mine.

Lanc. At the *Roſe* be it then, the hour nine,
He that comes laſt forfeits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Maſter, here is a Man would ſpeak with Maſter *Oliver*; he comes from young Maſter *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill ſpeak with him, chill ſpeak with him.

Lanc. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'll ſurely ſee
What young *Flowerdale* hath ſent to you.
I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him his Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God ſave you, good Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Welcome, honeſt Friend.

Fath.

Fath. To you and yours, my Maſter wiſheth Health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he ſends:
There is the length, Sir, of his Rapier,
And in that Paper ſhall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chill meet him my Friend, chill meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you ſhall not meet the Ruffian, fy.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call me Cut. Where is't, Sirrah? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter ſhows both Time and Place,
And if you be a Man, then keep your word.

Lanc. Sir, he ſhall not keep his word, he ſhall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuſe, he'll be the better known
For a baſe Raſcal, and reputed ſo.

Oli. Zirrah, zirrah; and 'twere not an old Fellow, and ſent after an Errant, chid give thee ſomething, but chud be no Money: But hold thee, for I ſee thou art ſomewhat teſtorn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring thy Maſter a veeld, chill give thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chill mall him tell him, chill mar his dancing Treſſels, chill uſe him he was ne'er ſo uſed ſince his Dam bound his Head, chill make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You ſeem a Man, ſtout and reſolute,
And I will ſo report, whate'er befal.

Lanc. And fall out ill, aſſure thy Maſter this,
I'll make him fly the Land, or uſe him worſe.

Fath. My Maſter, Sir, deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find.

Lanc. Thy Maſter is an Unthrift, you a Knave,
And I'll attack you firſt, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I wood you were a Sprite if you do him any harm for this: And you do, chill nere ſee you, nor any of yours, while chill have Eyes open: What do you think, chill be abaffelled up and down the Town for a Meſſel, and a Scoundrel, no chy bor you: Zirrah chil come, zay no more, chill come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Maſter deſerves not this of you,
And that you'll ſhortly find. [*Exit.*

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I defy him.

Lanc.

Lanc. Now, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Oli. No chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me ſee the Note.

Oli. Nay, chill watch you for ſuch a Trick. But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chill make him know me, or chill know why I ſhall not, chill vare the worſe.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love? Venture your State and hers for a looſe Brawl?

Oli. Why Man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too and again; and zo God be with you vather. What, Man, we ſhall meet to-morrow. [*Exit.*

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been ſo deſperate? Come forth my honeſt Servant *Artichoak.*

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the matter? ſome brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright ſcower'd, thy Buckler mended. O for that Knave, that Villain *Daffidil* would have done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you ſtand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Daffidil*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a Straw, then out a-doors with the Knave, turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that luſty *Daffidil.*

Arti. Why there 'tis now: Our Years Wages and our Vails will ſcarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that we uſe in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a t'other ſide, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no ſuch matter, Man: get Weapons ready, and be at *London* ere the break of day; watch near the Lodging of the *Devonſhire* Youth, but be unſeen; and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him, And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the deſperate *Flowerdale*:

Take thou the part of *Oliver* my Son, for he ſhall be my Son, and marry *Luce:* Doſt underſtand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do underſtand you, but my young Miſtreſs might be better provided in matching with my Fellow *Daffidil.*

Lanc. No more; *Daffidil* is a Knave:
That *Daffidil* is a moſt notorious Knave. [*Exit* Arti.

Enter Weathercock.

Maſter *Weathercock,* you come in a happy time; the deſperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think you muſt anſwer it, but the *Devonſhire* Man, my Son *Oliver?*

Weath. Marry, I am ſorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot;*
But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll ſtay the fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you, by promiſing young *Flowerdale* the red-lip'd *Luce.*

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir *Lancelot,* I would have thought ſo too, but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this Will or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I ſee very well.

Weath. Marry, God bleſs your Eyes, mine have been dim almoſt this thirty Years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morn, and bad me keep it unſeen from any one: good Youth, to ſee how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Paſſion of me, what a Wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves ſo dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the *Straits,* and homeward-bound;
Two Lordſhips of two hundred Pound a-Year;
The one in *Wales,* the other *Glouceſter-ſhire:*
Debts and Accounts are thirty thouſand Pound;

Plate,

Plate, Money, Jewels, ſixteen thouſand more:
Two Houſen furniſh'd well in *Coleman-ſtreet*;
Beſide whatſoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great Demeans and Wealth at *Peckham.*

Weath. How like you this, good Knight? How like you this?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,
The *Devonſhire* Man ſhall whiſtle for a Wife.
He marry *Luce! Luce* ſhall be *Flowerdale's.*

Weath. Why that is friendly ſaid, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promiſing your Daughter to the lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it ſhall not need,
We'll croſs to *Dedford-ſtrand*, and take a Boat.
Where be theſe Knaves? what *Artichoak?* what *Fop?*

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloke, I'll have a walk to *Dedford.*

Art. Sir. we have been ſcouring of our Swords and Bucklers for your Defence.

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords ruſt, I'll have no fighting: Ay, let Blows alone, bid *Delia* ſee all things be in readineſs againſt the Wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will ſave Charges, Maſter *Weathercock.*

Art. Well, we will do it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, *and* Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good ſooth I have even my Heart's deſire: Siſter *Delia*, now I may boldly call you ſo, for your Father hath frank and freely given me his Daughter *Frank.*

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou haſt my good will too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I might never ſtir, for one his name was *Tom.*

Del. Why, Siſter, now you have your wiſh.

Civ.

Civ. You ſay very true, Siſter *Delia*, and I prithee call me nothing but *Tom*; and I'll call thee Sweet-heart, and *Frank.* Will it not do well, Siſter *Delia?*

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, muſt I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No, *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen,
In a garded Gown, and a *French* Hood.

Frank. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Eſtate,
Apparel you your ſelf like to your Father:
And let her go like to your antient Mother.
He ſparing got his Wealth, left it to you;
Brother take heed of Pride, ſome bids Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jeſt indeed; why ſhe went in a fring'd Gown, a ſingle Ruff, and a white Cap; and my Father in a *Mocado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas Back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My Eſtate, my Eſtate, I thank God, is forty Pound a-year in good Leaſes and Tenements; beſides twenty Mark a-year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied.
I know not how it comes, but ſo it falls out,
That thoſe whoſe Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no Pleaſure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind
For them, they hope will be of their like mind:
But falls out contrary, forty Years ſparing
Is ſcarce three ſeven Years ſpending, never caring
What will enſue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon;
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kiſt,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wiſt?

Civ. You ſay well, Siſter *Delia*, you ſay well; but I mean to live within my Bounds; for look you, I have ſet down my reſt thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her *French* Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a-Year?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds-Haven.

Civ. By my troth, well remembred, *Frank*, I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the reſt for Points: alas the Day! Fools ſhall have Wealth, tho all the World ſay nay. Come, Brother, will you in? Dinner ſtays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Sister, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, ſweet *Frank*; no Sister, Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Flowerdale, *and his Father, with Foils in their Hands.*

Flow. Sirrah, *Kit*, tarry you there, I have ſpied Sir *Lancelot* and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no means be ſpoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot *and* Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honeſt Friend, thou doſt belong to Maſter *Flowerdale?*

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within, my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within.

Lanc. I prithee, if he be within, let me ſpeak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Maſter is within, but indeed would not be ſpoke withal; there be ſome terms that ſtand upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference till he hath ſhook them off.

Lanc. I prithee tell him his very good Friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock* intreats to ſpeak with him.

Fath. By my troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter

matter between my Maſter and the *Devonſhire* Man, you do but beguile your hopes, and loſe your labour.

Lanc. Honeſt Friend, I have not any ſuch thing to I come to ſpeak with him about other Matters. (him,

Fath. For my Maſter, Sir, hath ſet down his Reſolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Maſter, or any other Perſon; my Buſineſs is of a different Nature to him, and I prithee ſo tell him.

Fath. For howſoever the *Devonſhire* Man is,
My Maſter's Mind is bloody; that's a round O,
And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no ſuch thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then ſo ſignify to him. [*Exit Father.*

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I ſee this matter is hotly carried. But I'll labour to diſſuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale *and his Father.*

Good-morrow, Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Flow. Good-morrow, good Sir *Lancelot,*
Good-morrow, Maſter *Weathercock*;
By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over *Nick Machiavel*; I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed;
A peſtilent human Fellow: I have made
Certain Annotations of him ſuch as they be.
And how is't, Sir *Lancelot?* ha, how is't?
A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale,* I do underſtand there is ſome Jar between the *Devonſhire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir? they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who? Maſter *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of ſafety in you to deny it, and a generous ſilence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir, ſuch a thing I hear, and I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. No ſuch thing, Sir *Lancelot,* at my reputation, as I am an honeſt Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Engage your Reputation there is none.
Flow. Nay I do not engage my Reputation there is not.
You ſhall not bind me to any condition of hardneſs:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is one.
Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is ſomething between you, and I am very ſorry for it.
Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*; the *Italian*
Hath a pretty ſaying: *Queſto?* I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my Head, but in my Tranſlation (him.
If't hold thus, thou haſt a Friend, keep him; if a Foe, trip
Lanc. Come, I do ſee by this there is ſomewhat between you,
And before God I could wiſh it otherwiſe.
Flow. Well, what is between us, can hardly be alter'd:
Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I muſt ride, no man muſt deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man
Be denied common and general Paſſage. If any one
Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou paſſeſt not this way;
My anſwer is, I muſt either on or return:
But return is not my word, I muſt on:
If I cannot then make my way, Nature
Hath done the laſt for me, and there's the Fine.
Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every man hath one Tongue,
And two Ears; Nature in her Building,
Is a moſt curious Work-maſter. [more
Flow. That is as much as to ſay, a Man ſhould hear
Than he ſhould ſpeak.
Lanc. You ſay true, and indeed I have heard more,
Than at this time I will ſpeak.
Flow. You ſay well.
Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Maſter *Flowerdale*, but Proof is the Rule for both.
Flow. You ſay true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third Canton?
Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd (it.
Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas neceſſary.

Lanc. But I have ſeen ſomewhat of late in you,
That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of
Goodneſs toward you.

Flow. I'faith, Sir, I am ſure I never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am ſure you know not, neither is it my will you ſhould.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Av, my Will, Sir; s'foot do you know ought of (my Will?
Begod, and you do, Sir, I am abus'd.

Lanc: Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know;
And know you thus much out of my Knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my Daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better
Than a Brawl, all quirks of Reputation ſet aſide, go with me preſently: And where you ſhould fight a bloody Battle, you ſhall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot?*

Lanc. If you will not embrace my Offer, yet aſſure your ſelf thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot.*

Lanc. Nay, ſtand not you upon imputative Honour,
'Tis merely unſound, unprofitable, and idle
Inferences; your Buſineſs is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your preſent word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your preſent Reſolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you ſo put me to it? (never.

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me
Elſe what I thought ſhould be our match, ſhall be our
So fare you well for ever. (parting,

Flow. Stay; fall out, what may fall, my Love
Is above all: I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and ſo fare you well.

[*Exit Sir* Lancelot.

Fath. Now, Sir, how ſhall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Maſs that's true; now help *Kit*,
The Marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for Clothes, whatſoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou ſhalt ſee, when once I have my Dower,
In Mirth we'll ſpend full many a merry Hour:
As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin,
It is her Gold muſt bring my Pleaſures in. [*Exit.*

Fath. Is't poſſible, he hath his ſecond living,
Forſaking God, himſelf to the Devil giving;
But that I knew his Mother firm and chaſt,
My Heart would ſay, my Head ſhe had diſgrac'd:
Elſe would I ſwear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind ſo foul a Deed did ſhun.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Uncle.*

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedleſs as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Maſter in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day might deceive his Friend:
He thinks of nothing but the preſent time:
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling;
But then the Lender muſt needs ſtay for it.
When I was young, I had the ſcope of Youth,
Both wild and wanton, careleſs and deſperate:
But ſuch mad Strains as he's poſſeſt withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you ſo, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well, I have found it, but one thing comforts me;
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*'s Daughter.

Unc. Is't poſſible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him;
This Day, Brother, I will you ſhall arreſt him;
If any thing will tame him, it muſt be that,
For he is rank in Miſchief, chain'd to a Life,
That will increaſe his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arreſt him on his Wedding-day?
That were unchriſtian, and an unhuman part:
How many Couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchas'd ſeven Years Sorrow afterward?

Forbear

Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day,
And in the View of all, as he comes from Church.
Do but obſerve the Courſe that he will take,
Upon my life he will forſwear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum ſhall not be ſlight,
Say that he owes you near three thouſand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, ſeeing you will have it ſo,
Brother I'll do't, and ſtraight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means ſhall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this Pinch will do:
And how his Wife doth ſtand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermoſt:
And all the reſt of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Cham aſhured thick be the Place, that the Scoundel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war aviſe, he would make a Coyſtrel an us,
Ched veſe him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyſt him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who a been there, Sir *Arthur?* chill ſtay aſide.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Arth. I have dog'd the *Devonſhire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that ſhould befal him:
I had an incling of that yeſternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he ſhould meet this Morning.
Tho of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd ſee fair play on either ſide,
Made me to come, to ſee their Valours try'd——
Good Morrow to Maſter *Oliver.*

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Arth. What, Maſter *Oliver,* are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an grieven you?

Arth. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine,
By your being here thus arm'd,
You ſtay for ſome that you ſhould fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take his part.

Arth. No, by my troth, I think you need it not
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and che war aſhure of that, ched aveſe him in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, ay me!
Your Love, and yours, and mine, ſweet Miſtreſs *Luce*,
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale.*

Arth. Married to *Flowerdale!* 'tis impoſſible.

Oli. Married, Man? che hope thou doſt but jeſt:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.*

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Maſter *Oliver.*

Oli. God and good morn, Mr. *Flowerdale:* I pray tellen us, is your ſcoundrel Kinſman married?

Arth. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married to Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old Vellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why Man, he was a promiſe, chill chud a had her:
Is a zitch a vox, chill look to his Water, che vor him.

Unc. The Muſick plays; they are coming from the Church.
Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, ſtand ſtoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and ſome Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc.

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the
Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Juſtice, and
ſworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Juſtice, and ſworn
to keep the Peace, you muſt not diſturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor ſtorm, Sir, if you do,
I'll have an Order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chill be quiet.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who
here is? Mr. *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is ſhe i'faith: Maſter Under-Sheriff
Arreſt me? At whoſe Suit? Draw, *Kit*.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the Matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrift here
Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me
In ſeveral Sums three thouſand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Couſin, Couſin, you have uncled me,
And if you be not ſtaid, you'll prove
A Cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, ſuppoſe he be to you in debt
Ten thouſand Pound, his State to me appears,
To be at leaſt three thouſand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that he went about to cozen you;
And form'd a Will, and ſent it to your good
Friend there, Maſter *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips,
Lands, and Ships?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Half-penny he.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*,

Flow. My Uncle here's mad,
And diſpos'd to do me wrong.
But here's my Man, an honeſt Fellow
By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lye; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You ſtudied where to quote your Lands might lie.
Weath. And I prithee where be thy honeſt Friends?
Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.
Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.
Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'ſt Child undone,
Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is ſhe undone,
They ſlander me, by this Light, they ſlander me:
Look you, my Uncle here's an Uſurer, and would undo me,
But I'll ſtand in Law, do you but bail me, you ſhall do no more:
You Brother *Civet*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, do but
Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Mony
Paid me, and we'll ride down,
And there your own Eyes ſhall ſee
How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.
You ſhall but bail me, you ſhall do no more,
And you, greedy Gnat, their Bail will ſerve.
Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better Bail.
Lanc. No, Sir, you ſhall not take my Bail, nor his,
Nor my Son *Civet's*, I'll not be cheated, I.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner, I'll not deal with him:
Let's Uncle make falſe Dice with his falſe Bones,
I will not have to do with him: mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!
Come, Girl, tho it be late, it falls out well,
Thou ſhalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.
Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth know,
With what unwillingneſs I went to Church,
But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
The holy Church-man pronounc'd theſe words but now,
I muſt not leave my Husband in diſtreſs:
Now I muſt comfort him, not go with you.
Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my curſe forſake him.
Luce. This day you caus'd me on your curſe to take him:
Do not, I pray, my grieved Soul oppreſs;
God knows my Heart doth bleed at his diſtreſs.
Lanc. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
I muſt confeſs I forc'd her to this match,

Led

Led with Opinion his falſe Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Virgin's ſtate.

Del. Father, be patient, Sorrow comes too late.

Lanc. And on her Knees ſhe begg'd and did intreat,
If ſhe muſt needs taſte a ſad Marriage Life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenſhood's* Wife.

Arth. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Arth. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Maſter *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chill break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, ſhe will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Siſter, in this Paſſion do not run headlong to Confuſion. You may affect him, tho not follow him.

Frank. Do, Siſter, hang him, let him go,

Weath. Do faith, Miſtreſs *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three groſs Fools, let me alone,
I ſwear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.

Arth. Ay, but he is now in Huckſters handling for running away.

Lanc. Huſwife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd;
And if you will redreſs it yet you may:
But if you ſtand on Terms to follow him,
Never come near my ſight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat.
For all thy Portion I will this day give
Unto thy Siſter *Frances.*

Fran. How ſay you to that, *Tom*?
I ſhall have a good deal.
Beſides, I'll be a good Wife; and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy Siſter caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet reſolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am reſolv'd.

Lanes.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.
Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feaſt,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppreſt.
Lanc. For ever fly my ſight: Come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.
Delia, upon my Bleſſing talk not to her,
Baſe Baggage, in ſuch haſte to Beggary?
Unc. Sheriff, take your Priſoner to your charge.
Flow. Uncle, be-gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my Wedding day.
[*Exeunt all but* Luce, *young* Flowerdale, *his Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*
Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale,* but hear me ſpeak,
Stay but a little while, good Maſter Sheriff,
If not for him, for my ſake pity him:
Good Sir, ſtop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows week, for Womens words are faint.
Flow. Look you, ſhe kneels to you.
Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve, ſweet Soul, thy Fortune is ſo bad,
That thou ſhould'ſt match with ſuch a graceleſs Youth.
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.
Luce. Impute his wildneſs, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To impriſon him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the King doth loſe his due;
O pity him as God ſhall pity you.
Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But Miſery it ſelf to chain him with.
Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?
Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being anſwer'd, I have done.
But to him that is all as impoſſible,

As

As I to ſcale the high Pyramids.
Sheriff, take your Priſoner; Maiden, fare thee well,
Luce. O go not yet, good Maſter *Flowerdale:*
Take my word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.
Flow. Ay, by Gad, Uncle, and my Bond too.
Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have ſome Friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefeſt Friends do ſeek his Miſery:
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away:
Methinks within a Face ſo reverend,
So well experienc'd in this tottering World,
Should have ſome feeling of a Maiden's Grief:
For my ſake, his Father's and your Brother's ſake,
Ay, for your Soul's ſake that doth hope for Joy,
Pity my ſtate, do not two Souls deſtroy.
Unc. Fair Maid, ſtand up; not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapleſs Choice,
I do releaſe him: Maſter Sheriff, I thank you:
And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, Maid take this Mony, there is a hundred Angels,
And, for I will be ſure he ſhall not have it,
Here, *Keſter*, take it you, and uſe it ſparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament
For him, whoſe Life hath been in Riot ſpent:
If well he uſeth thee, he gets him Friends,
If ill, a ſhameful End on him depends. [*Exit Uncle.*
Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator.
Come, *Kit*, the Mony; come, honeſt *Kit.*
Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.
Flow. And why Sir, pardon you? give me the Mony, you old Raſcal, or I will make you.
Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honeſt Friend,
Fath. If you be ſo content, with all my heart.
Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood ſhe ſhall be content Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?

Go, get you gone to the greaſy Chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, ſhe hath forſook her Father, and all her Friends, for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father all together.

Fath. Yet part with ſomething to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a Poſt. I'll rather throw them at a Caſt of Dice, as I have done a thouſand of their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadſt a Father would have been aſham'd.

Flow. My Father was an Aſs, an old Aſs.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious Villain!
What, are you at your ſoils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuſe thy Father:
Go hang, beg, ſtarve, Dice, Game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'ſt after deſpair and hang thy ſelf.

Luce. O do not curſe him.

Fath. I do not curſe him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Raſcal, I ſhall meet with you.
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not ſtrip the Livery
Over your Ears, becauſe you paid for it:
But do not uſe my Name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Uſe my Name, you were beſt.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,
And for Security I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I ſhall ſlit your Noſe.

Luce. Alas, what ſhall I do?

Flow.

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And ſo perhaps I'll ſee thee now and then.
[*Exit* Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas-the-day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Miſtreſs, do not weep, I'll ſtick to you.

Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do,
My Father and my Friends, they have deſpis'd me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus caſt away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to ſay.

Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to ſee her Tears
Thus ſtrain the Crimſon Roſes of her Cheeks:
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little Living in this Town,
The which I think comes to a hundred Pound,
All that and more ſhall be at your diſpoſe;
I'll ſtrait go help you to ſome ſtrange diſguiſe,
And place you in a Service in this Town,
Where you ſhall know all, yet your ſelf unknown:
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worſe than bad.

Luce. I thank you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lancelot, *Maſter* Weathercock, *and the reſt.*

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a ſluttiſh Trick,
But ſuch a lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a ſarved.

Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You ſee how I am preſs'd down with inward Grief,
About that luckleſs Girl, your Siſter *Luce*.
But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beſide,
They are moſt unhappy, that are moſt belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis ſo, 'tis ev'n faln out ſo,
But what remedy? ſet Hand to your Heart, and let it paſs,
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not ſay,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever ſhe was; tho ſhe had the prick
And praiſe for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is
The Mouſe, you'll come?

Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.

Civ. And you, Maſter *Oliver*?

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veaſt, chill ſee if a gan Make a better veaſt there.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur*?

Arth. Ay, Sir, altho my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feaſt.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come *Frank*, are you ready?

Frank. Jeſhue, how haſty theſe Husbands are? I pray, Father, pray to God to bleſs me.

Lanc. God bleſs thee, and I do; God make thee wiſe, Send you both Joy, I wiſh it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But, Father, ſhall not my Siſter *Delia* go along with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and ſuch things.

Lanc. Yes marry ſhall ſhe: *Delia*, make you ready,

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will firſt go to *Greenwich*,
From thence to my Couſin *Cheſterfield*, and ſo to *London*.

Civ. It ſhall ſuffice, good Siſter *Delia*, it ſhall ſuffice, but fail us not, good Siſter, give order to Cooks and others, for I would not have my ſweet *Frank* to ſoil her Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks, and Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I ſcorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou ſhalt, ſweet Heart, thou ſeeſt I do not go about it; well, farewel too: You Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we ſhall have your Company too?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank*.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir *Arthur*, Maſter *Oliver*, and Maſter *Weathercock*, Siſter, God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Maſter *Oliver*, how now, Man?
Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily ſay,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, ſhe is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when theſe be ſelf-will'd, Children muſt ſmart.

Art.

Art. But, Sir, that ſhe is wronged, you are the chiefeſt
Cauſe, therefore 'tis reaſon you redreſs her wrong.
Weath. Indeed you muſt, Sir *Lancelot*, you muſt.
Lanc. Muſt? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock?*
I hope I may do what I liſt.
Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you liſt.
Oli. Nay, but and you be well eviſen, it were not good,
By this vrampolneſs, and vrowardneſs, to caſt away
As pretty a dowſſabel, as am chould chance to ſee
In a Summer's Day; chill tell you what chall do,
Chill go ſpy up and down the Town, and ſee if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Meſſel, vor cham
Aſhured, heel but bring her to the ſpoil,
And ſo var you well, we ſhall meet at your Son *Civet's*.
Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.
Arth. To find her out, I'll ſpend my deareſt Blood,
So well I lov'd her, to affect her Good. [*Exeunt* Ambo.
Lanc. O Maſter *Weathercock*,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Maſter *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodneſs in his Thought?
Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?
Lanc. Yes, I have almoſt deviſed a Remedy.
Young *Flowerdale* is ſure a Priſoner.
Weath. Sure? nothing more ſure.
Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.
Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lanc. Well if he be in Priſon, I'll have Warrants
To tache my Daughter till the Law be tried,
For I will ſue him upon Couzenage.
Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.
Lanc. Nay that's not ſo; I may chance be ſcoft,
And Sentence paſt with him.
Weath. Believe me, ſo he may, therefore take heed.
Lanc. Well howſoever, yet I will have Warrants,
In Priſon, or at Liberty, all's one:
You will help to ſerve them, Maſter *Weathercock?*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice;
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together.
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:
A pox of come a five, what ſhall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my Acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
But I have borrowed more or leſs of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purſe,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
God's lid my Siſter *Delia*,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

Del. I prithee, *Artichoak*, go not ſo faſt,
The Weather is hot, and I am ſomething weary.
Art. Nay I warrant you, Miſtreſs *Delia*, I'll not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extreme moderate Pace.
Flow. Stand, deliver your Purſe.
Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit* Artichoak.
Flow. Come, come, your Purſe, Lady, your Purſe.
Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time:
What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief?
Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father;
But Siſter, come, your Money, come:
What the World muſt find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a Sin to ſteal, when none will give.
Del. O God, is all Grace baniſh'd from thy Heart,
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.
Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purſe;
I'll bind you, Siſter, leſt I fare the worſe.
Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Money would redeem thy Shame.

Enter

Enter Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *and* Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, Mrs. *Delia*, Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, Maſter *Oliver*, 'tis Maſter *Flowerdale*, he did but jeſt with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you meten us well, vang thee that.

Flow. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, becauſe I have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this ſame Money.

Flow. I thank you, Siſter.

Oli. I wad you were yſplit, and you let the Mezel have a Penny; but ſince you cannot keep it, chill keep it my ſelf.

Arth. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this ſort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his daily ſport.

Del. Brother, you ſee how all Men cenſure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chill bring you along, and you ſafe enough
From twenty ſuch Scoundrels as thick an one is.
Farewel and be hanged, Zyrrah, as I think ſo thou
wilt be ſhortly: come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but* Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague go with you for a Karſie Raſcal;
This *Devonſhire* Man I think is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs:
His Heart as fat and big as his Face,
As differing far from all brave gallant Minds,
As I to ſerve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now; well what remedy,
When Money, Means, and Friends, do grow ſo ſmall,
Then farewel Life, and there's an end of all.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter young Flowerdale's *Father*, Luce *like a* Dutch *Frow*, Civet *and his Wife* Frances.

Civ. By my Troth God a Mercy for this, good *Chriſtopher* I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how doſt thou like her, *Frances?*

Fran. In good Sadneſs, *Tom*, very well, excellent well,
She ſpeaks ſo prettily. I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My Name, forſooth, be called *Tanikin.*

Fran. By my Troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dreſſing ones Head a new Faſhion.

Luce. Me ſall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Country-woman is ſhe, *Keſter?*

Fath. A *Dutch* Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then ſhe is Outlandiſh, is ſhe not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, ſhe is.

Fran. O then thou canſt tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Miſtreſs, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears, why, Miſtreſs *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed; *Tom*, thou knoweſt what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Keſter*, 'tis ſuch as they wear a their Heads.
I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and ſhew her my Houſe.

Fath. I will, Sir; come *Tanikin.*

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buſſed me to day, *Tom.*

Civ. No *Frances*, we muſt not kiſs afore Folks.
God ſave my *Frank.*

Enter Delia *and* Artichoak.

See yonder, my Siſter *Delia* is come, welcome, good Siſter.

Fran. Welcome, good Siſter, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del.

Del. Very well, Sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had
Not been here now; filching *Flowerdale* had like
To pepper'd us, but for Master *Oliver* we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, Sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well; but God be prais'd for your Escape: will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither; would *Flowerdale*, he that was my Master, a robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Art. Yes, i'faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a *French* Crown, and speak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a word, now do I smell Knavery:
In every Purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half:
And gives me this to keep Counsel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new *Dutch* Maid,
And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but* Delia *and* Luce.

Hark you, *Dutch* Frow, a word.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language,
Nor this same Habit can disguise your Face
From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret;
This borrow'd Shape that I have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep my self a space unknown
Both from my Father and my neareſt Friends;

Until

Until I ſee how time will bring to paſs,
The deſperate Courſe of Maſter *Flowerdale.*

Del. O he is worſe than bad, I prithee leave him,
And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perſuade me once to ſuch a Thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worſe than nought;
Yet one good Time may all that Ill undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Siſter, do not diſcloſe my Eſtate,
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Del. Well, ſeeing no Counſel can remove your Mind,
I'll not diſcloſe you, that are wilful blind.

Luce, Delia, I thank you. I now muſt pleaſe her Eyes,
My Siſter *Frances,* neither fair nor wiſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale *ſolus:*

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have paſs'd the very utmoſt bounds of Shifting,
I have no Courſe now but to hang my ſelf;
I have liv'd ſince Yeſterday two a-Clock, of a
Spice-Cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-houſe among Porters, ſuch as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Money indeed;
I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony-catchers that won all my Money of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick *and* Ralph.

What, Mr. *Richard,* how do you do?
How doſt thou *Ralph?* By Gad, Gentlemen, the World
Grows bare with me: will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we loſt not every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prithee lend me ſo much as will pay for my Supper; I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman. [*Ralph.*

Ralph. I'Faith we have not a Farthing, not a Mite;
I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdale*,
You will ſo careleſly undo your ſelf;
Why you will loſe more Money in an Hour,
Than any honeſt Man ſpends in a Year;
For Shame betake you to ſome honeſt Trade,
And live not thus ſo like a Vagabond. [*Exeunt.*

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:
They gave me Counſel that firſt cozen'd me;
Thoſe Devils firſt brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the firſt that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one Friend left in ſtore.
Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,
One that I firſt put in a Sattin Gown,
And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,
But ſtands me at the leaſt in twenty Pound:
Her will I viſit now my Coin is gone,
And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.
What ho, is Miſtreſs *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruf. What ſawcy Raſcal is that which knocks ſo bold?
O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?
One that is turned Cozener about the Town:
My Miſtreſs ſaw you, and ſends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,
Or you ſhall have ſuch a Greeting ſent you ſtraight,
As you will little like on, you had beſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Flow. Why ſo, this is as it ſhould be, being poor,
Thus art thou ſerv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, ſince thy damned Crew do ſo abuſe thee,
I'll try of honeſt Men, how they will uſe me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beſeech you to take Compaſſion of a Man:
One whoſe Fortunes have been better than at this Inſtant
they ſeem to be: but if I might crave of you ſome little
Portion,

Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would reſt thankful, until I had requited ſo great a Courteſy.

Cit. Fie, fie, young Man, this Courſe is very bad,
Too many ſuch have we about this City;
Yet for I have not ſeen you in this ſort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such bad Beginnings oft have worſer Ends. [*Exit* Cit.

Flow. Worſer ends: Nay, if it fall out
No worſe than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had ſuch a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a ſixpenny Purſe eſcape me:
By the Maſs here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.

God bleſs you, fair Miſtreſs.
Now would it pleaſe you, Gentlewoman, to look into the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I doubt not but God will treble reſtore it back again, one that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny, nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my Troth a very proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold, my Friend, there's all the Money I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and God bleſs thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, ſweet Lady; if you have any Friend, or Garden-houſe, where you may imploy a poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me ſee that again I gave thee, there is one of them a braſs Shilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold. [*He gives it her.*
Now out upon thee, Raſcal: ſecret Service! what doſt thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Money again, I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service! on, good *Alexander.* [*Exeunt* Ambo.

Flow.

Flow. This is villainous Luck, I perceive Diſhoneſty
Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me,
Sir *Arthur* and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod I'll ſpeak to them.
God ſave you, Sir *Arthur*: God ſave you, Mr. *Oliver*.

Oli. Been you there, Zirrah, come will you taken your ſelves to your Tools, Coyſtrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr: *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you,
Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doing,
It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot*'s Daughter:
By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Mezel? Whore is ſhe, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth, Mr. *Oliver*, ſick, very ſick;
And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is ſhe ſick? tell me true itch' viſe thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the ſmall kindneſs, but to lend me forty Shillings; So Gad help me, I will pay you ſo ſoon as my Ability ſhall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zaiſt thy Wife is zick; hold, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I ſhall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewel zirrah; come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent:
Five golden Angels compaſt in an Hour.
If this Trade hold, I'll never ſeek a new:
Welcome, ſweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Keſter*, if you can find the Houſe.

Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Keſter?*
By the Maſs 'tis they.
How do you, Uncle? how doſt thou, *Keſter?*
By my troth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend
Me ſome Money, the poor Gentlewoman
My Wife, ſo Gad help me, is very ſick.
I was robb'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Keſter*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle?

Unc. Out, Hypocrite, I will not hear thee ſpeak;
Come, leave him, *Keſter.*

Flow. Keſter, honeſt *Keſter.*

Fath. Sir, I have nought to ſay to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'ſt beſt
Lock't faſt, for there's a falſe Knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Raſcal,
So you are. [*Exeunt* Ambo.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the matter, vat be you, Yonker?

Flow. By this Light a *Dutch* Frow, they ſay they are called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not ſpeak?

Flow. By my troth, Sweet-heart, a poor Gentleman that would deſire of you, if it ſtand with your liking, the bounty of your Purſe.

Enter young Flowerdale's *Father.*

Luce. O here God, ſo young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, Sweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almoſt a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Wife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why ſpeak you not, vere be your Vife?

Flowi

Flow. Dead, dead, ſhe's dead, 'tis ſhe hath undone me:
Spent me all I had, and kept Raſcals under my Noſe to brave me.

Luce. Did you uſe her vell?

Flow. Uſe her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better uſed than I did her; I could but Coach her; her Diet ſtood me in forty Pound a Month, but ſhe is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not ſcone.

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou doſt belong to Maſter *Civet* here, doſt thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate
But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:
If I had ſuch a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, ſo ſhe had any Stock.
[*They call within.*
O why *Tanikin.*

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I ſhall come by and by again.

Flow. By this hand this *Dutch* Wench is in love with me.
Were it not admirable to make her ſteal
All *Civet's* Plate, and run away?

Fath. 'Twere beaſtly. O Maſter *Flowerdale,*
Have you no fear of God, nor Conſcience?
What do you mean, by this vile courſe you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this ſort, fy upon the courſe,
Your Life doth ſhow, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'sNails, is there ſuch a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the talleſt Man in *England,* if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is

well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, ſo I might.

Faith. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only Stealth in you?
Delia might hang ye now, did not her heart
Take pity of you for her Siſter's ſake.
Go get you hence, leſt ling'ring here you ſtay,
You fall into their hand you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, till the *Dutch* Frow comes,
If all the Devils in Hell were here. [*Exit Father.*

Enter Sir Lancelot, *Mr.* Weathercock, *and* Artichoak.

Lanc. Where is the Door? are we not paſt it, *Artichoak?*

Art. By the Maſs here's one.
I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir? [way
What, are you ſo proud? do you hear, which is the
To Mr. *Civet*'s houſe? what, will you not ſpeak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale.*

Lanc. O wonderful, is this leud Villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purſe, Cony-catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?
A cozening Raſcal, that muſt make a Will,
Take on him that ſtrict Habit, very that:
When he ſhould turn to Angel, a dying Grace,
I'll Father-in-Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:
Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?
Poiſon'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:
And to abuſe good Maſter *Weathercock*, with
His forg'd Will, and Maſter *Weathercock*,
To make my grounded Reſolution;
Then to abuſe the *Devonſhire* Gentleman:
Go, away with him to Priſon.

Flow. Wherefore to Priſon? Sir, I will not go.

Enter Maſter Civet, *his Wife,* Oliver, *Sir* Arthur, *young* Flowerdale's *Father, Uncle, and* Delia.

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:
Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome all:
Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too
For any thing I know, my Daughter is miſſing,
Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Unc. He is my Kinſman, altho his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's Name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Priſon.

Flow. Wherefore to Priſon, ſnick-up? I owe you nothing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go ſeek your Daughter, what do lay to my Charge?

Lanc. Suſpicion of Murder, go, away with him.

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter! Come, Uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Priſoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce *like a Trow.*

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done!

Weath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife.

Luce. His Wife, dat is not good, dat is not ſeen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huſwife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you leave him, He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Priſon! why *Tom,* will you ſuffer that?

Civ. No, by your leave, Father, ſhe is no Vagrant: She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son *Civet*, of my Life this is a Plot.
Some ſtragling Counterfeit profer'd to you,
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Priſon, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither outlandiſh Frow,
Nor he, nor I ſhall to the Priſon go:
Know you me now? nay, never ſtand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you,
And tho that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleneſs.

Lanc. Baſtard in Nature, kneel to ſuch a Slave?

Luce. O Maſter *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
Have not ſtopt up the Organs of your Voice,
Then ſpeak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or doth Contempt of me thus tye thy Tongue?
Turn not away, I am no *Æthiope*,
No wanton *Creſſid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy Loſs.
What turn'ſt thou ſtill from me? O then
I gueſs thee woſull'ſt among hapleſs Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, Wonder among Wives!
Thy Chaſtity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame.
For in my bluſhing Cheeks is ſeen my Shame.

Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee truſt him not.

Luce. Not truſt him? —— by the hopes of after Bliſs,
I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc. Well, ſince thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I defy thee.

Oli. Ywood che were ſo well ydouſſed as was ever white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me weep.

Fath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my Troth I muſt weep, I cannot chuſe.

Unc. None but a Beaſt would ſuch a Maid miſuſe.

Flow.

Flow. Content thy ſelf, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation loſt:
And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beſeech you,
I hope your Eyes ſhall behold ſuch Change,
As ſhall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were ſplit now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been ſo, hold there's vorty Pound toward your zetting up: what be not aſhamed, vang it, Man, vang it; be a good Husband, loven to your Wife, And you ſhall not want for vorty more I che vor thee.

Arth. My Means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will inſtruct you in my ableſt Power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown ſo kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to reſtore.

Oli. What, reſtore me no reſtorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chill devie *London* elſe: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Mony? che have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spotation: I hope your Under and your Uncle will vollow my zamplas.

Unc. You have gueſt right of me, if he leave off this courſe of Life, he ſhall be mine Heir.

Lanc. But he ſhall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful
Father, honeſt Gentleman,
That paſs'd the fearful Danger of the Sea,
To get him Living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with conceit of his vile courſes.

Fath. Sir, you are miſinform'd, [ſelf.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'ſt me ſo thy

Fath. I wrong'd him then:
And toward my Maſter's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.

Flow. No, *Keſter*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more,
What thou in love gives, I in love reſtore.

Fran. Ha, ha, Siſter, there you plaid bo-peep with us: *Tom*, what ſhall I give her toward Houſhold? Siſter *Delia*, ſhall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were beſt ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom?*

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Fran. A ruſſet one, *Tom.*

Civ. Ay, with ruſſet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Siſter, there's my Fan toward Houſhold, to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you, Siſter.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce*'s Stock, here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more, I'll give her, marry. Come, Sir *Lancelot*, I muſt have you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will conſume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had ſhe been married to an honeſt Man,
It had been better than a thouſand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond,
To make her Jointure better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! why, what are you?

Fath. One, whoſe Word in *London*, tho I ſay it,
Will paſs there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrift's Serving-man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off:
Ne'er muſe Man, at this Metamorphoſie.

Lanc. Maſter *Flowerdale!*

Flow. My Father! O I ſhame to look on him.
Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are paſt.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,

Whom

Whom Heav'n hath ſent to thee to ſave thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome from Death, good Mr. *Flowerdale.*
'Twas ſaid ſo here, 'twas ſaid ſo here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be ſpread my ſelf,
Becauſe I'd ſee the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumſtance is needleſs:
And Sirrah, ſee you run no more into that ſame Diſeaſe:
For he that's once cur'd of that malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenneſs, and Pride,
And falls again into the like diſtreſs,
That Fever is deadly, doth till death endure:
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the courſe as Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it, Couſin, all is well.

Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honeſt Man,
I take you to my favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my Heart: I ſee your Care
Hath brought theſe Acts to this Concluſion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feaſt.

Oli. Nay zoſt you a while, you promis'd to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wiſeſt
Daughter, ſee which an's ſhe'll have.

Lanc. A God's-Name ye have my good-will, get hers.

Oli. How ſay you then, Damſel?

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oli. Why, then ſend for a Vicar, and chill have it
Diſpatched in a trice, ſo chill.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.
But not to love as Wife, ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth. Do not condemn your ſelf for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

Oli. Why you ſay true, Sir *Arthur*, ſhe was ybore to it,
So well as her Mother; but I pray you ſhew us
Some Zamples or Reaſons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no doubt a ſanctimonious thing:
But for the care and croſſes of a Wife,
The trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n, in Earth to live alone;
Husbands, howſoever good, I will have none.

Oli. Why then, chill live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a vig
By me: Come, ſhall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To morrow I crave your Companies in *Mark-lane*:
To Night we'll frolick in Mr. *Civet*'s Houſe,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouſe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

V. 9. p. 131.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF *Thomas* Lord *Cromwell.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE *of* Norfolk.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Bedford *and his Host.*
Cardinal Wolsey.
Gardner, *Bishop of* Winchester.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Sir Christopher Hales.
Sir Ralph Sadler.
Old Cromwell, *a Blacksmith of* Putney.
Young Thomas Cromwell, *his Son.*
Master Bowser, *a Merchant.*
Banister, *a broken Merchant, and his Wife.*
Bagot, *a cruel covetous Broker.*
Friskiball, *a* Florentine *Merchant.*
The Governors of the English *House at* Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Hodge, Will *and* Tom, *old* Cromwell's *Servants.*
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.
A Post.
Messengers.
Ushers, and Servants.

THE

THE LIFE and DEATH OF *Thomas* Lord *Cromwell.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hodge, *and two other Smiths, Servants to old* Cromwell.

HODGE.

COME, Masters, I think it be past five a-Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Master he'll be stirring anon.

1 *Smith.* I cannot tell whether my old Master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my Afternoon's Nap, for my young Master *Thomas*, he keeps such a coil in his Study, with the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

Hod

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars?
There's Goodman *Car* of *Fulham*,
He that carried us to the ſtrong Ale, where Goody *Trundel*
Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars,
He'll tickle you *Charles's Wain* in nine Degrees:
That ſame Man will tell Goody *Trundel*
When her Ale ſhall miſcarry, only by the Stars.

2 *Smith.* Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed; I think *Thomas*
Be no body in compariſon to him.

1 *Smith.* Well, Maſters, come, ſhall we to our Hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content, firſt let's take our Morning's Draught, and then to work roundly.

2 *Smith.* Ay, agreed, go in, *Hodge.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good-morrow, Morn, I do ſalute thy brightneſs,
The Night ſeems tedious to my troubled Soul:
Whoſe black Obſcurity binds in my Mind
A thouſand ſundry Cogitations:
And now *Aurora* with a lively Die,
Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high,
Too high indeed, my ſtate being ſo mean:
My Study like a Mineral of Gold,
Makes my Heart proud, wherein my hope's enroll'd;
My Books are all the Wealth I do poſſeſs,
And unto them I have engag'd my Heart:
O, Learning, how divine thou ſeem'ſt to me!
Within whoſe Arms is all Felicity.
Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there.
[*Here within they beat with their Hammers.*
You do diſturb my Study and my Reſt;
Leave off, I ſay, you mad me with the Noiſe.

Enter Hodge, *and the two Men.*

Hodge. Why, how now, Maſter *Thomas*, how now?
Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noiſe.

Hodge.

Hodge. How, fret your Heart? Ay, but *Thomas*, you'll Fret your Father's Purse if you let us from Working.

2*Smith.* Ay, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman: Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well i'faith; But here comes my old Master now.

Enter Old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle Knaves, what are you loytring now? No Hammers walking, and my Work to do? What not a Heat among your Work to day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.

Old Crom. Why, Knave I say, have I thus cark'd and car'd, And all to keep thee like a Gentleman, And dost thou let my Servants at their work; That sweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study.

Old Crom. Out of my doors, Knave, if thou lik'st it not; I cry you Mercy, are your Ears so fine? I tell thee, Knave, these get when I do sleep; I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's Money, Father, I will pay your Men.

[*He throws Money among them.*

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my cost, In hope that one day thou wouldst relieve my Age, And art thou now so lavish of thy Coin, To scatter it among these idle Knaves?

Crom. Father be patient, and content your self, The time will come I shall hold Gold as trash: And here I speak with a presaging Soul, To build a Palace where now this Cottage stands, As fine as is King *Henry*'s House at *Sheen*. (Beggar;

Old Crom. You build a House? you Knave, you'll be a Now afore God all is but cast away That is bestow'd upon this thriftless Lad: Well, had I bound him to some honest Trade, This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing, To send him to the University: How? build a House where now this Cottage stands,

As

As fair as that at *Sheen?* he ſhall not hear me,
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well ſaid *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, Knaves; hence ſaucy Boy.

[*Exeunt all but young* Cromwell.

Crom. Why ſhould my Birth keep down my mounting Spirit?
Are not all Creatures ſubject unto time?
To time, who doth abuſe the World,
And fills it full of hodge-podge Baſtardy;
There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
That their Original did ſpring from Kings;
And many Monarchs now, whoſe Fathers were
The riff-raff of their Age; for Time and Fortune
Wears out a noble train to Beggary;
And from the Dunghil Minions do advance
To State; and mark, in this admiring World
This is but Courſe, which in the name of Fate
Is ſeen as often as it whirls about:
The River *Thames*, that by our Door doth paſs,
His firſt beginning is but ſmall and ſhallow,
Yet keeping on his Courſe grows to a Sea.
And likewiſe *Wolſey*, the wonder of our Age,
His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son;
Now who within this Land a greater Man?
Then *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
That thou may'ſt live to flouriſh and controul.

Enter Old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom Cromwell, what *Tom* I ſay.

Crom. Do you call, Sir?

Old Crom. Here is Maſter *Bowſer* come to know if you have diſpatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Council, or no.

Crom. Father, I have, pleaſe you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well ſaid, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter

Enter Maſter Bowſer.

Bow. Now, Maſter *Cromwell*, have you diſpatch'd this Petition?

Crom. I have, Sir, pleaſe you to peruſe it.

Bow. It ſhall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water,
And, Maſter *Cromwell*, I have made a Motion
May do you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
And the Merchants there have ſent to me,
For to provide a Man fit for the Place:
Now I do know none fitter than your ſelf,
If with your liking it ſtand, Maſter *Cromwell.*

Crom. With all my heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
In Love and Duty for your Kindneſs ſhown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*,
Make haſte, leſt ſome body
Get between thee and home, *Tom.*
I thank you, good Maſter *Bowſer*,
I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you always, I thank you moſt heartily, Sir;
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Maſter *Bowſer.*

Bow. It ſhall not need, Sir: Maſter *Cromwell*, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, Sir.

Old Crom. Farewel, *Tom*, God bleſs thee, *Tom*,
God ſpeed thee, good *Tom.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bagot, *a Broker, ſolus.*

Bag. I hope this Day is fatal unto ſome,
And by their loſs muſt *Bagot* ſeek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Maſter *Friskibal*,
A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Baniſter* owes a thouſand Pound,
A Merchant-Bankrupt, whoſe Father was my Maſter.
What do I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n,
And this Morning have I got him arreſted

At

At the Suit of Maſter *Friskibal*,
And by this means ſhall I be ſure of Coin,
For doing this ſame good to him unknown:
And in good time, ſee where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskibal.

Good-morrow to kind Maſter *Friskibal*.

Friſ. Good-morrow to your ſelf, good Maſter *Baget*,
And what's the News you are ſo early ſtirring?
It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, Sir, that I bear to you.
When did you ſee your Debtor *Baniſter*?

Friſ. I promiſe you, I have not ſeen the Man
This two Months day, his Poverty is ſuch,
As I do think he ſhames to ſee his Friends.

Bag. Why then aſſure your ſelf to ſee him ſtraight,
For at your Suit I have arreſted him,
And here they will be with him preſently.

Friſ. Arreſt him at my Suit? you were to blame,
I know the Man's Misfortunes to be ſuch,
As he's not able for to pay the Debt,
And were it known to ſome, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it ſo,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Baniſter*:
Why, ſuch as he will break for Faſhion-ſake,
And unto thoſe they owe a thouſand Pound,
Pay ſcarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him,
The Man is leudly given to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots Companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him:
I ſpeak the truth of him, for nothing elſe,
But for the kindneſs that I bear to you.

Friſ. If it be ſo, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deal ſtrictly with ſuch a one as he,
Better ſevere than too much lenity:
But here is Maſter *Baniſter* himſelf,
And with him, as I tak't, the Officers.

Enter

Enter Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Ban. O Maſter *Friskibal*, you have undone me:
My State was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-caſt by your means.
Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal*, pity my Husband's caſe,
He is a Man hath liv'd as well as any,
Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, diſrobe, and ſpoil us of our own.
Friſ. Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, I envy not your Husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus:
But that I hear he is ſo leudly given,
Haunts wicked Company, and hath enough
To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.
Ban. This is that damned Broker, that ſame *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed:
Ingrateful Villain for to uſe me thus.
Bag. What I have ſaid to him is nought but Truth.
Mrs. Ban. What thou haſt ſaid ſprings from an envious Heart,
A Cannibal that doth eat Men alive:
But here upon my Knee, believe me, Sir,
And what I ſpeak, ſo help me God, is true,
We ſcarce have Meat to feed our little Babes:
Moſt of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand,
Which had we Money to defray our Debts,
O think, we would not bide that Penury:
Be merciful, kind Maſter *Friskibal*,
My Husband, Children, and my ſelf will eat
But one Meal a-day, the other will we keep and ſell.
Friſ. Go too, I ſee thou art an envious Man.
Good Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, kneel not to me,
I pray riſe up, you ſhall have your deſire.
Hold Officers; be gone, there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thouſand Pound,
Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former State again,
Pay me: but if ſtill your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown:

I never yet did wrong to Men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my ſelf may fall.

Ban. This unexpected Favour undeſerv'd,
Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with joy:
Ne'er may ought proſper with me is my own,
If I forget this Kindneſs you have ſhown.

Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and day,
For your good Fortune and Succeſs ſha'l pray.

Friſ. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within theſe three Days, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home:
Hold, *Bagot*, there's a Portague to drink,
Altho you ill deſerv'd it by your merit:
Give not ſuch cruel ſcope unto your Heart;
Be ſure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember, what I ſay, *Bagot*, farewel.
Come, Maſter *Baniſter*, you ſhall with me,
My fare's but ſimple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but* Bagot.

Bag. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your laſt,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confuſion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a ſcore of Crowns,
Doth he now foiſt me with a Portague?
Well, I will be revenged upon this *Baniſter*.
I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes,
As ſeeming that I do it for good will,
I am ſure to have them at an eaſy rate;
And when 'tis done, in Chriſtendom he ſtays not,
But I'll make his Heart t'ake with ſorrow.
And if that *Baniſter* becomes my Debtor,
By Heav'n and Earth, I'll make his Plague the greater.

[*Exit* Bagot.

Enter *Chorus*.

Cho. *Now, Gentlemen, imagine,*
That young Cromwell *is in* Antwerp,
Ledger for the Engliſh *Merchants:*
And Baniſter, *to ſhun this* Bagot's *Hate,*

Hearing

Hearing that he hath got ſome of his Debts,
Is fled to Antwerp, *with his Wife and Children;*
Which Bagot *hearing, is gone after them:*
And thither ſends his Bills of Debt before,
To be reveng'd on wretched Baniſter:
What doth fall out, with Patience ſit and ſee,
A juſt Requital of falſe Treachery. [Exit.

Enter Cromwell *in his Study, with Bags of Money before him, caſting of Account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go ſtrait and ev'n,
But, *Cromwell*, this ſame plodding fits not thee;
Thy Mind is altogether ſet on travel,
And not to live thus cloyſter'd, like a Nun:
It is not this ſame traſh that I regard,
Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. I pray, Sir, are you ready to diſpatch me?
Crom. Yes, here's thoſe Sums of Money you muſt carry,
You go ſo far as *Frankford*, do you not?
Poſt. I do, Sir.
Crom. Well, prithee make all the haſte thou canſt,
For there be certain *Engliſh* Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And if that you ſhould linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good ſpeed,
There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.
Poſt. I thank you, Sir, this will add Wings indeed.
Crom. Gold is of pow'r to make an Eagle's ſpeed.

Enter Miſtreſs Baniſter.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves ſo much?
It ſeems ſhe doth addreſs her ſelf to me.
Mrs. Ban. God ſave you, Sir, pray is your Name Maſter *Cromwell*?

Crom.

Crom. My Name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come to *Antwerp?*

Crom. No, truſt me, I never ſaw the Man,
But here are Bills of Debt I have received
Againſt one *Baniſter*, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch:
I am the Wife to woful *Baniſter*,
And by that bloody Villain am purſu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp*:
My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands,
And God of Heav'n knows how he'll deal with him;
Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,
Be merciful to a diſtreſſed Soul,
And God no doubt will treble bleſs your Gain.

Crom. Good Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my pow'r.

Mrs. Ban. O ſpeak to *Bagot*, that ſame wicked Wretch,
An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed ſome two Hours ſince.

Crom. Well, Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, aſſure your ſelf,
I'll ſpeak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pity that I can:
Mean time, to comfort you, in your diſtreſs,
Receive theſe Angels to relieve your need,
And be aſſur'd, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way I will neglect.

Mrs. Ban. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart,
Keep you from trouble, ſorrow, grief and ſmart.

[*Exit Miſtreſs* Baniſter.

Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r:
It grieves my Soul to ſee her miſery,
But we that live under the Work of Fate,
May hope the beſt, yet know not to what ſtate
Our Stars and Deſtinies have us aſſign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her Face is blind. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Bagot *Solus.*

Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Baniſter, he is with the Governor:
And ſhortly ſhall have Gyves upon his Heels.
It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave:
I hope to have his Body rot in a Priſon,
And after here, his Wife to hang her ſelf,
And all his Children die for want of Food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*
Are reckon'd to be worth five thouſand Pound,
Which ſcarcely ſtood me in three hundred Pound;
I bought them at an eaſy kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That ſold them me, it comes not near my Heart;
And leſt they ſhould be ſtole, as ſure they are,
I thought it meet to ſell them here in *Antwerp*,
And ſo have left them in the Governor's Hand,
Who offers me within two hundred Pound
Of all my Price: but now no more of that,
I muſt go ſee and if my Bills be ſafe,
The which I ſent to Maſter *Cromwell*,
That if the Wind ſhould keep me on the Sea,
He might arreſt him here before I came:
And in good time, ſee where he is: God ſave you, Sir.

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be ſo, Sir, but my Name is *Bagot*,
The Man that ſent to you the Bills of Debt.

Crom. O, the Man that purſues *Baniſter*,
Here are the Bills of Debt you ſent to me:
As for the Man, you know beſt where he is.
It is reported you've a Flinty Heart,
A Mind that will not ſtoop to any Pity;
An Eye that knows not how to ſhed a Tear,

A Hand that's always open for Reward.
But, Maſter *Bagot*, would you be rul'd by me,
You ſhould turn all theſe to the contrary;
Your Heart ſhould ſtill have feeling of remorſe,
Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal
To thoſe that ſtand in need, and in diſtreſs;
Your Hand to help them that do ſtand in want,
Rather than with your Poiſe to hold them down,
For every ill turn ſhow your ſelf more kind,
Thus ſhould I do; pardon, I ſpeak my Mind.

Bag. I, Sir, you ſpeak to hear what I would ſay,
But you muſt live, I know, as well as I:
I know this Place to be Extortion.
And 'tis not for a Man to keep ſafe here,
But he muſt lye, cog, with his deareſt Friend;
And as for Pity, ſcorn it, hate all Conſcience:
But yet I do commend your Wit in this,
To make a ſhow of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and it is well done:
This is the only way to bring your Gain.

Crom. My Gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life,
Before I'd live ſo baſe a Slave as thou.
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a ſhow
Of ſeeming Virtue, and a Devil within?
No *Bagot*, if thy Conſcience were as clear,
Poor *Baniſter* ne'er had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Maſter *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir,
I know full well that you are no ſuch Man,
But if your Conſcience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwiſe.

Crom. Will it be thonght that I am otherwiſe?
Let them that think ſo, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith miſconſter'd?
Antwerp, for all the Wealth within thy Town,
I will not tarry here full two Hours longer:
As good luck ſerves, my Accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll ſtraight unto the Treaſurer:

Bagot,

Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to travel,
To see the fruitful Parts of *Italy*;
And as you ever bore a Christian Mind,
Let *Banister* some Favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, Sir, I'll help him all I can,
To starve his Heart out ere he gets a Groat;
So, Master *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I must strait unto the Governor. [*Exit* Bagot.

Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I said.
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy Heart was ne'er so base,
To live by Falshood, or by Brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in Travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge, *his Father's Man.*

Hodge. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomast*; I had thought it had been no such matter, to a-gone by Water; for at *Putney* I'll go you to *Parish* Garden for two Pence, sit as still as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were scarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of rising in my Guts: At last, one of the Sailors spying of me, be a good cheer, says he, set down thy Victuals, and up with it, thou hast nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it: At last we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness; for I in kindness told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I, find my Master *Thomas* in this *Dutch* Town, he might put some *English* Beer into my Belly.

Crom. What *Hodge*, my Father's Man! by my Hand welcome: How doth my Father? what's the News at home?

Hodge. Maſter *Thomas*, O God, Maſter *Thomas*, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to Underſtanding, that your Father is in Health, and *Alice Downing* here hath ſent you a Nutmeg, and *Beſs Make-water* a Race of Ginger, my Fellows *Will* and *Tom* hath between them ſent you a dozen of Points, and Goodman *Toll*, of the *Goat*, a pair of Mittons, my ſelf came in Perſon, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy, good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome to me.
But in as ill a Time thou comeſt as may be;
For I am travelling into *Italy*:
What ſay'ſt thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me Company?

Hodge. Will I bear thee Company, *Tom?* what tell'ſt me of *Italy*? were it to the farthеſt Part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have paſs'd the rigorous Waves of *Neptune*'s Blaſts, I tell you, *Thomas*, I have been in danger of the Floods, and when I have ſeen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a-my-Knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Becauſe, as this ſame Fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, ſo *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have ſome care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, haſt thou din'd yet?

Hodge. *Thomas*, to ſpeak the truth, not a bit yet, I.

Crom. Come go with me, thou ſhalt have Cheer good (ſtore:
And farewel, *Antwerp*, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, ſweet *Tom*, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter the Governor of the Engliſh *Houſe*, Bagot, Baniſter, *his Wife, and two Officers.*

Gov. Is *Cromwell* gone then? ſay you, Mr. *Bagot*. What diſlike, I pray? what was the Cauſe?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild Brain of his own,
Such Youth as they cannot ſee when they are well:
He is all bent to Travel, that's his reaſon,
And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well, good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone,
We hardly ſhall find ſuch a Man as he,
To fit our turns, his Dealings were ſo honeſt.
But now, Sir, for the Jewels that I have,
What do you ſay? what, will you take my Price?

Bag. O Sir, you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Man,
What's that in Payment of five thouſand Pound?

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady, Sir, 'tis great,
Before I got ſo much it made me ſweat.

Gov. Well, Maſter *Bagot*, I'll proffer you fairly,
You ſee this Merchant, Maſter *Baniſter*,
Is going now to Priſon at your Suit:
His Subſtance all is gone, what would you have?
Yet in regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
Never diſhoneſt Dealing, but ſuch Miſhaps
Hath fall'n on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred Pound between us,
We will divide the ſame, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will ſet him free:
His ſtate is nothing, that you ſee your ſelf,
And where nought is, the King muſt loſe his Right.

Bag. Sir, Sir, you ſpeak out of your Love,
'Tis fooliſh Love, Sir, ſure to pity him:
Therefore content your ſelf, this is my Mind,
To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, tho thou doſt no good,
A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ban. O thou baſe Wretch, whom we have foſ-
Even as a Serpent for to poiſon us, (ter'd,
If God did ever right a Woman's wrong,
To that ſame God I bend and bow my Heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy Head,
By whom my hopes and joys are butchered.

Bag. Alas! fond Woman, I prithee pray thy worſt,
The Fox fares better ſtill when he is curſt.

Enter Maſter Bowſer *a Merchant.*

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer!* you're welcome, Sir, from *England.*
What's the beſt News? how do all our Friends?
Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you:
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I muſt take my leave,
My Haſte and Buſineſs doth require ſo.
Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what, go you out of Town?
Bow. I'faith unleſs I hear ſome News in Town,
I muſt away, there is no remedy.
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer,* what is your Buſineſs, may I know it?
Bow. You may, Sir, and ſo ſhall all the City.
The King of late hath had his Treaſury robb'd,
And of the choiceſt Jewels that he had:
The value of them was ſeven thouſand Pounds,
The Fellow that did ſteal theſe Jewels is hang'd,
And did confeſs that for three hundred Pound,
He ſold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in *London:*
Now *Bagot*'s fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerp,*
And hither am I come to ſeek him out,
And they that firſt can tell me of his News,
Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.
Ban. How juſt is God to right the Innocent!
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer,* you come in happy time,
Here is the Villain *Bagot* that you ſeek,
And all thoſe Jewels have I in my Hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him faſt.
Bag. The Devil ought me a ſhame, and now he hath paid it.
Bow. Is this that *Bagot*? Fellows, bear him hence,
We will not now ſtand for his Reply;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd
In *England,* where his Villanies are known.
Bag. Miſchief, confuſion light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my ſelf,
Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.

Bow.

Bow. Away, bear him away, ſtop the Slave's Mouth.

[*They carry him away.*

Mrs. Ban. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n.

Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy Fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were ſeiz'd,
Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate, within his Houſe,
Was found the value of five thouſand Pound,
His Furniture fully worth half ſo much,
Which being all ſtrain'd for the King,
He frankly gave it to the *Antwerp* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous Mind,
Have to a Brother of their Company,
A Man decay'd by Fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot*'s Wealth to ſet him up again,
And keep it for him; his Name is *Baniſter.*

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, with this happy News,
You have reviv'd two from the Gates of Death,
This is that *Baniſter*, and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is ſo good,
To bring ſuch Tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have given Life unto a Man deem'd dead,
For by theſe News my Life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ban. Thanks to my God, next to my Sovereign King;
And laſt to you, that theſe good News do bring.

Gov. The hundred Pound I muſt receive, as due,
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Maſter *Baniſter*, if ſo you pleaſe,
I'll bear you Company, when you croſs the Seas.

Ban. If it pleaſe you, Sir, my Company is but mean,
Stands in your liking, I'll wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all Things do accord ſo well:
Come, Maſter *Bowſer*, let us to Dinner:
And, Miſtreſs *Baniſter*, be merry, Woman,
Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Cromwell *and* Hodge *in their Shirts, and without Hats.*

Hodge. Call ye this ſeeing Faſhions?
Marry, would I had ſtaid at *Putney* ſtill.
O, Maſter *Thomas*, we are ſpoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, Man, this is but Fortune.

Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-ſhod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shoe to my Feet; for my Hoſe, they ſcorn'd them with their Heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me, and unlac'd me, and took away my Clothes, and ſo diſgrac'd me.

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what Remedy?
What ſhift ſhall we make now?

Hodge. Nay, I know not, for Begging I am naught, for Stealing worſe; by my troth, I muſt even fall to my old Trade, to the Hammer and the Horſe-heels again; but now the worſt is, I am not acquainted with the Humour of the Horſes in this Country; whether they are not coltiſh, given much to kicking, or no; for when I have one Leg in my Hand, if he ſhould up and lay t'other on my Chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. Hodge, I believe thou muſt work for us both.

Hodge. O, Maſter *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many time and often ſaid, *Tom*, or Maſter *Thomas*, learn to make a Horſe-ſhoe, it will be your own another Day; this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us?

Crom. The *Bandetti*.

Hodge. The *Bandetti*, do you call them? I know not what they are call'd here, but I am ſure we call them plain Thieves in *England*. O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee, Man, here ſet up theſe two Bills,
And let us keep our Standing on the Bridge:
The Faſhion of this Country is ſuch,
If any Stranger be oppreſſed with Want,

To

To write the manner of his Miſery,
And ſuch as are diſpos'd to ſuccour him,
Will do it. What, haſt thou ſet them up?

Hodge. Ay, they're up, God ſend ſome to read them,
And not only to read them, but alſo to look on us:
And not altogether look on us,
But to relieve us. O cold, cold, cold.

[*One ſtands at one end, and one at t'other.*

Enter Friskibal *the Merchant, and reads the Bills.*

Friſ. What's here? two *Engliſhmen* robb'd by the *Bandetti?*
One of them ſeems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pity that his Fortune was ſo hard,
To fall into the deſperate Hands of Thieves.
I'll queſtion him, of what Eſtate he is.
God ſave you, Sir, are you an *Engliſhman?*

Crom. I am, Sir, a diſtreſſed *Engliſhman.*

Friſ. And what are you, my Friend?

Hodge. Who, I Sir, by my troth I do not know my ſelf, what I am now, but, Sir, I was a Smith, Sir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*; that's my Maſter, Sir, yonder, I was robb'd for his ſake, Sir.

Friſ. I ſee you have been met by the *Bandetti,*
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But, *Friskibal,* why doſt thou queſtion them
Of their Eſtate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much:
There's ſixteen Duckets for to clothe your ſelves,
There's ſixteen more to buy your Diet with,
And there's ſixteen to pay for your Horſe-hire.
'Tis all the Wealth, you ſee, my Purſe poſſeſſes;
But if you pleaſe for to enquire me out,
You ſhall not want for ought that I can do:
My Name is *Friskibal,* a *Florence* Merchant,
A Man that always lov'd your Nation.

Crom. This unexpected Favour at your Hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I ſhall requite it,
Neceſſity makes me to take your Bounty,

And for your Gold can yield you nought but Thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from Deſpair;
Your Name ſhall ſtill be in my hearty Prayer.

Friſ. It is not worth ſuch Thanks, come to my Houſe,
Your want ſhall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom. I pray excuſe me, this ſhall well ſuffice
To bear my Charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much diſtreſs'd:
An *Engliſhman*, *Ruſſel* the Earl of *Bedford*,
Is by the *French* King ſold unto his Death,
It may fall out that I may do him good:
To ſave his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood:
Therefore, kind Sir, thanks for your liberal Gift,
I muſt be gone to aid him, there's no ſhift.

Friſ. I'll be no hinderer to ſo good an Act,
Heav'n proſper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me ſee you; ſo I take my leave,
All good a Man can wiſh, I do bequeath. [*Ex.* Friskib.

Crom. All good that God doth ſend light on your Head,
There's few ſuch Men within your Climate bred.
How ſay you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?

Hodge, How ſay you, I'll tell you what, Maſter *Thomas*,
If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind,
Let's keep our Standings upon this Bridge,
We ſhall get more here with begging in one Day,
Than I ſhall with making Horſe-ſhoes in a whole Year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we muſt be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford*:
Where if I fail not in my Policy,
I ſhall deceive their ſubtle Treachery.

Hodge. Nay, I'll follow you, God bleſs us from thieving *Bandetti* again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *and his Hoſt.*

Bed. Am I betray'd? was *Bedford* born to die
By ſuch baſe Slaves, in ſuch a place as this?
Have I eſcap'd ſo many times in *France*,
So many Battels have I overpaſs'd,

And

And made the *French* ſtir, when they heard my Name:
And am I now betray'd unto my Death?
Some of their Hearts Blood firſt ſhall pay for it.

Hoſt. They do deſire, my Lord, to ſpeak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do deſire to have my Blood;
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name,
By all my Hopes, my Life ſhall coſt them dear.
Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
And if I muſt die, then I'll die with Honour.

Hoſt. Alas, my Lord, that is a deſperate Courſe,
They have begirt you, round about the Houſe;
Their meaning is to take you Priſoner,
And ſo to ſend your Body unto *France.*

Bed. Firſt ſhall the Ocean be as dry as Sand,
Before alive they ſend me unto *France:*
I'll have my Body firſt bor'd like a Sieve,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainſt the *Myrmidons*,
Ere *France* ſhall boaſt, *Bedford*'s their Priſoner;
Treacherous *France*, that 'gainſt the Law of Arms,
Hath here betray'd thy Enemy to Death:
But be aſſur'd, my Blood ſhall be reveng'd
Upon the beſt Lives that remain in *France.*
Stand back, or elſe thou run'ſt upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them,
Without the ſhedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their Hands ſafe to deliver you,
And therefore craves none but himſelf may enter,
And a poor Swain that attends on him.

Bed. A *Neapolitan*? bid him come in. [*Ex. Servant.*
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous Man of *Rome*,
His Words would be as Chaff againſt the Wind.
Sweet-tongu'd *Ulyſſes*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conqueſt.

Enter Cromwell *like a* Neapolitan, *and* Hodge *with him.*

Crom. Sir, are you the Maſter of the Houſe?
Hoſt. I am, Sir.
Crom. By this ſame Token you muſt leave this Place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peaſant here to tend on us.
Hoſt. With all my heart, God grant you do ſome good,
[*Exit* Hoſt, Cromwell *ſhuts the Door.*
Bed. Now, Sir, what's your will with me?
Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your ſelf?
Bed. No, good-man Gooſe, not while my Sword doth (laſt;
Is this your Eloquence for to perſuade me?
Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to ſave you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neapolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your Servant, and an *Engliſhman.*
Bed. How? *Cromwell?* not my Farrier's Son?
Crom. The ſame, Sir, and am come to ſuccour you.
Hodge. Yes Faith, Sir, and I am *Hodge* your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I ſhooed your Dapper Gray.
Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?
Crom. It may avail if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the Men of *Mantua*,
And theſe *Bononians*, are at deadly ſtrife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* Port,
Then were you ſafe, deſpight of all their Force.
Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'ſt of things impoſſible;
Doſt thou not ſee, that we are round beſet?
How then is't poſſible we ſhould eſcape?
Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy:
Put on the Apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours; the States they know you not,
For, as I think, they never ſaw your Face,
And at a Watch-word muſt I call them in,
And will deſire, that we two ſafe may paſs
To *Mantua*, where I'll ſay my Buſineſs lyes;
How doth your Honour like of this Advice?

Bed.

Bed. O wondrous good! But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*?

Hodge. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord in any thing I can;
And do agree, to ſet thee free, do Fortune what ſhe can.

Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel ſtreight.

Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haſte, leſt they chance to call.

Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.

[*Exeunt Earl and* Hodge.

Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Succeſs,
And that the Earl may ſafely ſcape away.
And yet it grieves me for this ſimple Wretch,
For fear they ſhould offer him Violence;
But of two Evils 'tis beſt to ſhun the greateſt,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Than ſuch a noble Earl as he ſhould fall.
Their ſtubborn Hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.
My Lord, have you diſpatch'd?

Enter Bedford *like the Clown, and* Hodge *in his Cloak and his Hat.*

Bed. How doſt thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. *Hodge*, how doſt feel thy ſelf?

Hodge. How do I feel my ſelf? why, as a Noble Man ſhould do.
O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderful melancholy:
Is it not moſt Gentleman-like to be melancholy?

Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go ſit down in thy Study,
And take State upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take State upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?

Bed. No, truſt me, *Hodge*.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Paſture; 'tis a ſtrange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.

[Hodge

[Hodge *ſits in the Study, and* Cromwell *calls in the*
All is done, enter and if you pleaſe. [*States.*

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himſelf?
Crom. I have, an't pleaſe you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himſelf to be diſpos'd by you.
Gov. Give him the Money that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he pleaſe himſelf.
Crom. My Buſineſs, Sir, lies unto *Mantua*;
Pleaſe you to give me ſafe Conduct thither.
Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And ſee him ſafe delivered preſently.
[*Exeunt* Cromwell *and* Bedford.
Go draw the Curtains, let us ſee the Earl:
O, he is writing, ſtand apart a while.
Hodge. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord; I am at this preſent writing among the *Polonian Caſiges*. I do commend my Lordſhip to *Ralph* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dorothy*, and ſo to all the Youth of *Putney*.
Gov. Sure theſe are the Names of *Engliſh* Noblemen,
Some of his ſpecial Friends, to whom he writes:
But ſtay, he doth addreſs himſelf to ſing,
[*Here he ſings a Song.*
My Lord, I am glad you are ſo frolick and ſo blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry Vein to ſudden Sorrow.
Hodge. I change my merry Vein? no, thou *Bononian*, [no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do defy thee and thy *Caſiges*:
Therefore ſtand off, and come not near my Honour.
Gov. My Lord, this Jeſting cannot ſerve your turn.
Hodge. Doſt think, thou black *Bononian* Beaſt,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jeſt?
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.
Gov. What means this Trumpet's ſound?
[*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua.*

Gov. What would you with us, ſpeak thou Man of *Mantua?*

Meſ. Men of *Bononia*, this my Meſſage is,
To let you know the noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is ſafe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you ſend the Peaſant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation;
Or elſe the States of *Mantua* have vow'd,
They will recal the Truce that they have made,
And not a Man ſhall ſtir from forth your Town,
That ſhall return, unleſs you ſend him back.

Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my Heart?
The *Neapolitan* hath beguil'd us all.
Hence with this Fool, what ſhall we do with him,
The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.

Hodge. No I'll aſſure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir;
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Gov. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.

Hodge. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you.

Meſ. Farewel, *Bononians.* Come, Friend, along with me.

Hodge. My Friend, afore, my Lordſhip will follow thee. [*Exit.*

Gov. Well, *Mantua*, ſince by thee the Earl is loſt,
Within few Days I hope to ſee thee croſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Thus far you ſee how* Cromwell's *Fortune paſs'd.*
The Earl of Bedford, *being ſafe in* Mantua,
Deſires Cromwell's *Company into* France,
To make requital for his Courteſy:

But

But Cromwell *doth deny the Earl his Suit,*
And tells him that thoſe Parts he meant to ſee,
He had not yet ſet footing on the Land,
And ſo directly takes his way to Spain;
The Earl to France, *and ſo they both do part.*
Now let your Thoughts as ſwift as is the Wind,
Skip ſome few Years that Cromwell *ſpent in Travel;*
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the Maſter of the Rolls:
Where in ſhort time he there began to flouriſh.
An Hour ſhall ſhow you what few Years did cheriſh.

[Exit.

The Muſick plays, they bring out the Banquet.

Enter Sir Chriſtopher Hales, Cromwell, *and two Servants.*

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Maſter's Credit;
And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure
Of common Entertainment, ſo do you,
With Looks as free as is your Maſter's Soul,
Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,
That ſhall receive the Cardinal's Followers,
And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my Care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:
Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form,
And by how much thy Spirit is rank'd 'bove theſe,
In rules of Art, by ſo much it ſhines brighter by Travel,
Whoſe Obſervance pleads his Merit,
In a moſt learn'd, yet unaffecting Spirit.
Good *Cromwell*, caſt an Eye of fair Regard
'Bout all my Houſe, and what this ruder Fleſh,
Thro' Ignorance, or Wine, do miſcreate,
Salve thou with Courteſy; if Welcome want,
Full Bowls, and ample Banquets will ſeem ſcant.

Crom. Sir, whatſoever lies in me,
Aſſure you I will ſhew my utmoſt Duty. [*Exit* Crom.

Hales. About it then, the Lords will ſtraight be here:
Cromwell, thou haſt thoſe parts would rather ſute
The Service of the State than of my Houſe:

I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
That one Day will prefer thy Deſtiny.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, the Lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* ſtraight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readineſs.

[*The Muſick plays.*

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *Sir* Thomas Moore, *and* Gardiner.

Wol. O, Sir *Chriſtopher*, you are too liberal: What, a Banquet too?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could ſhow the ample Welcome, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become a Prater: but I now muſt deal like a feaſt Politician with your Lordſhips, defer your Welcome till the Banquet end, that it may then ſalve our defect of Fare:
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Maſter of the Rolls.
Come and ſit down, ſit down Sir *Thomas Moore*:
'Tis ſtrange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner,
And they are Men of active Diſpoſition:
This I gather, that by their ſparing Meat,
Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars:
And if that Famine chance to pinch their Maws,
Being us'd to faſt, it breeds leſs Pain.

Hales. Fill me ſome Wine; I'll anſwer Cardinal *Wolſey*:
My Lord, we *Engliſhmen* are of more free Souls,
Than hunger-ſtarv'd, and ill-complexion'd *Spaniards*;
They that are rich in *Spain*, ſpare belly Food,
To deck their Backs with an *Italian* Hood,
And Silks of *Sevil*, and the pooreſt Snake,
That feeds on Lemons, Pilchers, and ne'er heated

His

His Pallet with ſweet Fleſh, will bear a Caſe
More fat and gallant than his ſtarved Face:
Pride, the Inquiſition, and this belly-evil,
Are, in my Judgment, *Spain*'s three-headed Devil.

Moore. Indeed it is a Plague unto their Nation,
Who ſtagger after in blind Imagination.

Hales. My Lords, with welcome, I preſent your Lordſhips a ſolemn Health.

Moore. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring
Pain to the Head, and Bodies ſurfeiting,
Then ceaſe I Healths:
Nay ſpill not Friend, for tho the drops be ſmall,
Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher*, is that your Man?

Hales. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar, and a Linguiſt,
One that hath travelled many parts of Chriſtendom, my Lord.

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller?

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge, the *Low Countries*,
France, *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy*:
And tho ſmall gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it pleaſe my Eye, content my Mind.

Wol. What do you think of the ſeveral States,
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?

Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor Civil Government:
Luſt dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor Peaſant, to the Prince's Train:
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot ſerves,
And he that moſt can drink, moſt he deſerves.
England I praiſe not: For I here was born,
But that ſhe laugheth the others unto ſcorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be diſcern'd by outward Eye;
Sir *Chriſtopher*, will you part with your Man?

Hales.

Hales. I have ſought to proffer him to your Lordſhip,
And now I ſee he hath preferr'd himſelf.
Wol. What is thy Name?
Crom. Cromwell, my Lord.
Wol. Then, *Cromwell,* here we make thee Sollicitor of our Cauſes,
And neareſt next our ſelf:
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man.
[Gardiner *embraces him.*
Moore. My Lord, you are a royal Winner,
Hath got a Man, beſides your bounteous Dinner.
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou may'ſt ſhut thy Door.
Wol. Sir *Chriſtopher,* hadſt thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou couldeſt not have pleaſed me
So much as with this Man of thine:
My infant Thoughts do ſpell,
Shortly his Fortune ſhall be lifted higher;
True Induſtry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And ſo, kind Maſter of the Rolls, farewel.
Hales. Cromwell, Farewell.
Crom. Cromwell takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love, and honour you.
[*Exeunt. The Muſick plays as they go out.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. *Now* Cromwell's *higheſt Fortunes do begin.*
Wolſey *that lov'd him, as he did his Life,*
Committed all his Treaſure to his Hands:
Wolſey *is dead, and* Gardiner *his Man*
Is now created Biſhop of Wincheſter:
Pardon, if we omit all Wolſey's *Life,*
Becauſe our Play depends on Cromwell's *Death.*
Now ſit and ſee his higheſt State of all;
His height of riſing, and his ſudden Fall:
Pardon the Errors are already paſt,
And live in hope the beſt doth come at laſt:
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking ere the end.
[Exit.

Enter

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and of* Suffolk, *Sir* Thomas Moore, *Sir* Chriſtopher Hales, *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Maſter *Cromwell*, ſince Cardinal *Wolſey*'s Death,
His Majeſty is given to underſtand,
There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand,
That much concern the State of *England*;
My Lord of *Wincheſter*, is it not ſo?

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, we two were whilome Fellows,
And Maſter *Cromwell*, tho our Maſter's love
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny thoſe things
Which may be prejudicial to the State;
And tho that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher,
Than any way I looked for, or deſerv'd,
Yet my Life no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What ſay you, Maſter *Cromwell*? have you thoſe Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees,
I give them up unto the worthy Dukes
Of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*; he was my Maſter,
And each virtuous Part
That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart,
But what his Head complotted 'gainſt the State,
My Country's love commands me that to hate.
His ſudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall,
Becauſe he ſought to work my Country's thrall.

Suf. Cromwell, the King ſhall hear of this thy Duty;
Whom I aſſure my ſelf, will well reward thee;
My Lord, let's go unto his Majeſty,
And ſhow thoſe Writings which he longs to ſee.

[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Enter Bedford *haſtily.*

Bed. How now, Who's this, *Cromwell*?

By

By my Soul, welcome to *England*:
Thou once didſt ſave my Life, didſt thou not, *Cromwell*?

Crom. If I did ſo, 'tis greater Glory
For me that you remember it,
Than for my ſelf vainly to report it,

Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time.
I ſhall commend thee to my Sovereign;
Chear up thy ſelf, for I will raiſe thy State,
A *Ruſſell* yet was never found ingrate. [*Exit.*

Hales. O how uncertain is the Wheel of State,
Who lately greater than the Cardinal,
For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies?
Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries,
And whom this Day Pride and Promotion ſwells,
To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.

Moore. Who ſees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly,
May boldly ſay the Wretch's Death is nigh.

Gard. I knew his State, and proud Ambition,
Were too too violent to laſt over-long.

Hales. Who ſoars too near the Sun, with golden Wings,
Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf. Cromwell, kneel down in King *Henry*'s Name,
Ariſe, Sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus begin thy Fame,

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Cromwell, the Majeſty of *England*,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee Maſter of the Jewel-houſe,
Chief Secretary to himſelf, and withal,
Creates thee one of his Highneſs's Privy-Council.

Enter

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is Sir *Thomas Cromwell?* is he Knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add Honour to his Name,
The King creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy Seal,
And Master of the Rolls;
Which you, Sir *Chriſtopher*, do now enjoy:
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, theſe Honours are too high for my Deſert.

Moore. O content thee, Man, who would not chooſe it?
Yet thou art wiſe, in ſeeming to refuſe it.

Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing will have a ſudden Fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's all together bring
This new-made Counſellor to *England*'s King.

[*Exeunt all but* Gardiner.

Gard. But *Gardiner* means his Glory ſhall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater Man than I?
My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
I hope to ſhorten *Cromwell* by the Head. [*Exit.*

Enter Friskibal *very poor.*

Frisk. O *Friskibal*, what ſhall become of thee?
Where ſhalt thou go, or which way ſhalt thou turn?
Fortune, that turns her too unconſtant Wheel,
Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea;
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grow weary of me, and deny me Succour;
My Debtors, they that ſhould relieve my want,
Forſwear my Mony, ſay they owe me none:
They know my State too mean to bear out Law;
And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched Man,
Am now moſt wretched here, deſpis'd my ſelf:

In

In vain it is more of their Hearts to try,
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[*He lies down.*

Enter Goodman Seely, *and his Wife* Joan.

Seely. Come, *Joan*, come, let's ſee what he will do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfill the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horſe-back and they'll ride*; a, well a day for my Cow; ſuch as he hath made us come behind hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow elſe to pay our Rent.

Seely. Well, *Joan*, he'll come this way; and by Gad's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords; a ſhall know that I had not my Cheeſe and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Do you remember, Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheeſe-Cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.

Seely. Ay, we ſhall have now three flaps with a Fox Tail: But i'faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own; ſtay, who comes here? O, ſtand up, here he comes, ſtand up.

Enter Hodge *very fine, with a Tip-ſtaff,* Cromwell *with the Mace carried before him; the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *and Attendants.*

Hodge. Come, away with theſe Beggars here,

Riſe up, Sirrah; come out, good People;
Run before there ho.

[Friskibal *riſeth, and ſtands afar off.*

Seely. Ay, we are kick'd away, now we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a look'd more friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, tho you are ſo fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah: Stay, what Men are theſe?

My

My honeſt Hoſt of *Hunſlow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee Mony, Father, do I not?

Seely. Ay, by the Body of me, doſt thou; would thou wouldeſt pay me, good four Pounds it is, I have a the Poſt at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your Wife and you do ſtay to Dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you
Four Pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you.

Seely. Art not chang'd, art old *Tom* ſtill?
Now God bleſs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home, *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to Day,
And thou ſhalt come next Week,
Fetch my Cow; home, *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God bleſs thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'll fetch my Cow preſently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I deſire him ſtay to Dinner: I muſt ſpeak with him.

Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, ſee you this ſame Bubble?
That ſame puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.

Nor. I promiſe you, I like not ſomething he hath done;
But let that paſs; the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Wincheſter*:
I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Have I not reaſon, when Religion is wrong'd?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the aboliſhing of Antichriſt,
And of his Popiſh order from our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But this is done, it is for *England*'s Good:
What did they ſerve for, but to feed a ſort

Of

Of lazy Abbots, and of full fed Fryers?
They neither Plow, nor Sow, and yet they Reap
The Fat of all the Land, and ſuck the Poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henry*'s Hands,
His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Indeed theſe things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the Infant yet unborn,
Will curſe the time, the Abbies were pull'd down;
I pray you, where is Hoſpitality?
Where now may poor diſtreſſed People go,
For to relieve their Need, or reſt their Bones,
When weary Travel doth oppreſs their Limbs?
And where religious Men ſhould take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Maſtive Dog:
And thouſand thouſand——

Nor. O my Lord, no more:
Things paſt redreſs, 'tis bootleſs to complain.

Crom. What, ſhall we to the Convocation-houſe?

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, *like a Farmer.*

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*
Made Lord keeper ſince I left *Putney*,
And dwelt in *Yorkſhire?* I never heard better News;
I'll ſee that *Cromwell*, or it ſhall go hard.

Crom. My aged Father! State ſet aſide:
Father, on my Knee I crave your Bleſſing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better Leiſure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I dye how happy were the Day,
To ſee this Comfort rains forth ſhowers of Joy.

[*Exit old* Cromwell.

Nor. This Duty in him ſhows a kind of Grace.

Crom. Go on before, for time draws on apace.

[*Exeunt all but* Friskibal.

Friſ. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His Man ſo ſtrictly gave me charge to ſtay:
I never did offend him to my Knowledge:

Well,

Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worſe than I am now, never can befal.

Enter Baniſter *and his Wife.*

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almoſt Dinner time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosby* ſent to me
Laſt Night, they would come dine with me,
And take their Bond in, I pray thee hie thee home,
And ſee that all things be in readineſs.

Mrs. Ban. They ſhall be welcome, Husband, I'll go before.
But is not that Man Maſter *Friskibal?*

[*She runs and embraces him.*

Ban. O Heavens! it is kind Maſter *Friskibal:*
Say, Sir, what hap hath brought you to this paſs?

Friſ. The ſame that brought you to your Miſery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your ſtate?
Is *Baniſter* your poor Friend forgot?
Whoſe Goods, whoſe Love, whoſe Life and all is yours.

Friſ. I thought your uſage would be as the reſt,
That had more kindneſs at my Hands than you,
Yet look'd aſcance when as they ſaw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If *Baniſter* would bear ſo baſe a Heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mighteſt ſhould *Baniſter* deal ſo.
Since that I ſaw you, Sir, my ſtate is mended:
And for the thouſand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir, at home:
And tho I grieve your Fortune is ſo bad,
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, Sir, will it pleaſe you walk with me.

Friſ. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did poſſeſs the place he hath.
Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward; if you
pleaſe,
We'll go along and bear you Company;
I know we ſhall not want for welcome there.
Friſ. With all my heart; but what's become of
Bagot?
Ban. He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.
Friſ. A juſt Reward for one ſo Impious.
The Time draws on, Sir, will you go along?
Ban. I'll follow you, kind Maſter *Friskibal.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Merchants,

1 *Mer.* Now, Maſter *Crosby*, I ſee you have a care
To keep your Word, in payment of your Mony.
2 *Mer.* By my Faith I have reaſon; upon a Bond,
Three thouſand Pound is too much to forfeit.
Yet I doubt not Maſter *Baniſter.*
1 *Mer.* By my Faith your Sum is greater than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Conſidering that to Day I paid at Court.
2 *Mer.* Maſs, and well remembred:
What's the reaſon the Lord *Cromwell*'s Men
Wear ſuch long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.
1 *Mer.* I will reſolve you, Sir, and thus it is;
The Biſhop of *Winchester*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great Men are envied as well as leſs,
A while ago there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell*'s Ear,
That Biſhop *Gardiner* would ſit on his Skirts;
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue
Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himſelf:
And meeting with the Biſhop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to ſit on:

Which vexed the Biſhop to the very Heart;
This is the reaſon why they wear long Coats.

2 *Mer.* 'Tis always ſeen, and mark it for a Rule,
That one great Man will envy ſtill another;
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, ſhall we now to Maſter *Baniſter*'s?

1 *Mer.* Ay, come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Uſher, and the Sewer, the Meat goes over the Stage.

Uſh. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, *old* Cromwell, Friskibal, *Goodman* Seely, *and Attendants.*

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell*'s Houſe:
Where is my Father? nay, be covered, Father,
Altho that Duty to theſe Noblemen doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.
Your Head doth bear the Calender of Care:
What? *Cromwell* cover'd, and his Father bare?
It muſt not be. Now, Sir, to you;
Is not your Name *Friskibal*, and a *Florentine*?

Friſ. My Name was *Friskibal*, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.

Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now?

Friſ. All other Parts have left me ſuccourleſs,
Save only this, becauſe of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a diſtreſſed Man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His Name was *Cromwell*?

Friſ. I never made my Brain
A Calender of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my heart.

Crom.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to clothe me,
Sixteen to bear my Charges by the way,
And ſixteen more I had for my Horſe-hire;
There be thoſe ſeveral Sums juſtly return'd:
Yet it Injuſtice were, that ſerving at my need,
For to repay them without Intereſt:
Therefore receive of me theſe four ſeveral Bags;
In each of them there is four hundred Mark,
And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors,
And if they will not ſee you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I ſhould ſee him fall,
That helpt me in my greateſt need of all.
Here ſtands my Father that firſt gave me Life,
Alas what Duty is too much for him?
This Man in time of need did ſave my Life,
And therefore cannot do too much for him.
By this old Man I oftentimes was fed,
Elſe might I have gone ſupperleſs to Bed.
Such kindneſs have I had of theſe three Men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.
Now in to Dinner, for we ſtay too long,
And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gardiner *in his Study, and his Man.*

Gard. Sirrah, where be thoſe Men I caus'd to ſtay?
Ser. They do attend your Pleaſure, Sir, within.
Gard. Bid them come hither, and ſtay you without,
For by thoſe Men the Fox of this ſame Land,
That makes a Gooſe of better than himſelf,
Muſt worried be unto his lateſt home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have ſent for to come ſpeak with me;
Howſoever outwardly they ſhadow it,
Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not.

As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-say what we do ſet down.

Enter the two Witneſſes.

Now, my Friends, you know I ſav'd your Lives,
When by the Law you had deſerved Death;
And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths,
To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both Wit. We ſwore no more than what we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words; and that which you muſt do,
Is ſervice for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebel from this flouriſhing Land,
One that's an Enemy unto the Church:
And therefore muſt you take your ſolemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wiſh a Dagger at King *Henry*'s Heart:
Fear not to ſwear it, for I heard him ſpeak it;
Therefore we'll ſhield you from enſuing Harms.

2 *Wit.* If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here abſolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And ſprinkle Holy-Water on your Brows:
The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it ſhall you purchaſe Grace from Heav'n.

1 *Wit.* Now, Sir, we'll undertake it, by our Souls.

2 *Wit.* For *Cromwell* never loved none of our ſort.

Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you
I will prefer you to ſome place of worth.
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For preſently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell, ſit faſt, thy time's not long to reign;
The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
Thy Pride alſo thy own Head lights upon,

For

For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, *and the Earl of* Bedford.

Suf. Good Even to my Lord Biſhop.
Nor. How fares my Lord? what are you all alone?
Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my Mind is troubled:
I know your Honours muſe wherefore I ſent,
And in ſuch haſte: What, came you from the King?
Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.
Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's *Thomas Wolſey*, he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he follow'd after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worſe than either of thoſe twain;
And if with ſpeed, my Lords, we not purſue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.
Bed. Another *Thomas?* pray God it be not *Cromwell*:
Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell.*
Bed. Is *Cromwell* falſe? my Heart will never think it.
Suf. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his Treachery?
Gard. My Lord, too much; call in the Men within.

Enter the Witneſſes.

Theſe Men, My Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wiſhed a Dagger ſticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*: What is this but Treaſon?
Bed. If it be ſo, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.
Suf. How ſay you, Friends; what, did you hear theſe Words?
1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your Grace.
Nor. In what Place was Lord *Cromwell* when he ſpake them?

2 *Wit.* In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit,
Which we had waited for two Years and more.

Suf. How long is't ſince you heard him ſpeak theſe Words?

2 *Wit.* Some half a Year ſince.

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1 *Wit.* His Greatneſs made us fear: that was the cauſe.

Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatneſs, that's the cauſe indeed;
And to make his Treaſon here moſt manifeſt,
He calls his Servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolſey*'s Life, and of his Fall,
Says that himſelf hath many Enemies,
And gives to ſome of them a Park, or Manor,
To others Leaſes, Lands to other ſome:
What need he do this in his prime of Life,
An if he were not fearful of his Death?

Suf. My Lord, theſe likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I muſt needs depart;
Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.
[*Exit* Bedford.

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have ſaid;
Your Souls muſt anſwer what your Tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2 *Wit.* My Lord, we ſpeak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Wincheſter*;
Let theſe Men be cloſe kept until the Day of Trial.

Gard. They ſhall, my Lord; ho, take in theſe two Men. [*Exeunt Witneſſes.*
My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Trial,
That which we do, is void, by his denial,
You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleaſes.

Suf. How ſhall we do for to attack him then?

Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,
By an Act he made himſelf,
With an intent to intrap ſome of our Lives,
And this it is: If any Counſellor
Be convicted of High Treaſon,

He

He ſhall be executed without a publick Trial.
This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.
Suf. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himſelf.
Nor. Let us not ſlack it, 'tis for *England's* good,
We muſt be wary, elſe he'll go beyond us.
Gard. Well hath your Grace ſaid, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Therefore let us preſently to *Lambeth*.
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to Night,
Let us arreſt him, ſend him to the *Tower*,
And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.
Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the Town,
This is the Day that *Cromwell* muſt go down.
Gard. Along my Lords; well, *Cromwell* is half dead,
He ſhak'd my Heart, but I will ſhave his Head. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford *ſolus.*

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the Man that makes it ſo;
O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy end is near:
Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can,
And in good time, ſee where the Man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom.

Enter Cromwell *with his Train*, Bedford *makes as tho he would ſpeak to him: He goes on.*

Crom. You're well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*,
Pray pardon me, I am ſent for to the King,
And do not know the Buſineſs yet my ſelf;
So fare you well, for I muſt needs be gone.
[*Exit with the Train.*
Bed. You muſt; well, what remedy?
I fear too ſoon you muſt be gone indeed:
The King hath Buſineſs, but little doſt thou know,
Who's buſy for thy Life; thou think'ſt not ſo.

Enter Cromwell *and the Train again.*

Crom. The ſecond time well met, my Lord of *Bedford:*
I am very ſorry that my haſte is ſuch,
Lord Marqueſs *Dorſet* being ſick to Death,
I muſt receive of him the Privy-Seal.
At *Lambeth*, ſoon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.
[*Exit with the Train.*

Bed. How ſmooth and eaſy is the way to Death?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Biſhop of *Wincheſter*,
Intreat you to come preſently to *Lambeth*,
On earneſt matters that concern the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, ſo: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there ſhall talk enough:
Ay, and our laſt, I fear, and if he come.
[*He writes a Letter.*
Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, ſay it concerns him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haſte you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a woful Man. [*Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *and his Train.*

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will ſtraight to *Lambeth*.
And if this one Day's Buſineſs once were paſt,
I'd take my eaſe to Morrow after trouble.
How now, my Friend, would'ſt thou ſpeak with me?
[*The Meſſenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket.*

Meſ. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord;
Hold, take thoſe Angels, drink them for thy pains.

Meſ. He doth deſire your Grace to read it,
Becauſe he ſays it doth concern you near.
Crom. Bid him aſſure himſelf of that, farewel,
To morrow, tell him, he ſhall hear from me.
Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wincheſter, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, *Serjeant at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Gard. Halberts, ſtand cloſe unto the Water-ſide,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver the Proclamation.
Her. This to give notice to all the King's Subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell,* Lord Chancellor of *England,*
Vicar General over the Realm,
Him to hold and eſteem as a Traitor,
Againſt the Crown and Dignity of *England.*
So God ſave the King.
Gar. Amen.
Bed. Amen, and root thee from the Land,
For whilſt thou liveſt Truth cannot ſtand.
Nor. Make a Lane there, the Traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell's* Men:
Drown them if they come on. Serjeant, your Office.

Enter Cromwell, *they make a Lane with their Halberts.*

Crom. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by theſe Words?
Sirs, come along.
Gard. Kill them, if they come on.
Ser. Lord *Cromwell,* in King *Henry's* Name,
I do arreſt your Honour of High Treaſon.
Crom. Serjeant, me of Treaſon?
[Cromwell's *Men offer to draw.*
Suf. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.
Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a Sword.
Who dares accuſe *Cromwell* of Treaſon now?
Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,
Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.

Crom. With Serpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner*, do thy worſt, I fear thee not,
My Faith compar'd with thine, as much ſhall paſs,
As doth the Diamond excel the Glaſs.
Attach'd of Treaſon, no Accuſers by,
Indeed what Tongue dares ſpeak ſo foul a Lye?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And it is time the King had note thereof.

Crom. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I deſire than that,
Let him but ſay, that *Cromwell's* Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour and my Name be ſtain'd;
If e'er my Heart againſt the King was ſet,
O let my Soul in Judgment anſwer it:
Then if my Faith's confirmed with his Reaſon,
'Gainſt whom hath *Cromwell* then committed Treaſon?

Suf. My Lord, your Matter ſhall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your ſelf.

Crom. Perforce I muſt with Patience be content:
O dear Friend *Bedford*, doſt thou ſtand ſo near?
Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend ſheds a Tear.
And whither is't? which way muſt *Cromwell* now?

Gard. My Lord, you muſt unto the *Tower*:
Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.

Crom. Well, where you pleaſe; yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my Men.

Gard. As you go by Water ſo you ſhall.

Crom. I have ſome Buſineſs preſent to impart.

Nor. You may not ſtay, Lieutenant, take your Charge.

Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you ſecond *Gardiner's* Text.
Norfolk, farewel, thy turn will be the next.
[*Exit* Cromwell *and the Lieutenant.*

Gard. His guilty Conſcience makes him rave, my Lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is ſhort enough.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not ſhed a Tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to ſee his ſudden Fall.

Gard. Such Succeſs wiſh I unto Traitors all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why? can this News be true? is't poſſible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arreſted upon High Treaſon?
I hardly will believe it can be ſo.

2 *Cit.* It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwiſe,
Condition I ſpent half the Wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, ſaw him there arreſted,
And afterward committed to the *Tower*.

1 *Cit.* What, was't for Treaſon that he was committed?

2 *Cit.* Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my State is gone.

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he ſhall not dye,
Becauſe the King did favour him ſo much.

2 *Cit.* O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking ſo:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have ſo many Enemies:
He that in Court ſecure will keep himſelf,
Muſt not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is ſafe, when as the Cedar ſhakes:
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this Nobleman ſhould fall,
He did ſo many charitable Deeds.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis true, and yet you ſee in each Eſtate,
There's none ſo good, but ſome one doth him hate,
And they before would ſmile him in the Face,
Will be the foremoſt to do him diſgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?

1 *Cit.* I care not if I do, and hear the News,
How Men will judge what will become of him.

2 *Cit.* Some Men will ſpeak hardly, ſome will ſpeak in pity.
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City,
There I am ſure to hear more News than you.

1 *Cit.* Why then ſoon will we meet again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cromwell *in the* Tower.

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, haſt thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy ſtate, and of the time:
Thy Honours came unſought, ay, and unlook'd for;
They fall as ſudden, and unlook'd for too:
What Glory was in *England* that had I not?
Who in this Land commanded more than *Cromwell*?
Except the King, who greater than my ſelf?
But now I ſee what After-Ages ſhall,
The greater Men, more ſudden is their Fall.
And now I do remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very deſirous for to ſpeak to me:
And afterward ſent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have ſtill in my Pocket.
Now may I read it, for I now have leiſure,
And this I take it is. [*He reads the Letter.*

My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth,
For if you do, your State is overthrown,
And much I doubt your Life, and if you come:
Then if you love your ſelf, ſtay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw:
Deferring this to read until to Morrow,
I ſpurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower *and Officers.*

Now, Maſter Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death?
Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might never ſee it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Wincheſter, *Bedford*, and Sir *Richard Ratcliff*,
With others, but why they come I know not.
Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my Life and State inſnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you ſhall do them wrong,
For here ſtands he, whom ſome think lives too long.

Learning

Learning kills Learning, and inſtead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell*'s Heart-blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good Morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone ſo ſad?
Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it beſt fits me be alone,
Sadneſs with me, not I with any one.
What, is the King acquainted with my Cauſe?
Nor. We have, and he hath anſwered us, my Lord.
Crom. How ſhall I come to ſpeak with him my ſelf?
Gard. The King is ſo advertiſed of your Guilt,
He will by no means admit you to his Preſence.
Crom. No way admit me! am I ſo ſoon forgot?
Did he but yeſterday embrace my Neck,
And ſaid that *Cromwell* was even half himſelf?
And are his Princely Ears ſo much bewitch'd
With ſcandalous Ignominy, and ſland'rous Speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my Lord *Wincheſter*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majeſty,
Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?
Gard. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters.
Crom. Ha, will you do this kindneſs then?
Tell him by word of Mouth what I ſhall ſay to you.
Gard. That will I.
Crom. But on your Honour will you?
Gard. Ay, on my Honour.
Crom. Bear witneſs, Lords.
Tell him, when he hath known you,
And try'd your Faith but half ſo much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falſeſt-hearted Man
In *England*: Pray tell him this.
Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in theſe Extremities.
Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your Honour always lov'd me well,
But, pardon me, this ſtill ſhall be my Theme,
Gardiner's the cauſe makes *Cromwell* ſo extreme:
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a word with you;

You

You were my Man, and all that you poſſeſs
Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own Hands to the King.
Sad. I kiſs your Hand, and never will I reſt,
Ere to the King this be delivered. [*Exit* Sadler.
Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in ſtore.
Gard. But all the haſte he makes ſhall be but vain;
Here's a diſcharge for your Priſoner,
To ſee him executed preſently:
My Lord, you hear the tenor of your Life.
Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my laſt date,
And of this gliſtering World I take laſt leave,
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with Death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his Breath:
From Treaſon is my Heart as white as Snow,
My Death only procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,
And tell him in what ſort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To loſe his Head before his Cauſe was try'd;
But let his Grace, when he ſhall hear my Name,
Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the ſame.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your Son come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, *Harry Cromwell.*
Mark, Boy, the laſt words that I ſpeak to thee;
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for State, yet loſe no ſpark of Honour;
Ambition, like the Plague, ſee thou eſchew it.
I die for Treaſon, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy Faith as ſpotleſs be as mine,
And *Cromwell*'s Virtues in thy Face ſhall ſhine:
Come, go along and ſee me leave my Breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.
Son. O Father, I ſhall die to ſee that Wound,
Your Blood being ſpilt will make my Heart to ſound.

Crom.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How ſhall I do then to have my Head ſtrook off?
Come on, my Child, and ſee the end of all,
And after ſay, that *Gardiner* was my Fall.

Gard. My Lord, you ſpeak it of an envious Heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equity.

Bed. O, my good Lord of *Wincheſter*, forbear;
It would better ſeemed you to been abſent,
Than with your Words diſtrub a dying Man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he diſturbs not me,
My Mind he ſtirs not, tho his mighty Shock
Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty Bleſſing, ſo I take my leave.

Hang. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me.

Crom. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'ſt me precious Phyſick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I deſire of you,
Before my Death a corporal Embrace.

[Bedford *comes to him,* Cromwell *embraces him.*
Farewel, great Lord, my Love I do commend;
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heav'n I ſend:
This is my Joy, that ere my Body fleet,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Winding-ſheet;
Farewel, dear *Bedford*, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor Ell in length,
To riſe to unmeaſur'd height, wing'd with new ſtrength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men diſcover,
My Soul is ſhrin'd with Heaven's Celeſtial Cover.

[*Exeunt* Cromwell *and the Officers, and others.*

Bed. Well, farewel *Cromwell*, the trueſt Friend
That ever *Bedford* ſhall poſſeſs again;
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wiſh in vain that *Cromwell* had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's *Head.*

Offic. Here is the Head of the deceaſed *Cromwell.*

Bed.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away,
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now, my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwell*'s Body now doth want a Head.

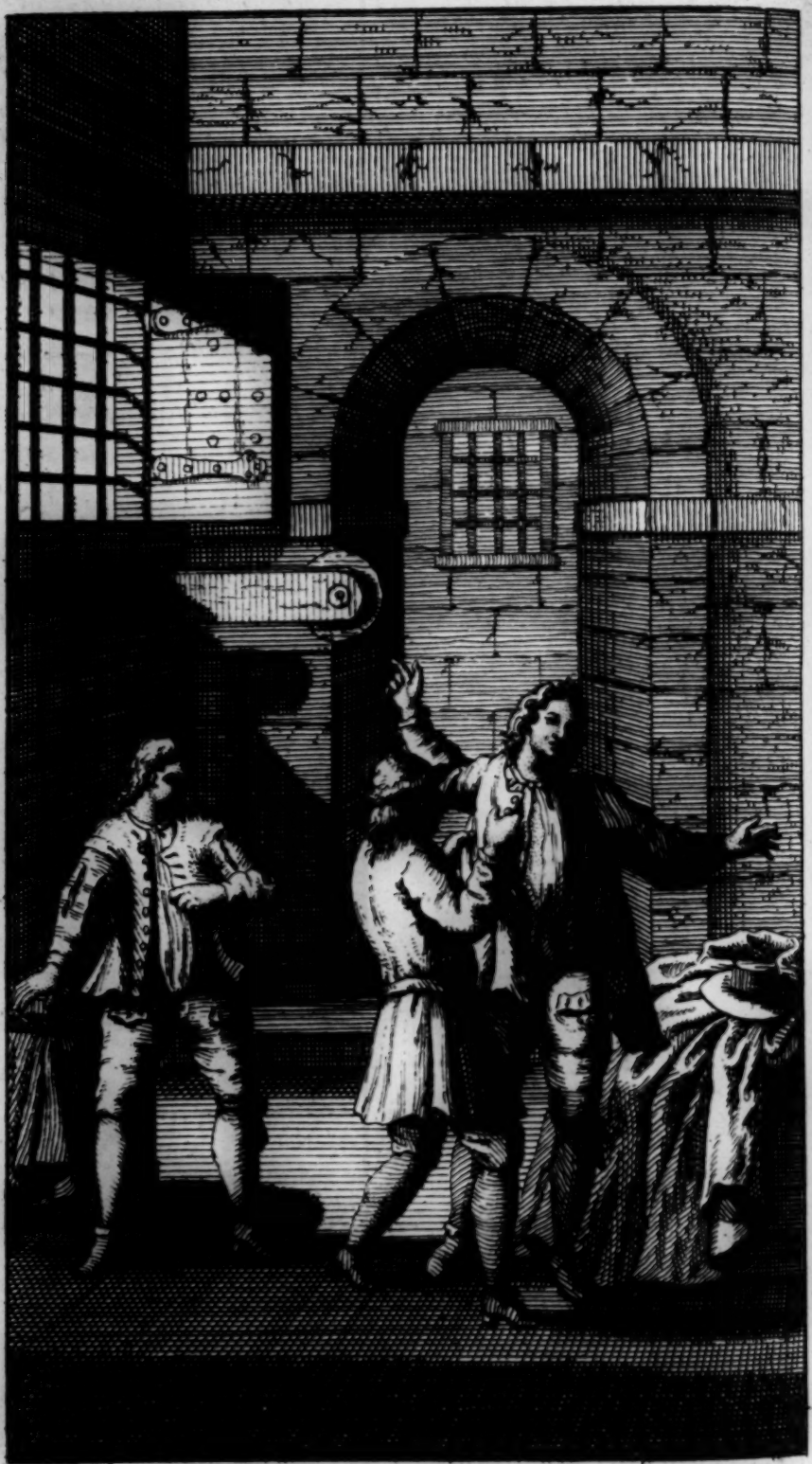
Sad. O God, a little ſpeed had ſav'd his Life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him ſtraight unto his Majeſty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.

Gard. My Conſcience now tells me this Deed was ill;
Would Chriſt that *Cromwell* were alive again.

Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his Death was ſo.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



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T. 9. p. 185

THE HISTORY OF Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, THE GOOD LORD *COBHAM.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

THE HISTORY OF Sir John Oldcastle, THE GOOD LORD COBHAM.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title, Gentlemen, prefixt
Upon the Argument we have in Hand,
May breed ſuſpence, and wrongfully diſturb
The peaceful Quiet of your ſettled Thoughts:
To ſtop which Scruple, let this brief ſuffice,
It is no pamper'd Glutton we preſent,
Nor aged Counſellor to youthful Sin;
But one, whoſe Virtue ſhone above the reſt,
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer;
In whoſe true Faith and Loyalty expreſt
Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's weal,
We ſtrive to pay that Tribute of our Love
Your Favours merit; let fair Truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd Invention former Time defac'd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*
Sir John Oldcaſtle, *Lord* Cobham.
Harpool *Servant to the Lord* Cobham.
Lord Herbert *with* Gough *his Man.*
Lord Powis, *with* Owen, *and* Davy, *his Men.*
The Mayor of Hereford, *and Sheriff of* Herefordſhire, *with Bailiffs and Servants.*
Two Judges of Aſſize.
The Biſhop of Rocheſter, *and* Clun *his Sumner.*
Sir John *the Parſon of* Wrotham, *and* Doll *his Concubine.*
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntington.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Lord Grey.
Chartres *the* French *Agent.*
Sir Roger Acton.
Sir Richard Lee.
Maſter Bourn. } *Rebels.*
Maſter Beverly. }
Murley *the Brewer of* Dunſtable. }
Maſter Butler, *Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.*
Lady Cobham.
Lady Powis.
Cromer, *Sheriff of* Kent.
Lord Warden *of the* Cinque-Ports.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
The Mayor, Conſtable, and Goaler of St. Albans.
A Kentiſh *Conſtable and an Ale-man.*
Soldiers and old Men begging.
Dick *and* Tom, *Servants to* Murley.
An Iriſhman.
An Hoſt, Hoſtler, a Carrier and Kate.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Sir *John Oldcastle.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sheriff, Lord Herbert, *Lord* Powis, Owen, *Bailiff,* Gough, *and* Davy.

SHERIFF.

MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highneſs' Name to keep the Peace, you and your Followers.

Her. Good Maſter Sheriff, look unto your ſelf.

Pow. Do ſo, for we have other Buſineſs. [*Proffer to fight again.*

Sher. Will ye diſturb the Judges, and the Aſſize? Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were beſt.

Pow. Hold then let's hear it.

Her.

Her. But be brief, ye were beſt.

Bail. O yes. [Yes.

Davy. Goſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhall mar your

Bail. O yes.

Owen. What, has her nothing to ſay, but O yes?

Bail. O yes.

Davy. O nay, py Coſs Plut, down with her, down with her. A *Powis*, a *Powis.*

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*, and down with *Powis.* [*Helter skelter again.*

Sher. Hold in the King's Name, hold.

Owen. Down with a Knave's Name, down.

[*In the fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the others run away.*

Her. Powis, I think thy *Welſh* and thou do ſmart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my Sword came near thy Heart.

Her. Thy Heart's beſt Blood ſhall pay the loſs of mine.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert.*

Davy. A *Powis*, a *Powis.*

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, *his Officers and Townſmen with Clubs.*

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown,
True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King,
Attend his Highneſs' Proclamation,
Commanded by the Judges of Aſſize,
For keeping Peace at this Aſſembly.

Her. Good Maſter Mayor of *Hereford*, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The King's Juſtices perceiving what publick Miſchief may enſue this private Quarrel; in his Majeſty's Name, do ſtraitly charge and command all Perſons, of what Degree ſoever, to depart this City of *Hereford*, except ſuch as are bound to give attendance at this Aſſize, and that no Man preſume to wear any Weapon, eſpecially *Welſh*-Hooks, Foreſt-Bills.

Owen. Haw? No Pill nor *Wells*-Hoog? ha?

May. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser.

Ser. And that the Lord *Powis* do preſently diſperſe and diſcharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the King's Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Impriſonment.

Davy. Haw? pud her Lord *Powis* in Priſon? A *Powis*, a *Powis.* Coſſoon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert.*

In this fight the Lord Herbert *is wounded, and falls to the Ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs:* Powis *runs away,* Gough *and* Herbert's *Faction are buſy about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs afore them,* &c.

1 *Judge.* Where's the Lord *Herbert?* Is he hurt or ſlain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2 *Judge.* How fares his Lordſhip, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, ſpeechleſs, he cannot live.

1 *Judge.* Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take Air,
And get him dreſt with Expedition.

[*Exit L.* Herbert *and* Gough.

Maſter Mayor of *Hereford*, Maſter Sheriff o'th'Shire,
Commit Lord *Powis* to ſafe Cuſtody,
To anſwer the diſturbance of the Peace,
Lord *Herbert's* Peril, and his high contempt
Of us; and you the King's Commiſſioners,
See it be done with Care and Diligence.

Sher. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, my Lord *Powis* is gone paſt all recovery.

2 *Judge.* Yet let ſearch be made,
To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are ſome of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Diſarm them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers aſſiſt.

Davy. Hear you, Lord Shudge, what reſſon for this?

Owen.

Owen. Coſſoon, pe puſe for fighting for our Lord?

1 *Judge.* Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lord *Herbert*'s Man's a ſhitten Kanave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do ſhuſtice, let awl be Priſon.

Davy. Priſon, no,

Lord Shudge, I wool give you Pale, good Surety.

2 *Judge.* What Bail? what Sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap *Rice*, ap *Evan*, ap *Morice*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Lluellyn*, ap *Madoc*, ap *Meredith*, ap *Griffin*, ap *Davy*, ap *Owen*, ap *Shinken Shones.*

2 *Judge.* Two of the moſt ſufficient are enow.

Sher. And't pleaſe your Lordſhip theſe are all but one.

1 *Judge.* To Goal with them and the Lord *Herbert*'s Men. [*Exeunt.*

We'll talk with them, when the Aſſize is done.
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Muſt we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet Brawls, which every Conſtable
In other civil Places can ſuppreſs?

2 *Judge.* What was the quarrel that caus'd all this Stir?

Sher. About Religion, as I have heard, my Lord.
Lord *Powis*'s detracted from the Power of *Rome*,
Affirming *Wickliff*'s Doctrine to be true,
And *Rome*'s erroneous: Hot Reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traitors all
That would maintain it. *Powis* anſwer'd,
They were as true, as noble, and as wiſe
As he, that would defend it with their Lives.
He nam'd for inſtance Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
The Lord *Cobham*: *Herbert* reply'd again,
He, thou and all are Traitors that ſo hold.
The Lie was giv'n, the ſeveral Factions drawn,
And ſo enrag'd, that we could not appeaſe it.

1 *Judge.* This caſe concerns the King's Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth.
Gentlemen, Juſtices, Maſter Mayor, and Maſter Sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us

In

In general and particular, to have care,
For the ſuppreſſing of all Mutinies,
And all Aſſemblies, except Soldiers Muſters,
For the King's Preparation into *France*.
We hear of ſecret Conventicles made,
And there is no doubt of ſome Conſpiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious Arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an inſtance, this one perillous Fray,
What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the deſtruction of the King and Realm:
Yet, in my Conſcience, Sir *John Oldcaſtle's*
Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highneſs give this Charge:
You Maſter Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Maſter Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Juſtices in every one's Precinct,
There be no Meetings; when the vulgar Sort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
And there examine further of this Fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord *Powis* yet?
Bail. No, nor heard of him.
Ser. No, he's gone far enough.
2 *Judge.* They that are left behind, ſhall anſwer all.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolk, *Biſhop of* Rocheſter, *Maſter* Butler, *Sir* John *the Parſon of* Wrotham.

Suff. Now, my Lord Biſhop, take free Liberty
To ſpeak your Mind; what is your Suit to us?
Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
And have been oftentimes inveſted with:
Grievous Complaints have paſt between the Lips
Of envious Perſons to upbraid the Clergy,

Some carping at the Livings which we have;
And others ſpurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient Cuſtom in the Church.
Amongſt the which, Lord *Cobham* is a Chief:
What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Commonwealth,
May eaſily be diſcern'd, when like a frenſy
This Innovation ſhall poſſeſs their Minds.
Theſe Upſtarts will have Followers to uphold
Their damn'd Opinion, more than *Harry* ſhall
To undergo his quarrel 'gainſt the *French*.

Suff. What proof is there againſt them to be had,
That what you ſay the Law may juſtify?

Roch. They give themſelves the Name of Proteſtants,
And meet in Fields and ſolitary Groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like till now?
That Thieves and Rebels, 'sblood Hereticks,
Plain Hereticks, I'll ſtand to't to their Teeth,
Should have, to colour their vile Practices,
A Title of ſuch worth, as Proteſtant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suff. O but you muſt not ſwear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his Zeal.
An honeſt Country Prelate, who laments
To ſee ſuch foul diſorder in the Church.

S. John. There's one they call him Sir *John Oldcaſtle*.
He has not his Name for nought: For like a Caſtle
Doth he encompaſs them within his Walls.
But till that Caſtle be ſubverted quite,
We ne'er ſhall be at quiet in the Realm.

Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en
And brought in queſtion for his Hereſy:
Beſide, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord of *Hartford* writes to me,
What tumult and ſedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at the Sizes there,

For

For they had much ado to calm the Rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there ſlain.
Suff. A Fire that muſt be quench'd. Well ſay no more.
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,
There to debate of Matters touching *France*,
As he doth paſs by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Maſter *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.
But. I will, my Lord.
Roch. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our Love to you, [*Offers him a Purſe.*
By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth preſent
This Purſe, and in it full a thouſand Angels,
Praying your Lordſhip to accept their Gift.
Suff. I thank them, my Lord Biſhop, for their love,
But will not take their Money; if you pleaſe
To give it to this Gentleman, you may.
Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.
But. The beſt I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.
Roch. Nay, pray take it, truſt me you ſhall.
S. John. Were ye all three upon *New Market* Heath
You ſhould not need ſtrain courteſy who ſhould ha't,
Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that care.
Suff. The King is coming; Fear ye not, my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington *in talk.*

King. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not ſaid the Clergy did refuſe
To lend us Money toward our Wars in *France*?
Suff. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.
King. I know it was: For *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.
Suff. And ſtill they vow, my gracious Lord, to be ſo,
Hoping your Majeſty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and ſuppreſs
All ſuch malicious Errors as begin
To ſpot their Calling, and diſturb the Church.

King. God elſe forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new Rupture to diſquiet them?

Suff. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a ſcandal to your Royal State,
And ſet your Kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentiſh* Knight, Lord *Cobham*, in deſpight
Of any Law or ſpiritual Diſcipline,
Maintains this upſtart new Religion ſtill,
And divers great Aſſemblies by his means
And private Quarrels are commenc'd abroad,
As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made apparent.

King. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain Fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it ſtraight Lord *Cobham* muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworn, good Knight,
He never dream'd of any ſuch contention.

Roch. But in his Name the quarrel did begin,
About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

King. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abet them in it?
If brabling Fellows, whoſe enkindled Blood
Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,
Making their Quarrels of ſome Words that paſt
Either of you, or you, amongſt their Cups,
Is the Fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suff. With pardon of your Highneſs, my dread Lord,
Such little Sparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty Flame. But that's not all,
He doth beſide maintain a ſtrange Religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to Maſs.

Roch. We do beſeech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without Offence unto your Majeſty,
We may be bold to uſe Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To ſummon him unto the Arches,
Where ſuch Offences have their Puniſhment.

King. To anſwer perſonally, is that your meaning?

Roch.

Roch. It is, my Lord.
King. How if he appeal?
Roch. My Lord, he cannot in ſuch a Caſe as this.
Suff. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord.
King. I took it always, that our ſelf ſtood on't
As a ſufficient Refuge: Unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal.
But we'll not argue now upon that Point.
For Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, whom you accuſe,
Let me intreat you to diſpenſe a while
With your high Title of Preheminence. [*In ſcorn.*
Report did never yet condemn him ſo,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And in my Knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is virtuous, wiſe, and honourable.
If any way his Conſcience be ſeduc'd
To waver in his Faith, I'll ſend for him,
And ſchool him privately: If that ſerve not,
Then afterwards you may proceed againſt him.
Butler, be you the Meſſenger for us,
And will him preſently repair to Court. [*Exit.*
S. John. How now my Lord? why ſtand you diſcontent?
Inſooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.
Roch. Ay, ay, Sir *John*, if he would keep his word:
But I perceive he favours him ſo much
As this will be to ſmall Effect, I fear.
S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're beſt to do:
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a Proceſs too
To ſerve upon him, ſo you may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoever it fall.
Roch. And well remembred, I will have it ſo,
A Sumner ſhall be ſent about it ſtraight. [*Exit.*
S. John. Yea, do ſo. In the mean ſpace this remains
For kind Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, honeſt *Jack*:
Methinks the Purſe of Gold the Biſhop gave
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting Look:
Beſhrew me, but my Fingers ends do itch
To be upon thoſe golden Ruddocks. Well 'tis thus;

I am not as the World doth take me for:
If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang i'faith:
A Prieſt in ſhew, but, in plain Terms, a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt Thief,
One that will take it where it may be ſpar'd,
And ſpend it freely in good Fellowſhip.
I have as many Shapes as *Proteus* had,
That ſtill when any Villany is done,
There may none ſuſpect it was Sir *John*.
Beſides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life,
Except the crabbed Bitterneſs thereof
Be ſweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a luſty bouncing Girl.
But whilſt I loiter here, the Gold may ſcape,
And that muſt not be ſo: It is mine own,
Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court,
And ſhrive him of it, there will be the ſport. [*Exit.*

Enter four poor People, ſome Soldiers, ſome old Men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for puniſhing,
But there's no Law for Neceſſity:
There be more Stocks to ſet poor Soldiers in,
Than there be Houſes to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, Houſe-keeping decays in every place, Even as St. *Peter* writ, ſtill worſe and worſe.

2. Maſter Mayor of *Rocheſter* has given command, That none ſhall go abroad out of the Pariſh, and has ſet down an Order forſooth, what every poor Houſholder muſt give for our Relief; where there be ſome ſeſſed, I may ſay to you, had almoſt as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at the Door for God's ſake, they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Juſtice.

2. Faith we have none but what we bear upon our Bodies, our maim'd Limbs. God help us.

4.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into *France*, if I can but crawl a Ship-board, I had rather be ſlain in *France*, than ſtarve in *England*.

Old Man. Ha, were I but as luſty as I was at *Shrewſbury* Battel, I would not do as I do; but we are now come to the good Lord *Cobham's* Houſe, the beſt Man to the Poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bleſs him, there be but few ſuch.

Enter Cobham *with* Harpool.

Cob. Thou peeviſh froward Man, what wouldſt thou have?

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to beggery,
I ſerv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me ſuch two Men now: No, no,
Your Backs, your Backs; the Devil and Pride
Has cut the Throat of all good Houſe-keeping,
They were the beſt Yeomens Maſters that
Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy Knaves
And ſturdy Rogues ſtill feeding at my Gate,
There is no Hoſpitality with thee.

Har. They may ſit at the Gate well enough, but the Devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of ſuch hungry Knaves as you:
Yea, Sir, here's your Retinue, your Gueſts be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you.

Old Man. God bleſs your Honour, God ſave the good Lord *Cobham*, and all his Houſe.

Sold. Good your Honour, beſtow your bleſſed Alms upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir, here be your Alms Knights:
Now are you as ſafe as the Emperor.

Har. My Alms Knights? Nay, they're yours:
It is a ſhame for you, and I'll ſtand to it,
Your fooliſh Alms maintains more Vagabonds
Than all the Noblemen in *Kent* beſide.
Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for your Livings.

Alas, poor Men, they may beg their Hearts out,
There's no more Charity among Men
Than amongſt ſo many Maſtive Dogs.
What make you here, you needy Knaves?
Away, away, you Villains.

2 *Sold.* I beſeech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance; go beſtow your Alms, none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What ſhould I give them? you are grown ſo beggarly, that you can ſcarce give a bit of Bread at your Door: you talk of your Religion ſo long, that you have baniſhed Charity from you: a Man may make a Flax-ſhop in your Kitchen Chimneys, for any Fire there is ſtirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, ſend them hence: Let them not ſtand here ſtarving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor Men from the Door, I'll be hang'd: I know not what I may come to my ſelf: God help ye poor Knaves, ye ſee the World. Well, you had a Mother: O God be with thee good Lady, thy Soul's at reſt: She gave more in Shirts and Smocks to poor Children, than you ſpend in your Houſe, and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob. Ev'n the worſt deed that ever my Mother did,
Was relieving ſuch a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a Fool ſtill: with all your Wit you'll die a Beggar, go to.

Cob. Go, you old Fool, give the poor People ſomething: Go in, poor Men, into the inner Court, and take ſuch Alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God bleſs your Honour.

Har. Hang you, Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but Miſery amongſt you, you fear no Law, you. [*Exit.*

Old Man. God bleſs you, good Maſter *Ralph*, God ſave your Life, you are good to the Poor ſtill.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Lord Powis *disguis'd.*

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few Passengers there be that know this way:
Methinks he stops as tho he staid for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the Bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,
And my Religion gets me many Foes:
And this may be some desperate Rogue
Suborn'd to work me Mischief: as pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,
Be he but one Man, whatsoever he be.
[*Lord* Powis *comes on.*
I have been well acquainted with that Face.
Pow. Well met, my honourable Lord and Friend.
Cob. You are welcome, Sir, whate'er you be;
But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.
Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour,
My Name is *Powis*, an old Friend of yours.
Cob. My honourable Lord, and worthy Friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent*?
And thus disguised in this strange Attire?
Pow. My Lord, an unexpected Accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these Parts,
And thus it hap'd: Not yet full five Days since,
Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in Speech about some certain Points
Of *Wickliff*'s Doctrine 'gainst the Papacy,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Thro' the most part of *Europe* at this Day:
The wilful testy Lord stuck not to say,
That *Wickliff* was a Knave, a Schismatick,
His Doctrine deviliſh and heretical:
And whatsoever he was maintain'd the same,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.
Being moved at this peremptory Speech
I told him, some maintain'd those Opinions,

Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in Comparisons,
Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, against this Challenge,
To be a perfect Favourer of the Truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants and our Tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an Hour
The Broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges rising from the Bench,
Were in their Persons forc'd to part the Fray.

Cob. I hope no Man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herbert*'s self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly 'scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good Lord, of these ill News.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into *Kent*,
To shroud my self with you so good a Friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham*:
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in question in this Matter,
Considering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my House,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbert* speeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Butler* of the Privy Chamber,
Is sent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your self, my Lord, I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? dost thou quake? dost thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

Cob.

Cob. Peace, you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the Walk.

Har. Come Sir, you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long Before I heard of something from the King, About this matter.

Enter Harpool, *with Master* Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you see him; Ill have your Men into the Cellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master *Butler.*

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend his Love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair unto the Court.

Cob. God bless his Highness, and confound his Enemies, I hope his Majesty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: methinks you look as tho you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odd mischance, that angers me: coming over *Shooter's-Hill,* there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me Mony; and whilst I staid my Horse to draw my Purse, he takes the advantage of a little Bank, and leaps behind me, whips my Purse away, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three Yards out of my Saddle, I never was so rob'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very sorry, Sir, for your mischance: we will send our Warrant forth, to stay such suspicious Persons as shall be found; then Mr. *Butler* we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and tho the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with Law, I dare serve a Process were he five Noble-

men,

men; tho we *Sumners* make ſometimes a mad ſlip in a corner with a pretty Wench, a *Sumner* muſt not go always by ſeeing: a Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his Profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham*'s Houſe, if I cannot ſpeak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon's Door, ſo my Lord of *Rocheſter* bad me; but methinks here comes one of his Men.

Har. Welcome Good-fellow, welcome, who would'ſt thou ſpeak with?

Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would ſpeak, if thou be one of his Men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou canſt not ſpeak with my Lord.

Sum. May I ſend to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand.

Sum. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy ſelf, and walk like a Knave as thou cam'ſt.

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou ſerveſt him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Maſter?

Sum. My Lord of *Rocheſter*.

Har. In good time: and what wouldſt thou have with my Lord *Cobham*?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Proceſs, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rocheſter*.

Har. [*aſide.*] Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, *Sumner*, you carried your Proceſs back.

Sum. Why if he will not be ſpoken withal, then will I leave it here, and ſee that he take knowledge of it.

Har. 'Zounds, you Slave, do you ſet up your Biſls here? go to, take it down again. Doſt thou know what thou doſt? Doſt thou know on whom thou ſerveſt a Proceſs?

Sum. Yes, marry do I, on Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, Lord *Cobham*.

Har. I am glad thou knoweſt him yet: and Sirrah, doſt not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his Houſe, and every

Day

Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall Fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Proceſs:

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Proceſs Parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is ſo.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, diſpatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rocheſter's Sumner*, I came to do my Office, and thou ſhalt anſwer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your ſelf to your Teeth, thou ſhalt eat no worſe than thou bring'ſt with thee: thou bring'ſt it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worſe than thou wilt eat thy ſelf?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O, do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a Stomach. [*Beats him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it.

Har; Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'll chaw you, you Rogue, the pureſt of the Honey.

Sum. Tough Wax is the pureſt Honey.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh.
Feed, feed, 'tis wholeſom, Rogue, wholeſom.
Cannot you, like an honeſt *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you muſt come to a Nobleman's Houſe with Proceſs? If thy Seal was as broad as the Lead that covers *Rocheſter* Church, thou ſhould'ſt eat it.

Sum. O I am almoſt choak'd, I am almoſt choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? will you ſhame my Lord? is there no Beer in the Houſe? Butler, I ſay.

Enter

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him Beer. [*He Drinks.*

There: tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no farther, I'll eat my word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean you ſhall more than your own word, for I'll make you eat all the Words in the Proceſs. Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wenches in a Shire ſerve your turn, but you muſt come hither with a Citation with the Pox? I'll cite you.

A Cup of Sack for the *Sumner.*

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'ſt thy Stomach well, becauſe thou ſhalt ſee my Lord keeps Meat in's Houſe, if thou wilt go in thou ſhalt have a piece of Beef to thy Breakfaſt.

Sum. No, I am very well, good Maſter Servingman. I thank you, very well, Sir.

Har, I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rocheſter* to keep your Stomach warm. And *Sumner*, if I do know you diſturb a good Wench within this Dioceſs, if I do not make thee eat her Petticoat, if there were four Yards of *Kentiſh* Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Maſter Servingman. [*Exit.*

Har. Farewel, *Sumner.*

Enter Conſtable.

Con. Save you, Maſter *Harpool.*

Har. Welcome Conſtable, welcome Conſtable, what News with thee?

Con. An't pleaſe you, Maſter *Harpool*, I am to make Hue and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to ſearch all ſuſpected Places; and they ſay there was a Woman in the Company.

Har.

Har. Haſt thou been at the Ale-houſe? Haſt thou ſought there?

Con. I durſt not ſearch in my Lord *Cobham's* Liberty, except I had ſome of his Servants for my Warrant.

Har. An honeſt Conſtable, call forth him that keeps the Ale-houſe there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, Mr. Conſtable, and Mr. *Harpool?* you're welcome with all my Heart, what make you here ſo early this Morning?

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? there is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to ſearch for all ſuſpected Perſons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am ſorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honeſt Prieſt, call'd Sir *John* a *Wrotham*, and a handſom Woman that is his Neice, that he ſays he has ſome Suit in Law for, and as they go up and down to *London*, ſometimes they lie at my Houſe.

Har. What, is ſhe here in thy Houſe now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promiſe you, Sir, he is a quiet Man, and becauſe he will not trouble too many Rooms, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Bed's feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Conſtable, bring her forth, let's ſee her, let's ſee her.

Ale-man. Dorothy, you muſt come down to Maſter Conſtable.

Doll. A-non forſooth. [*She enters.*

Har. Welcome, ſweet Laſs, welcome.

Doll. I thank you good Sir, and Maſter Conſtable alſo.

Har. A plump Girl by the Maſs, a plump Girl; ha, *Doll*, ha. Wilt thou forſake the Prieſt, and go with me, *Doll?*

Con. Ah! well ſaid, Maſter *Harpool*, you are a merry old Man i'faith; you will never be old now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed.

Har.

Har. Ye old mad merry Conſtable, art thou adviſ'd of that? Ha, well ſaid *Doll*, fill ſome Ale here.

Doll. aſide. Oh! if I wiſt this old Prieſt would not ſtick to me, by *Jove* I would jingle this old Serving-man.

Har. Oh! you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the Houſe there.

Con. Oh! well ſaid Maſter *Harpool*, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou haſt a ſweet pair of Lips by the Maſs.

Doll. Truly you are a ſweet old Man, as ever I ſaw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you.

Har. Fill, ſweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Embracing her.*] *Doll*, canſt thou love me? a mad merry Laſs, would to God I had never ſeen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah theſe ſweet Gray-Locks, by my Troth they are moſt lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Maſter *Harpool*, I'll have one Buſs too.

Har. No licking for you, Conſtable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love Kiſſing as well as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you ſweet ſugar-lipt Wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Doll, come hither.

Har. Prieſt, ſhe ſhall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, ſweet Love.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Hand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll ſit here in ſpight of thee, is this ſtuff for a Prieſt to carry up and down with him?

Prieſt. Sirrah, doſt thou not know that a good Fellow Parſon may have a Chappel of Eaſe, where his Pariſh Church is far off?

Har. You Whorſon ſton'd Vicar.

Prieſt. You old Ruffian, you Lion of *Cotſol.*

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*

Con. Keep the King's Peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's ſake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my Houſe.

Har. You Whorſon Bawdy Prieſt.

Prieſt. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, ſweet Heart, be quiet, I was but ſitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Prieſt. Then I am but as thou haſt been in thy Days, let's not be aſham'd of our Trade, the King hath been a Thief himſelf.

Doll. Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?

Prieſt. I have, Wench, here be Crowns i'faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well ſaid, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*.

Har. Thou art the maddeſt Prieſt that ever I met with.

Prieſt. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Bencher, a Wencher; I can ſay a Maſs, and kiſs a Laſs: Faith I have a Parſonage, and becauſe I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench ſerveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well ſaid, mad Prieſt, we'll in and be Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir Roger Acton, *Maſter* Bourn, *Maſter* Beverley, *and* William Murley *the Brewer of* Dunſtable.

Act. Now Maſter *Murley*, I am well aſſur'd
You know our Errand, and do like the Cauſe,
Being a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Maſter, good Sir *Roger Acton*, Maſter *Bourn*, and Maſter *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Juſtices of the Peace, no Maſter, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunſtable*, your honeſt Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my Profeſſion.

Bev. Profeſſed Friends to *Wickliff*; Foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me; Lad, lean upon that Staff, good Maſter *Beverley*, all of a Houſe, ſay your Mind, ſay your Mind.

Act. You know our Faction now is grown ſo great
Throughout the Realm, that it begins to ſmoak
Into the Clergies Eyes, and the King's Ears;
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our General and Officers appointed.
And Wars ye wot, will ask great ſtore of Coin,
Able to ſtrength our Action with your Purſe,
You are Elected for a Colonel
Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Fue, Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or leſs upon occaſion, Lord have Mercy upon us; what a World is this! Sir *Roger Acton*, I am but a *Dunſtable* Man, a plain Brewer, ye know: Will luſty Cavaliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my Calling, go at my bidding? dainty my Dear, they'll do a Dog of Wax, a Horſe of Cheeſe, a Prick and a Pudding; no, no, ye muſt appoint ſome Lord or Knight at leaſt, to that place.

Bour. Why, Maſter *Murley*, you ſhall be a Knight:
Were you not in Election to be Sheriff?
Have ye not paſs'd all Offices but that?
Have ye not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our General

Beſtows

Beſtows that Honour on you, at firſt ſight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear:
But tell me, who ſhall be our General.
Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
That noble Alms-giver, Houſe-keeper, virtuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys,
Come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he ſhall be our General?

Mur. And ſhall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Act. My word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir *Roger Acton* Knight, all Fellows I mean in Arms, how ſtrong are we? how many Partners? Our Enemies beſide the King are mighty, be it more or leſs upon occaſion, reckon our Force.

Act. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers,
Three thouſand and three hundred, at the leaſt:
Of Northern Lads four thouſand, beſide Horſe:
From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Seven thouſand; then from *London* iſſue out,
Of Maſters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices,
Forty odd thouſand into *Ficket* Field,
Where we appoint our ſpecial Rendevouz.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Where's that *Ficket* Field, Sir *Roger*?

Act. Behind St. *Giles*'s in the Field, near *Holbourn*.

Mur. *Newgate*, up *Holbourn*, St. *Giles*'s in the Field, and to *Tyburn*, an old ſay. For the Day, for the Day?

Act. On *Friday* next, the Fourteenth day of *January*.

Mur. Tilly vally, truſt me never if I have any liking of that Day. Fue, paltry, paltry, *Friday*, quoth a, diſmal day, *Childermas-day* this Year was *Friday*.

Bev. Nay Maſter *Murley*, if you obſerve ſuch days,
We make ſome queſtion of your Conſtancy.
All Days are alike to Men reſolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and ſay no more, but ſay and hold Maſter *Beverley*: *Friday* next, and *Ficket* Field,

and

and *William Murley* and his merry Men ſhall be all one: I have half a ſcore Jades that draw my Beer Cart, and every Jade ſhall bear a Knave, and every Knave ſhall wear a Jack, and every Jack ſhall have a Scull, and every Scull ſhall ſhew a Spear, and every Spear ſhall kill a Foe at *Ficket* Field, at *Ficket* Field: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Ralph* and *Robin*, *William* and *George*, and all my Knaves ſhall fight like Men, at *Ficket* Field, on *Friday* next.

Bourn. What Sum of Money mean you to diſburſe?

Mur. It may be modeſtly, decently, and ſoberly, and handſomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

Act. Five hundred, Man? five thouſand's not enough,
A hundred thouſand will not pay our Men
Two Months together; either come prepar'd
Like a brave Knight, and Martial Colonel,
In glimering Gold, and gallant Furniture,
Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at leaſt,
And all your Followers mounted on good Horſe,
Or never come digraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be choſen Treaſurer,
Ten thouſand Pound's the leaſt that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occaſion I have ten thouſand Pound to ſpend, and ten too. And rather than the Biſhop ſhall have his will of me for my Conſcience, it ſhall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it ſhall fly with Fire and Gunpowder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of Money till the Axletree crack; my ſelf and my Men in *Ficket* Field on *Friday* next; remember my Knight-hood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there. [*Exit.*

Act. See what Ambition may perſuade Men to,
In hope of Honour he will ſpend himſelf.

Bourn. I never thought a Brewer half ſo rich.

Bev. Was never Bankrupt Brewer yet but one,
With uſing too much Malt, too little Water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now-a-days:
Come, away about our Buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, *Maſter* Butler, Oldcaſtle *Kneeling to the King.*

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord *Cobham*, to ſubmit,
You muſt forſake your groſs Opinion:
The Biſhops find themſelves much injured,
And tho for ſome good Service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not ſo ſoon be ſatisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majeſty,
Next unto my God, I owe my Life;
And what is mine, either by Nature's gift,
Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service.
But for Obedience to the Pope of *Rome*,
I owe him none; nor ſhall his ſhaveling Prieſts
That are in *England*, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an Error, I will yield,
And gladly take Inſtruction at their Hands:
But otherwiſe, I do beſeech your Grace,
My Conſcience may not be incroach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to preſs our Subjects Bodies,
Much leſs their Souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me counſel you that might command;
Do not preſume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor ſuffer any meetings to be had
Within your Houſe, but to the uttermoſt
Diſperſe the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any breathe that dares come forth,
And ſay, my Life in any of theſe Points
Deſerves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here ſtand I, craving no remorſe at all,
But even the utmoſt Rigour may be ſhown.

King. Let it ſuffice, we know your Loyalty:
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your Highneſs' Pardon for Lord *Powis'* Life,

Which

Which I did beg, and you, my Noble Lord,
Of gracious Favour did vouchsafe to grant.
King. But yet it is not signed with our Hand.
Cob. Not yet, my Liege.
King. The Fact you say was done
Not of propensed Malice, but by chance.
Cob. Upon mine Honour so, no otherwise.
[King *writes.*
King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanse his Soul to God for his Offence,
What we remit is but the Body's Scourge.
How now, Lord Bishop?

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

Roch. Justice, dread Sovereign,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.
King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.
Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,
And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.
King. How? or by whom?
Roch. Even by this Heretick,
This *Jew*, this Traitor to your Majesty.
Cob. Prelate, thou lyest, even in thy greasy Maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the Name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.
King. Forbear, I say: and Bishop shew the Cause
From whence this late Abuse hath been deriv'd.
Roch. Thus, mighty King: by general consent
A Messenger was sent to cite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And coming to his House, a Ruffian Slave,
One of his daily Followers, met the Man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator,
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Process, Parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our Authority.

King.

King. When was this done?
Roch. At six a Clock this Morning.
King. And when came you to Court?
Cob. Last Night, my Liege.
King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t' accuse him so.
Roch. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,
Or else his Man durst not have been so bold.
King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt
And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints.
Is this the Duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did pass our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestal
Our Regal Power, must likewise summon him?
This savours of Ambition, not of Zeal,
And rather proves you malice his Estate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go to, we like it not; and he your Officer
Had his desert for being insolent,

Enter Lord Huntington.

That was imploy'd so much amiss herein.
So *Cobham*, when you please, you may depart.
Cob. I humbly bid farewel unto my Liege. [*Exit.*
King. Farewel; what's the News by *Huntington?*
Hun. Sir *Roger Acton*, and a Crew, my Lord,
Of bold seditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending Reformation of Religion:
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket* Field, unless they be repuls'd.
King. So near our Presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud War and eager thirst of Blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our Native Bounds?
Must we be forc'd to hansel our sharp Blades
In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France?*
Well,

Well, a God's Name be it. What's their Number, ſay,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hun. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord *Cobham*?

Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Roch. I could have told your Majeſty as much
Before he went, but that I ſaw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his Flattery.

Suff. Send Poſt, my Lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his Country, how he ſmooth'd
And ſeem'd as Innocent as Truth it ſelf?

King. I cannot think it yet he would be falſe:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

Roch. This falls out well, and at the laſt I hope
To ſee this Heretick die in a Rope. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Earl of Cambridge, *Lord* Scroop, Gray, *and* Chartres *the* French *Factor.*

Scroop. Once more my Lord of *Cambridge*, make Rehearſal
How you do ſtand Intituled to the Crown,
The deeper ſhall we print it in our Minds,
And every Man the better be reſolv'd,
When he perceives his Quarrel to be juſt.

Cam. Then thus, Lord *Scroop*, Sir *Thomas Gray*,
And you, Monſieur *de Chartres*, Agent for the *French*,
This *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*, (as I ſaid)
Third Son of *Edward* (*England*'s King) the Third,
Had Iſſue, *Philip* his ſole Daughter and Heir;
Which *Philip* afterward was given in Marriage
To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earl of *March*,
And by him had a Son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;
Which *Roger* likewiſe had of his Deſcent,
Edmund, *Roger*, *Ann* and *Elianor*,
Two Daughters, and two Sons, but of thoſe, three
Dy'd without Iſſue: *Ann*, that did ſurvive,

And now was left her Father's only Heir,
My fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grandfather of King *Edward*'s Line:
So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know,
Richard Plantagenet; my Father was,
Edward the Duke of *York*, and Son and Heir,
To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the Third's firſt Son.

Scroop. So that it ſeems your Claim comes by your Wife,
As lawful Heir to *Roger Mortimer*,
The Son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Philip*,
Daughter and Heir to *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.

Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his Father both,
Harry the firſt, as plainly doth appear,
Are falſe Intruders, and uſurp the Crown:
For when Young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* ſlain,
In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,
That was the Eldeſt of King *Edward*'s Sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their ſecond Brother,
Death in his Nonage had before bereft:
So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,
Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
And take Poſſeſſion of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
Who fetch'd their Title but from *Lancaſter*,
Fourth of that Royal Line. And being thus,
What Reaſon is't, but ſhe ſhould have her Right?

Scroop. I am reſolv'd, our Enterprize is juſt.

Gray. *Harry* ſhall die, or elſe reſign his Crown.

Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of *France*
Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But ſend you Mony to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thouſand Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can ſtop but *Harry*'s Voyage for *France*.

Scroop. We never had a fitter time than now,
The Realm in ſuch diviſion as it is.

Cam. Beſides you muſt perſuade you, there is due
Vengeance for *Richard*'s Murder, which altho
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at laſt,

And now as likely as another time:
Sin hath had many Years to ripen in,
And now the Harveſt cannot be far off,
Wherein the Weeds of Uſurpation
Are to be crop'd, and caſt into the Fire.

Scroop. No more, Earl *Cambridge*, here I plight my Faith,
To ſet up thee and thy renowned Wife.

Gray. *Gray* will perform the ſame, as he is Knight.

Char. And to aſſiſt ye, as I ſaid before,
Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.

Scroop. We lack but now Lord *Cobham*'s Fellowſhip,
And then our Plot were abſolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's purſu'd
By the incenſed Clergy, and of late
Brought in diſpleaſure with the King, aſſures
He may be quickly won to our Faction,
Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpoſe?

Gray. That have I, my Lord.

Cam. We ſhould not now be far off from his Houſe,
Our ſerious Conference hath beguil'd the way:
See where his Caſtle ſtands, give me the writing.
When we are come unto the Speech of him,
Becauſe we will not ſtand to make recount
Of that which hath been ſaid, here he ſhall read
Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Scroop. A ready way; here comes the Man himſelf
Booted and ſpur'd, it ſeems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.

Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?
Your Honour is moſt welcome into *Kent*,
And all the reſt of this fair Company.
I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take *Cowling* for your Hoſt,
And ſee what Entertainmen it affords?

Cam.

Cam. We were intended to have been your Gueſts;
But now this lucky Meeting ſhall ſuffice
To end our Buſineſs, and defer that kindneſs.

Cob. Buſineſs, my Lord? what Buſineſs ſhould
Let you to be merry? we have no Delicates;
Yet this I'll promiſe you, a piece of Veniſon,
A Cup of Wine, and ſo forth, Hunters fare:
And if you pleaſe, we'll ſtrike the Stag our ſelves
Shall fill our Diſhes with his well-fed fleſh.

Scroop. That is indeed the thing we all deſire.

Cob. My Lords, and you ſhall have your choice with me.

Cam. Nay, but the Stag which we deſire to ſtrike,
Lives not in *Cowling*: If you will conſent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Foreſt,
Where runs a luſty Herd; among the which
There is a Stag ſuperior to the reſt;
A ſtately Beaſt, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the ſullen Earth,
As tho he ſcorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs,
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breaſt
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the Wind:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity ſuch a goodly Beaſt ſhould die.

Cam. Not ſo, Sir *John*, for he is Tyrannous,
And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the Limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a Several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he ſpoils
Both Corn and Paſture: two of his wild Race
Alike for ſtealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I ſhould not only be ſecure from hurt,
But with his Body make a Royal Feaſt.

Scroop. How ſay you then, will you firſt hunt with us?

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Paſtime, where's the Place?

Cam. Peruſe this Writing, it will ſhew you all,
And what occaſion we have for the ſport. [*He reads.*
Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You fain would chaſe, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a Banquet for the Devil;
And in the ſtead of wholeſom Meat, prepare
A Diſh of Poiſon to confound our ſelves.
Cam. Why ſo, Lord *Cobham?* See you not our Claim?
And how imperiouſly he holds the Crown?
Scroop. Beſides, you know your ſelf is in diſgrace,
Held as a Recreant, and purſu'd to Death.
This will defend you from your Enemies,
And 'ſtabliſh your Religion thro' the Land.
Cob. Notorious Treaſon! yet I will conceal [*Aſide.*
My ſecret Thoughts to ſound the depth of it.
My Lord of *Cambridge,* I do ſee your Claim,
And what good may redound unto the Land,
By proſecuting of this Enterprize.
But where are Men? where's Pow'r and Furniture
To order ſuch an Action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are ſtrong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and ſome will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France:* Here's an Ambaſſador
That promiſeth both Men and Mony too.
The Commons likewiſe, as we hear, pretend
A ſudden Tumult, we will join with them.
Cob. Some likelihood, I muſt confeſs, to ſpeed:
But how ſhall I believe this in plain truth?
You are, my Lords, ſuch Men as live in Court,
And have been highly favour'd of the King,
Eſpecially Lord *Scroop,* whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his Bedfellow.
And you, Lord *Gray,* are of his Privy-Council:
Is not this train laid to intrap my Life?

Cam. Then periſh may my Soul: what, think you ſo?

Scroop. We'll ſwear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by Birth, and Blood,
So you will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word.
I crave no other Teſtimony but this:
That you would all ſubſcribe, and ſet your Hands
Unto this Writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?

Scroop. My Pocket ſhould have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*. There is my Name.

Scroop. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewiſe write your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Maſter's words, the King of *France*.

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our Meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here, if you pleaſe, the tenth of *July* next.

Cob. In *Kent?* agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your Honours will not away to night.

Cam. Yes preſently, for I have far to ride,
About ſolliciting of other Friends.

Scroop. And we would not be abſent from the Court,
Leſt thereby grow ſuſpicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taſte a Cup of Wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: ſo farewel. [*Exeunt all but* Cobham.

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords?
My noble Villains, baſe Conſpirators;
How can they look his Highneſs in the Face,
Whom they ſo cloſely ſtudy to betray?
But I'll not ſleep until I make it known,
This Head ſhall not be burden'd with ſuch Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed

Of ſuch Impiety againſt my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Lady Cobham, *Lord* Powis, *Lady* Powis, *and* Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord:
Why ſeem you ſo unquiet in your Looks?
What hath befall'n you that diſturbs your Mind?

L. *Pow.* Bad News I am afraid touching my Huſband.

Cob. Madam, not ſo; there is your Husband's Pardon;
Long may you live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindneſs, as I know not how to reply, my Senſe is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and Madam, ſtay me not,
For I muſt back unto the Court again,
With all the ſpeed I can: *Harpool*, my Horſe.

L. Cob. So ſoon, my Lord? what will you ride all Night?

Cob. All Night or Day, it muſt be ſo ſweet Wife;
Urge me not why, or what my Buſineſs is,
But get you in: Lord *Powis* bear with me.
And, Madam, think your welcome ne'er the worſe,
My Houſe is at your Uſe. *Harpool*, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordſhip to the Court?

Cob. Yea Sir, your Gelding mount you preſently. [*Exit*,

L. Cob. I pritbee, *Harpool*, look unto thy Lord,
I do not like this ſudden poſting back.

Pow. Some earneſt Buſineſs is a-foot belike;
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath ſo highly us beſted.

L. Cob. Come, Madam, and my Lord, we'll hope the beſt,
You ſhall not into *Wales* till he return.

Pow. Tho great occaſion be we ſhould depart,
Yet, Madam, will we ſtay to be reſolved
Of this unlook'd-for doubtful Accident. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Murley *and his Men, prepar'd in ſome filthy Order for War.*

Mur. Come my Hearts of Flint, modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomly, no Man afore his Leader: Follow your Maſter, your Captain, your Knight that ſhall be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, Dun is the Mouſe: *Dick* and *Tom* for the credit of *Dunſtable*, ding down the Enemy to Morrow. Ye ſhall not come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and *Lawrence* my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this? I would give a couple of Shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty Pence for as many Scarfs to ſet you out withal. Froſt and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Maſter, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-balls can bear witneſs; this little 'pparel we have ſhall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he means to leave his Life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders, are making their Wills becauſe they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends ſcramble for our Goods if we die: But, Maſter, pray let me ride upon *Cut*.

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Froſt and Snow, why *Tom* thou ſhalt. Let me ſee, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horſes; proper Men, handſom Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick. But Maſter, Maſter, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Perſon, and a Cart-Load of Mony too.

Tom. Yea, and Maſter, there's a worſe matter in't; if it be as I heard ſay, we go fight againſt all the learned Biſhops, that ſhould give us their Bleſſing, and if they curſe us, we ſhall ſpeed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay, Birlady, ſome ſay the King takes their part; and Maſter, dare you fight againſt the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occaſion, if the King be ſo unwiſe to come there, we'll fight him too.

Tom. What if ye ſhould kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not ſpeak Treaſon?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conſcience, and for Honour; little know you what is in my Boſom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your Heels? your Boſom's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or leſs upon occaſion, Lord have Mercy upon us. *Tom* thou'rt a Fool, and thou ſpeakeſt Treaſon to Knight-hood: Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, till he be a Knight? No, I ſhall be Knighted to morrow, and then they ſhall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunſtable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-maſter, and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and all for Wealth: You bring more Mony with you than all the reſt.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I ſhall be a Knight to morrow. Let me 'ſpoſe my Men, *Tom* upon *Cut*, *Dick* upon *Hob*, *Hodge* upon *Ball*, *Ralph* upon *Sorrel*, and *Robin* upon the Fore-horſe.

Enter Acton, Bourn, *and* Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All Friends, good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir *Roger*.

Act. Why, thus you ſhew your ſelf a Gentleman
To keep your Day, and come ſo well prepared.
Your Cart ſtands yonder guarded by your Men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin.
What Sum is there?

Mur.

Mur. Ten thouſand Pound, Sir *Roger*, and modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomly, ſee what I have here againſt I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir?

Act. Diſperſt in ſundry Villages about;
Some here with us in *High-gate*, ſome at *Finchley*, *Totnam*, *Enfield*, *Edmonton*, *Newington*, *Iſlington*, *Hogſdone*, *Pancredge*, *Kenſington*,
Some nearer, *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall* and *Bow*:
But our chief Strength muſt be the *Londoners*,
Which, ere the Sun to morrow ſhine,
Will be near fifty thouſand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my Dear, but upon occaſion, Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King know of it, and gather his Power againſt us?

Act. No, he's ſecure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extremely, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we ſhall carry the World afore us, I vow, by my Worſhip, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he ſtand on their part.

Act. This Night we few in *High-gate* will repoſe,
With the firſt Cock we'll riſe and arm our ſelves,
To be in *Ficket-field* by break of Day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, what if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our Action ſtands.
Sir *Roger Acton* may ſupply his Place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourne*, but who ſhall make me Knight?

Bev. He that hath Pow'r to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,
Our Friends of *London* long till it be Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives.

Prieſt. Can'ſt thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands,

my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purſe, none walks within forty Miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Pariſh does the poor man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone is in the Wall, and thou know'ſt well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and therefore thou haſt tried me, that thou haſt; and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Prieſt. Doll, if this Blade hold, there's not a Pedlar walks with a Pack, but thou ſhalt as boldly chuſe of his Wares, as with thy ready Money in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have as good Silver as the King coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold ſpent you took the laſt Day from the Courtier?

Prieſt. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horſe-back that muſt pay for all; we'll have as good Meat as Money can get, and as good Gowns as can be bought for Gold, be merry Wench, the Maltman comes on *Monday*.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had been better provided for.

Prieſt. No, ſweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Prieſt, I do not like a new Clerk ſhould come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Prieſt i'faith:

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, I'll ſee thee ſafe at ſome Ale-houſe here at *Gray*, and the next Sheep that comes ſhall leave behind his Fleece. [*Exeunt*,

Enter the King, Suffolk, *and* Butler.

King, in great haſte, My Lord of *Suffolk* poſt away for life
And let our Forces of ſuch Horſe and Foot,
As can be gather'd up by any means,
Make ſpeedy Rendezvous in *Tuttle-fields*.
It muſt be done this Evening, my Lord,
This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head
Near *Iſlington*, which if your ſpeed prevent not,
If once they ſhould unite their ſeveral Forces,
Their Power is almoſt thought invincible.

Away,

Away, my Lord, I will be with you ſoon.

Suff. I go, my Sovereign, with all happy ſpeed. [*Exit.*

King. Make haſte my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler, poſt you to *London* with all ſpeed:
Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,
The City Gates be preſently ſhut up,
And guarded with a ſtrong ſufficient Watch,
And not a Man be ſuffered to paſs,
Without a ſpecial Warrant from our ſelf.
Command the Poſtern by the Tower be kept,
And Proclamation on the Pain of Death
That not a Citizen ſtir from his Doors,
Except ſuch as the Mayor and Sheriffs ſhall chuſe
For their own Guard, and ſafety of their Perſons.
Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. Butler.

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwich*, and command a Boat,
At the *Fryars-Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

King. 'Tis time, I think, to look unto Rebellion,
When *Acton* doth expect unto his aid,
No leſs than fifty thouſand *Londoners*.
Well, I'll to *Weſtminſter* in this Diſguiſe,
To hear what News is ſtirring in theſe Brawls.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Stand true Man, ſays a Thief.

King. Stand Thief ſays a true Man: how if a Thief?

Prieſt. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man I muſt ſtand I ſee, howſoever the World wags, the Trade of Thieving yet will never down. What art thou?

Prieſt. A good Fellow.

King. So I am too, I ſee thou doſt know me.

Prieſt. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellow's Part, deliver thy Purſe without more ado.

King. I have no Money.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. I muſt make you find ſome before we part, if you have no Money, you ſhall have ware, as many ſound Blows as your Skin can carry.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Prieſt. Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the Money you have. Diſpatch, I cannot ſtand all Day.

King. Well if thou wilt needs have it, there it is; juſt the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? *Falſtaff* that Villain is ſo fat, he cannot get on's Horſe, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto* ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts.

Prieſt. How much is there on't of thy Word?

King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my Word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadſt paſt this way, as I have now.

Prieſt. Sirrah, what art thou? thou ſeem'ſt a Gentleman?

King. I am no leſs, yet a poor one now, for thou haſt all my Money.

Prieſt. From whence cam'ſt thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham*.

Prieſt. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Prieſt. I am glad thou'rt no worſe; thou may'ſt the better ſpare thy Money, and think thou might'ſt get a poor Thief his Pardon if he ſhould have need?

King. Yes, that I can.

Prieſt. Wilt thou do ſo much for me, when I ſhall have occaſion?

King. Yes, faith will I, ſo it be for no Murder.

Prieſt. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take but his Purſe, I'll kill no Man.

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Prieſt. Give me thy Hand of the ſame.

King. There 'tis.

Prieſt. Methinks the King ſhould be good to Thieves, becauſe he has been a Thief himſelf, altho I think now he be turn'd a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that

that way in's Youth; but how can'ſt thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Prieſt. How? becauſe he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my ſelf, when that foul villanous Guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falſtaff*.

King. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be ſworn [*Aſide*]: Thou knoweſt not the King now I think, if thou ſaweſt him?

Prieſt. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it ſhould ſeem. [*Aſide.*

Prieſt. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made Thieving the beſt Trade in *England*.

King. Why ſo?

Prieſt. Becauſe he was the chief Warden of our Company, 'tis pity that e'er he ſhould have been a King, he was ſo brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Prieſt. Wilt thou? well then, becauſe thou ſhalt go ſafe, for thou may'ſt hap (being ſo early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any Man when he ſhould bid thee good morrow, bid thee ſtand, ſay thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee paſs.

King. Is that the Word? then let me alone.

Prieſt. Nay, Sirrah, becauſe I think indeed I ſhall have ſome occaſion to uſe thee, and as thou com'ſt oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a Token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Prieſt. O my fine golden Slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy Neighbour *Shooters-Hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honeſtly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up againſt the King, got together in *Ficket-field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to Night in's own Perſon: Well, I'll to the King's Camp, and

it

it ſhall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make ſome good Boot among them.

Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, *and two with Lights.*

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*,
Who ſcouts it now? or who ſtand Sentinels?
What Men of Worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suff. May't pleaſe your Highneſs.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's aſleep, wake not his Majeſty
With Terms nor Titles, he's at reſt in Bed.
Kings do not uſe to watch themſelves, they ſleep,
And let Rebellion and Conſpiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is *London* look'd unto?

Hunt. It is, my Lord,
Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there,
Your Brother *Glouceſter*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good Rule within.
The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*
Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* ſcout:
So tho it pleaſe your Majeſty to jeſt,
Were you in Bed, well might you take your Reſt.

King. I thank ye Lords; but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect Night-walker:
London, you ſay, is ſafely look'd unto,
Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid muſt fall,
And the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
Quiet in *Kent*; *Acton*, you are deceiv'd:
Reckon again, you count without your Hoſt.
To Morrow you ſhall give account to us,
Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night
How can we ſpend? King *Harry* is aſleep,
And all his Lords, theſe Garments tell us ſo:
All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field,
Harry, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drum,
Give us ſquare Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
For all good Fellows companies that come.

Where's that mad Prieſt ye told me was in Arms
To fight, as well as pray, if need requir'd.

Suff. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this, I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*.

Hunt. I muſt have the Dice; what do we play at?

Suff. Paſſage, if ye pleaſe.

Hunt. Set round then; ſo at all.

King. George, you are out.
Give me the Dice, I paſs for twenty Pound,
Here's to our lucky Paſſage in *France*.

Hunt. Harry, you paſs indeed, for you ſweep all.

Suff. A Sign King *Harry* ſhall ſweep all in *France*.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Edge ye good Fellows, take a freſh Gameſter in.

King. Maſter Parſon, we play nothing but Gold.

Prieſt. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Prieſt hath Gold, Gold; what? ye are but beggarly Soldiers to me, I think I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be ſo, but we believe it not.

King. Set, Prieſt, ſet, I paſs for all that Gold.

Prieſt. Ye paſs indeed.

King. Prieſt, haſt any more?

Prieſt. More? what a Queſtion's that?
I tell thee I have more than all you three.
At theſe ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'ſt by all this Gold.
How many Benefices haſt thou, Prieſt?

Prieſt. Faith, but one; doſt wonder how I come by Gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers ſhould have Gold; for I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day Tythes, Off'rings, Chriſtnings, Weddings, Burials; and you poor Snakes come ſeldom to a Booty. I'll ſpeak a proud word, I have but one Parſonage *Wrotham*, 'tis better than the Biſhoprick of *Rocheſter*: there's ne'er a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Pariſh, *Barrham-down*, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-heath*, *Cocks-heath*, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me Tythe. Gold quoth a? ye paſs not for that.

Suff

Suff. *Harry* ye are out; now, Parſon, ſhake the Dice.

Prieſt. Set, ſet, I'll cover ye; at all; A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will truſt them?

Suff. Say'ſt thou ſo, Prieſt? ſet fair, at all for once.

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Prieſt. Sir, pay me Angel Gold,
I'll none of your crack'd *French* Crowns nor Piſtolets,
Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd *French* Crowns? I hope to ſee more crack'd *French* Crowns ere long.

Prieſt. Thou mean'ſt of *French* Mens Crowns, when the King's in *France.*

Hunt. Set round, at all.

Prieſt. Pay all: this is ſome luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I muſt ſhred the Prieſt: At all, Sir *John.*

Prieſt. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what caſting's this?

Suff. Well thrown, *Harry*, i'faith.

King. I'll caſt better yet.

Prieſt. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, haſt thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for caſting?

King. I paſs for all.

Prieſt. Thou paſſeſt all that e'er I plaid withal: Sirrah, doſt thou not cog, nor foiſt, nor ſlur?

King. Set, Parſon, ſet, the Dice die in my Hand,
When, Parſon, when? what, can ye find no more?
Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your Store?

Prieſt. All's gone but that.

Hunt. What? half a broken Angel.

Prieſt. Why, Sir? 'tis Gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Prieſt. The Devil give you good on't, I am blind; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Prieſt, you ſhall not leave us yet. Do not theſe Pieces fit each other well?

Prieſt. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a Tale:
There was a Thief, in Face much like Sir *John*,

But

But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me laſt Day, on *Black-heath*, near the *Park*,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And Weaponleſs, my Boy had all my Tools,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short Tale to make, Sir *John*, the Thief I mean,
Took a juſt hundred Pound in Gold from me.
I ſtorm'd at it, and ſwore to be reveng'd
If e'er we met: he like a luſty Thief,
Brake with his Teeth this Angel juſt in two,
To be a Token at our meeting next;
Provided I ſhould charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at Weapons Point
Recover that, and what he had beſide.
Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your Tools
By Torch-light, for, Maſter Parſon, you are he
That had my Gold.

Prieſt. Zounds I won't in play, in fair ſquare Play, of the Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain with this poor Whyniard; be you two honeſt Men to ſtand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot. Sir *John*, have at ye.

Prieſt. Soldier, ware your Sconce.

As they proffer, Enter Butler, *and draws his Sword to part them.*

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean,
To ſee a Traitor draw againſt the King.

Prieſt. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. Butler, what News? why doſt thou trouble us?

But. Pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis break of Day,
And as I ſcouted near to *Iſlington*,
The gray ey'd Morning gave me glimmering,
Of armed Men coming down *High-gate-hill*,
Who by their Courſe are coaſting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be ſuch Cauſe:
For this leud Prieſt, this deviliſh Hypocrite,

That

That is a Thief, a Gameſter, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for Example ſake,

Prieſt. Not ſo, my gracious Soveraign, I confeſs I am a frail Man, Fleſh and Blood as other are; but ſet my Imperfections aſide, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir *John* of *Wrotham* is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King? [Liege.

Prieſt. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you ſhould be as
To ſeaſon others with good document, [Salt
Your Lives as Lamps to give the People Light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to ſpoil the Flock;
Go hang him, *Butler.*

But. Didſt thou not rob me?

Prieſt. I muſt confeſs I ſaw ſome of your Gold, but, my dread Lord, I am in no humour for Death; God will that Sinners live, do not you cauſe me to die. Once in their Lives the beſt may go aſtray, and if the World ſay true, your ſelf, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confeſs I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my ſelf.

Prieſt. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will ye be his Sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he ſhall be hang'd.

Prieſt. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honeſt Man;
Which when I hear, and ſafe return from *France*,
I'll give thee Living. Till when, take thy Gold,
But ſpend it better than in Cards or Wine.
For better Virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Prieſt. Vivat Rex, & currat Lex. My Liege, if ye have cauſe of Battle, ye ſhall ſee Sir *John* beſtir himſelf in your Quarrel.

An Alarum. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, *Sir* John *bringing forth* Acton, Beverly, *and* Murly, *Priſoners.*

King. Bring in thoſe Traitors, whoſe aſpiring Minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow:

But

But now ye ſee, baſe Villains, what Succeſs
Attends ill Actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir *Roger Acton*, thou retainſt the Name
Of Knight, and ſhouldſt be more diſcreetly temper'd
Than join with Peaſants, Gentry is Divine,
But thou haſt made it more than popular.

Act. Pardon, my Lord, my Conſcience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conſcience! then Conſcience is corrupt,
For in thy Conſcience thou art bound to us,
And in thy Conſcience thou ſhouldſt love thy Country,
Elſe what's the difference 'twixt a Chriſtian,
And the uncivil Manners of the *Turk*?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majeſty,
But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you ſought?
I pray who gave you that Authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter up,
And ſit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief,
And pray Amendment, not inforce the ſame,
Unleſs their King were Tyrant, which I hope
You cannot juſtly ſay that *Harry* is.
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-Man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunſtable*, as he ſays.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barley-broth,
To come in Armour thus againſt your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occaſion, What a World is this? Knighthood, my Liege, 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had Wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And ſo you brought theſe Horſes which we ſaw
Trapt all in coſtly Furniture, and meant
To wear theſe Spurs when you were Knighted once?

Mur.

Mur. In and out upon Occaſion I did.

King. In and out upon Occaſion, therefore you ſhall he hang'd, and in the ſtead of wearing thoſe Spurs upon your Heels, about your Neck they ſhall bewray your Folly to the World.

Prieſt. In and out upon Occaſion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my Liege, a Pardon, I am ſorry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me, went there none beſide Sir *Roger Acton*, upon whom
You did depend to be your Governour?

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir *John Oldcaſtle.*

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter.

King. Bears he a part in this Conſpiracy?

Act. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promiſe you that he would come?

Act. Such Letter we received forth of *Kent.*

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to your Grace.
Examining, my Lord, ſome of theſe Rebels,
It is a general Voice among them all,
That they had never come into this Place,
But to have met their valiant General,
The good Lord *Cobham*, as they title him:
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treaſon is apparent, which before
He ſought to colour by his Flattery,

King. Now by my Royalty I would have ſworn,
But for his Conſcience, which I bear withal,
There had not liv'd a more true-hearted Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To ſet your Hand unto this Precept here,
By which we'll cauſe him forthwith to appear,
And anſwer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commiſſion
To ſearch, attach, impriſon, and condemn

This

This moſt notorious Traitor as you pleaſe.

Roch. It ſhall be done my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold, Lord *Cobham*, in my Hand,
That which ſhall finiſh thy diſdained Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have ſo often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either Words, or Looks, or ſolemn Oaths,
For if he were, how often hath he ſworn,
How gently tun'd the Muſick of his Tongue,
And with that amiable Face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but Hypocriſy.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and proſperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canſt thou wiſh Proſperity,
Whoſe Heart includeth nought but Treachery?
I do arreſt thee here my ſelf, falſe Knight,
Of Treaſon capital againſt the State.

Cob. Of Treaſon, mighty Prince? your Grace miſtakes,
I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck ſhall feel it is in earneſt ſhortly.
Dar'ſt thou intrude into my Preſence, knowing
How heinouſly thou haſt offended us?
But this is thy accuſtom'd deceit,
Now thou perceiv'ſt thy Purpoſe is in vain,
With ſome Excuſe or other thou wilt come
To clear thy ſelf of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is Evidence.
See you theſe Men; you never counſelled,
Nor offered them aſſiſtance in their Wars?

Cob. Speak, Sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour.
Have ever I been converſant with you?
Or written Letters to incourage you?
Or kindled by the leaſt or ſmalleſt part
Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?

Speak,

Speak, for I dare the uttermoſt you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occaſion, I know you not.

King. No, didſt thou not ſay, that Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
Was one with whom you propos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

Act. I muſt confeſs we have no other Ground
But only Rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was merely fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I preſent your Grace
Speak for my Loyalty, read theſe Articles,
And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.

King. Earl *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Gray* corrupted
With Bribes from *Charles* of *France*, either to win
My Crown from me, or ſecretly contrive
My Death by Treaſon? Is't poſſible?

Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord,
Each ſeverally ſubſcribed to the ſame.

King. Oh never heard of baſe Ingratitude!
Even thoſe I hug within my Boſom moſt,
Are readieſt evermore to ſting my Heart.
Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo near hand?
We'll meet with them but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them have Martial Law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free. [*Exeunt.*

Mur. Be it more or leſs, what a World is this?
Would I have continued ſtill of the Order of Knaves,
And ne'er ſought Knighthood, ſince it coſts
So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.

Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prithee, *Murley*, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occaſion ſerves,
If you be ſo haſty, take my place.
Hunt. No, good Sir Knight, e'en take't your ſelf.
Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter, *Lord Warden,* Cromer *the Sheriff, Lady* Cobham *and Attendants.*

Roch. I tell ye, Lady, it's impoſſible
But you ſhould know where he conveys himſelf,
And you have hid him in ſome ſecret Place.
L. Cob. My Lord, believe me, as I love my Soul,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.
Roch. Go to, go to, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc'd by Torture to confeſs,
If fair means will not ſerve to make you tell.
L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,
And need not hide himſelf for any Fact
That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schiſmatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, Mr. *Cromer,* Sheriff of *Kent,*
I charge you to take her to your Cuſtody,
And ſeize the Goods of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
To the King's uſe; let her go in no more,
To fetch ſo much as her Apparel out,
There is your Warrant from his Majeſty.
War. Good my Lord Biſhop, pacify your wrath
Againſt the Lady.
Roch. Then let her confeſs
Where *Oldcaſtle* her Husband is conceal'd.
War. I dare engage my Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant
And innocent of all his Practices,
If any Evil by him be practiſed.
Roch. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-Ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcapes us not.

Shew

Shew him his Highneſs' warrant, Mr. Sheriff.

War. I am ſorry for the noble Gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office.

Enter Harpool *and Lord* Cobham.

Cob. Harpool, what Buſineſs have we here in hand?
What makes the Biſhop and the Sheriff here?
I fear my coming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to *Cobham.*

Har. Be of good chear my Lord, if they be Foes, we'll ſcramble ſhrewdly with them: if they are Friends they are welcome.

Sher. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* Lord *Cobham,* in the King's Name, I arreſt ye of High Treaſon.

Cob. Treaſon, Mr. *Cromer*?

Har. Treaſon, Mr. Sheriff, what Treaſon?

Cob. Harpool, I charge thee ſtir not, but be quiet.
Do ye arreſt me of High Treaſon, Mr. Sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of High Treaſon, Traitor, Heretick.

Cob. Defiance in his Face that calls me ſo,
I am as true a Loyal Gentleman
Unto his Highneſs, as my proudeſt Enemy,
The King ſhall witneſs my late faithful Service,
For ſafety of his Sacred Majeſty.

Roch. What thou art, the King's Hand ſhall teſtify,
Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jeſu defend me,
Is't poſſible your Cunning could ſo temper
The Princely diſpoſition of his Mind,
To ſign the damage of a Loyal Subject?
Well, the beſt is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my abſence and your malice.
But I, ſince that, have ſhew'd my ſelf as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Majeſty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worſt.

Roch. We are not bound to do kind Offices
For any Traitor, Schiſmatick, nor Heretick:
The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,

Who

Who is departed on his way for *France*,
And at *Southampton* doth repoſe this Night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles of it, on *Salisbury Plain*! I would loſe my Head if thou brought'ſt thy Head hither again. [*Aſide.*

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th' *Cinque-ports*, and Lord of *Rocheſter*, ye are joint Commiſſioners, favour me ſo much on my expence, to bring me to the King.

Roch. What, to *Southampton*?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
And if he do not clear me of all Guilt,
And all ſuſpicion of Conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my Truth,
I ask no Favour, but extreameſt Torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.
[*They both entreat for him.*
Come hither, Lady, nay, ſweet Wife, forbear
To heap one Sorrow on another's Neck:
'Tis grief enough falſly to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelf.
Do not thou with thy kind reſpective Tears,
Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of Comfort, God hath help in ſtore
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Dear Wife, if they commit me to the *Tower*,
Come up to *London*, to your Siſter's Houſe;
That being near me, you may comfort me.
One ſolace find I ſettled in my Soul,
That I am free from Treaſon's very thought:
Only my Conſcience for the Goſpel's ſake,
Is cauſe of all the Troubles I ſuſtain.

L. Cob. O my dear Lord, what ſhall betide of us?
You to the *Tower*, and I turn'd out of Doors,
Our Subſtance ſeiz'd unto his Highneſs' uſe,
Even to the Garments longing to our Backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worſt will mend,
And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more, for if an Angel ſpake,
I ſwear by ſweet St. *Peter's* bleſſed Keys,
Firſt goes he to the *Tower*, then to the Stake.

Sher. But by your leave, this Warrant doth not ſtretch
To Impriſon her.

Roch. No, turn her out of Doors,
Even as ſhe is, and lead him to the *Tower*,
With Guard enough, for fear of reſcuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee, thou blood-thirſty Man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate ſo far,
That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd?

Roch. No Hate of mine, but Pow'r of Holy Church,
Forbids all Favour to falſe Hereticks.

Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Pow'r,
Strikes moſt at me, but with my Life it ends.

Har. aſide.] O that I had the Biſhop in that fear
That once I had his *Sumner* by our ſelves.

Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all,
That this ſame antient Servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his Maſter in the *Tower*.

Roch. This old Iniquity, this Heretick?
That in contempt of our Church Diſcipline,
Compell'd my *Sumner* to devour his Proceſs?
Old Ruffian paſt Grace, upſtart Schiſmatick,
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fried for't, ye grizled Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Biſhop, ye wrong me, I am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church; I'll ſwear, drink Ale, kiſs a Wench, go to Maſs, eat Fiſh all Lent, and faſt *Fridays* with Cakes and Wine, Fruit and Spicery, ſhrive me of my old Sins afore *Eaſter*, and begin new before *Whitſontide*.

Sher. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord.

Har. That Knave was ſimply put upon the Biſhop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his Maſter in the *Tower*,
For I in Charity wiſh his Soul no hurt.

Cob. God bleſs my Soul from ſuch cold Charity.

Roch.

Roch. To th' *Tower* with him, and when my leiſure ſerves,
I will examine him of Articles;
Look my Lord Warden, as you have in charge,
The Sheriff perform his Office.
War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner *with Books.*

Roch. What bring'ſt thou there? what, Books of Hereſy?
Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a *Latin* Book,
No not ſo much as our Lady's Pſalter:
Here's the Bible, the Teſtament, the Pſalms in metre,
The Sick Man's Salve, the Treaſure of Gladneſs,
All *Engliſh*, no not ſo much but the Almanack's *Engliſh.*
Roch. Away with them, to th' Fire with them, *Clun.*
Now fie upon theſe upſtart Hereticks.
All *Engliſh*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun.*
Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll anſwer it; for I have there *Engliſh* Books, my Lord, that I'll not part withal for your Biſhoprick, *Bevis* of *Hampton*, *Owleglaſs*, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Ellen* of *Rumming*, *Robin Hood*, and other ſuch godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Fleſh I'll make ye drink their Aſhes in St. *Marget's* Ale. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Biſhop of Rocheſter, *with his Men in Livery Coats.*

1 *Ser.* Is it your Honour's pleaſure we ſhall ſtay.
Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you.
Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the *Tower*,
You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,
Where, if I have occaſion to employ you,
I'll ſend ſome Officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have preſent need to uſe you.
2 *Ser.* We will attend your Honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a Quart of Wine at the *Roſe* at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 *Ser.* We muſt hie us then.

3 *Ser.* Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Roch. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who calls there?

Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieu. My Lord of *Rocheſter?* your Honour's welcome.

Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,
For Conference with Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
Upon ſome matter of great Conſequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir *John*.

Har. Who calls there?

Lieu. *Harpool*, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rocheſter*
Comes from the Council to confer with him.
I think you may as ſafe without ſuſpicion
As any Man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you moſt labour'd his Commitment.

Roch. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it, I aſſure you.

Enter Lord Cobham *and* Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave,
I muſt confer here with Sir *John* a little.

Lieu. With all my Heart, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Har. [*aſide.*] My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occaſion while it is offered, on my Life your Lordſhip will eſcape.

Cob. No more I ſay, peace leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it.

Roch. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of the Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of *Rocheſter*, on good advice,
I ſee my Error; but yet underſtand me,
I mean not Error in the Faith I hold,
But Error in ſubmitting to your Pleaſure.
Therefore your Lordſhip without more to do,

Muſt

Muſt be a means to help me to eſcape.

Roch. What means, thou Heretick?
Dar'ſt thou but lift thy Hand againſt my Calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thouſand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper Garment a little; not a word more, peace for waking the Children: There, put on, diſpatch, my Lord, the Window that goes out into the Leads is ſure enough; but for you, I'll bind you ſurely in the inner Room.

Cob. This is well begun, God ſend us happy ſpeed,
Hard ſhift you ſee Men make in time of need.

Enter Servingmen again.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my Lord ſhould ſtay ſo long.

2 *Ser.* He hath ſent to ſeek us, I dare lay my Life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time, ſee where he is coming.

Har. I beſeech you, good my Lord of *Rocheſter*, be favourable to my Lord and Maſter.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and cloſe,
I do not like this Air here in the *Tower*.

Har. His caſe is hard, my Lord; you ſhall ſafely get out of the *Tower*, but I will down upon them: In which time get you away. Hard under *Iſlington* wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with Horſes to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counſel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rocheſter*, I'll bring you to St. *Albans* thro' the Woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain away.

Har. Nay ſince I am paſt the *Tower*'s Liberty,
You part not ſo. [*He draws.*

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

1 *Ser.* Murther, Murther, Murther.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly Rogues. [Cobham *eſcapes.*

Enter Lieutenant *and his Men.*

Lieu. Who is ſo bold to dare to draw a Sword
So near unto the entrance of the *Tower*?

1 *Ser.* This Ruffian, Servant to Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, was like to have ſlain my Lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off, if you love your Puddings.

[*Biſhop of* Rocheſter *calls within.*

Roch. Help, help, help. Mr. Lieutenant help.

Lieu. Who's that within? Some Treaſon in the *Tower*, on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter *bound.*

Lieu. Without your Cloak, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me ſpeed,
For now's the fitteſt time to ſcape away. [*Exit.*

Lieu. Why do you look ſo ghaſtly and affrighted?

Roch. *Oldcaſtle* that Traitor, and his Man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and ſtript me, as your ſee,
And left me lying in this inner Chamber,
And ſo departed, and I——

Lieu. And you! Ne'er ſay that, the Lord *Cobham*'s Man
Did here ſet on you like to murther you.

1 *Ser.* And ſo he did.

Roch. It was upon his Maſter then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might eſcape.

Lieu. Where is this *Harpool*?

2 *Ser.* Here he was even now.

Lieu. Where, can you tell? they are both eſcap'd.
Since it ſo happens that he is eſcap'd,
I glad you are a witneſs of the ſame:
It might have elſe been laid unto my Charge,
That I had been conſenting to the Fact.

Roch. Come,
Search ſhall be made for him with expedition,

The

The Haven's laid that he ſhall not eſcape,
And hue and cry continue thro' *England*,
To find this damned, dangerous Heretick. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cambridge, Scroop, *and* Gray, *as in a Chamber, and ſet down at a Table, conſulting about their Treaſon, King* Harry *and* Suffolk *liſtning at the Door.*

Cam. In mine Opinion, *Scroop* hath well advis'd,
Poiſon will be the only apteſt mean,
And fitteſt for our purpoſe to diſpatch him.
Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wiſe, and therefore, Earl of *Cambridge*,
I judge that way not ſo convenient.
Scroop. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedfellow,
And unſuſpected nightly ſleep with him.
What if I venture in thoſe ſilent hours,
When Sleep hath ſealed up all mortal Eyes,
To murther him in Bed? how like ye that?
Cam. Herein conſiſts no ſafety for your ſelf,
And you diſclos'd, what ſhall become of us?
But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard,
The Wind's ſo fair, and ſet away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entring in the Ship,
It might be done, then were it excellent.
Gray. Why any of theſe, or if you will,
I'll cauſe a preſent ſitting of the Council,
Wherein I will pretend ſome matter of ſuch weighe,
As needs muſt have his Royal Company,
And ſo diſpatch him in his Council Chamber.
Cam. Tuſh, yet I hear not any thing to purpoſe.
I wonder the Lord *Cobham* ſtays ſo long,
His Council in this Caſe would much avail us.
[*The King ſteps in upon them with his Lords.*
Scroop. What, ſhall we riſe thus, and determine nothing?
King. That were a ſhame indeed: No, ſit again,
And you ſhall have my Counſel in this caſe;
If you can find no way to kill the King,

Then you ſhall ſee how I can furniſh ye;
Scroop's way by Poiſon was indifferent,
But yet being Bed-fellow to the King,
And unſuſpected, ſleeping in his Boſom,
In mine Opinion that's the likelier way.
For ſuch falſe Friends are able to do much,
And ſilent Night is Treaſon's fitteſt Friend.
Now, *Cambridge*, in his ſetting hence from *France*,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But ſomewhat doubtful.
Marry, Lord *Gray* came very near the point,
To have the King at Council, and there murder him,
As *Cæſar* was among his deareſt Friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright Honour's ſtains,
For which of all my Kindneſſes to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to the King?
And *France* muſt have the Spoil of *Harry*'s Life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed.
Drag them to Death, which juſtly they deſerve:
And *France* ſhall dearly buy this Villany,
So ſoon as we ſet footing on her Breaſt.
God have the praiſe for our Deliverance,
And next our Thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee.
True perfect Mirror of Nobility. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, come, be merry, Wench.
Farewel *Kent*, we are not for thee.
Be luſty my Laſs, come for *Lancaſhire*,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe Crowns.

Doll. Why, is all the Gold ſpent already, that you had the other Day?

Prieſt. Gone, *Doll*, gone; flown, ſpent, vaniſh'd, the Devil, Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent*, till you had been better provided.

Prieſt. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent*'s too hot, *Doll*, *Kent*'s too hot; the Weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer,

we

we have pluckt him, he has loſt his Feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, moulted, Wench.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again: old Mr. *Harpool* told me he would provide me a Miſtreſs.

Prieſt. Peace, *Doll*, Peace; come mad Wench, I'll make thee an honeſt Woman, we'll into *Lancaſhire* to our Friends, the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Money, and Money we will have I warrant thee; ſtay, who comes here? Some *Iriſh* Villain methinks that hath ſlain a Man, and now he is rifling on him; ſtand cloſe, *Doll*, we'll ſee the end.

Enter the Iriſhman *with his dead Maſter, and rifles him.*

Iriſh. Alas poe Maſter, Sir *Richard Lee*, be St. *Patrick*, is rob and cut thy trote, for de ſhain, and dy Mony, and dy Gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be ſhitten Knave.

Prieſt. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Iriſh. Be St. *Patrick* Meſter, is poor *Iriſhman*, is a leuſter.

Prieſt. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a damn'd Rogue, you have kill'd a Man here, and rifled him of all that he has; 'sblood you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you ſo much as a Hair above your Shoulders, you whoreſon *Iriſh* Dog. [*Robs him.*

Iriſh. We's me, St. *Patrick*, Iſe kill my Maſter for ſhain and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Prieſt. Avant, you Raſcal; go, Sirrah, be walking. Come, *Doll*, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another; come Wench, we'll go to St. *Albans*, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Iriſhman *with the Hoſt of the Houſe.*

Iriſh. Be me tro Maſter is poor *Iriſhman*, is want ludging, is have no Mony, is ſtarve and cold, good Maſter give her ſome Meat, is famiſe and tyre.

Hoſt. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Gueſts; as for Meat, thou ſhalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lie in the Barn, there's fair Straw, and room enough.

Iriſh. Is tank my Maſter hertily.

Hoſt. Ho, *Robin.*

Rob. Who calls?

Hoſt. Shew this poor *Iriſhman* to the Barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horſes? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Manger, and the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a Houſe well lookt to i'faith.

Kate. Mas *Goff Club*, Iſe very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get in to the Fire and warm thee. *John Oſtler?*

Hoſt. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to St. *Albans*, How do's all our Friends in *Lancaſhire?*

Club. Well, God a Mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*, where is he?

Oſtl. Tom's gone from hence, he's at the three Horſe-loaves at *Stony-Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun?*

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a ſlough in *Brickhill-lane*; a plague found it, yonders ſuch abomination Weather as was never ſeen.

Oſtl. Uds hat Thief, have one half Peck of Peaſe and Oats more for that, as I am *John Oſtler*, he has been ever as a good Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well ſaid, old *Jack*, thou art the old Lad ſtill.

Oſtl. Come, Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to Supper.

Enter the Hoſt, Lord Cobham, *and* Harpool.

Hoſt. Sir, you're welcome to this Houſe, to ſuch as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worſt. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies

in

in the one, and you and your Wife muſt lie in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my ſelf I do not greatly paſs,
My Wife is weary, and would be at reſt,
For we have travell'd very far to day.
We muſt be content with ſuch as you have.

Hoſt. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man.

Har. What? haſt thou never an empty Room in thy Houſe for me?

Hoſt. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Iriſhman*, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, altho' he have nothing elſe.

Har. Well, mine Hoſt, I prithee help me to a pair of clean Sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Hoſt. By the Maſs that thou ſhalt, a good pair of hempen Sheets were ne'er lain in: come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, Mayor and Watch.

Mayor. What? have you ſearcht the Town?

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a Houſe unſearcht that uſes to lodge.

Mayor. Surely my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd,
Or ill inform'd of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*;
Or if he came this way, he's paſt the Town,
He could not elſe have eſcap'd you in the Search.

Con. The privy Watch hath been abroad all Night,
And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town
But he is known, only a luſty Prieſt
We found a-Bed with a pretty Wench,
That ſays ſhe is his Wife, yonder at the *Shears*;
But we have charg'd the Hoſt with his forth coming
To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you beſt to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few ſtraggling Houſes beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers uſe to lodge, altho I think ſurely he would ne'er lodge there, but we'll go ſearch, and the rather becauſe there came Notice to the Town the laſt Night of an *Iriſhman*,

that had done a Murther, whom we are to make ſearch for.

Mayor. Come I pray you and be circumſpect.

[*Exeunt.*

Con. Firſt beſet the Houſe, before you begin to ſearch.

Offi. Content, every Man take a ſeveral place.

[*A Noiſe within.*

Keep, keep, ſtrike him down there, down with him.

Enter Conſtable with the Iriſhman *in* Harpool's *Apparel.*

Con. Come you villanous Heretick, tell us where your Maſter is.

Iriſh. Vat Meſter?

Mayor. Vat Meſter? you counterfeit Rebel? This ſhall not ſerve your turn,

Iriſh. Be Sent *Patrick* I ha no Meſter.

Con. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, that lately eſcaped out of the *Tower?*

Iriſh. Vat Lord *Cobham*?

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this ſhall not ſerve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confeſs where that arch Heretick is. Come bind him faſt.

Iriſh. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone, you crafty Raſcal? [*Exeunt.*

Lord Cobham *comes out ſtealing in his Gown.*

Cob. *Harpool*, *Harpool*, I hear a marvellous Noiſe about the Houſe, God warrant us, I fear we are purſu'd; what, *Harpool?*

Har. within.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, doſt thou not hear a Noiſe about the Houſe?

Har. Yes marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my Hoſe; this *Iriſh* Raſcal that lodg'd with me all Night, hath ſtoln my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a louſy Mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be aſleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and ſee if he can ſcape.

Noiſe

Noiſe heard about the Houſe a pretty while, then enter the Conſtable *meeting* Harpool *in the* Iriſhman's *Apparel.*

Con. Stand cloſe, here comes the *Iriſhman* that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the Houſe beſet, would get away; ſtand, Sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bid'ſt me ſtand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to ſearch for an *Iriſhman*, ſuch a Villain as thy ſelf, thou haſt murther'd a Man this laſt Night by the high-way.

Har. 'Sblood, Conſtable art thou mad? am I an *Iriſhman?*

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an *Iriſhman* before we part;
Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him faſt, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham *and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wench's Apparel.*

Cob. What will theſe Oſtlers ſleep all Day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come;
Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O 'tis *Lancaſhire* Carrier, let them paſs.

Cob. What, will no body ope the Gates here?
Come, let's int' Stable to look for our Capons.
[*Exeunt* Cobham *and his Lady.*

Club. Hoſt, why Oſtler? [*The Carrier calling.*
Zwooks here's ſuch abomination Company of Boys:
A Pox of this Pigſty at the Houſe end,
It fills all the Houſe full of Fleas: Oſtler, Oſtler

Oſt. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your Gueſts?
Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?
They ha' ſtol'n our Clothes here? why Oſtler?

Oſtl. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Hoſt. How now? what would the Carrier have?
Look up there. *Oſtl.*

Oſtl. They ſay the Man and the Woman that lay by them, have ſtoln their Clothes.

Hoſt. What are the ſtrange Folks up yet that came in Yeſter Night?

Con. What mine Hoſt, up ſo early?

Hoſt. What Mr. *Mayor*, and Mr. *Conſtable?*

Mayor. We are come to ſeek for ſome ſuſpected Perſons, and ſuch as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier and Kate, *in* Cobham *and Lady's Apparel.*

Cob. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quoth a, ods hat I'll forſwear your Houſe; you lodg'd a Fellow and his Wife by us, that ha' run away with our Parrel, and left us ſuch Gew-Gaws here; come *Kate*, come to me, thowſe dizeard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine Hoſt, know you this Man?

Hoſt. Yes Maſter Mayor, I'll give my word for him, why Neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foul on't, I cannot make this Gewgaw ſtand on my Head.

Con. How come this Man and Woman thus attired?

Hoſt. Here came a Man and Woman hither this laſt Night, which I did take for ſubſtantial People, and lodg'd all in one Chamber by theſe Folks; methinks have been ſo bold to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning ere they roſe.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcaſtle* that thus eſcapt us; make hue and cry after him, keep faſt the Traiterous Rebel his Servant there; farewel mine Hoſt.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Iſe trimly dizard.

Kate. I'faith neam *Club*, Iſe wot ne'er what to do. Iſe be ſo flouted and ſo ſhouted at; and by th' Meſs Iſe cry. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cobham *and his Lady disguis'd.*

Cob. Come, Madam, happily eſcap'd, here let us ſit,
This Place is far remote from any Path,
And here a while our weary Limbs may reſt

To

To take refreſhing, free from the purſuit
Of envious *Rocheſter*.

L. Cob. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find reſt for our diſquiet Minds?
There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly ſtoop
To ſuch abaſement of diſdained Rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by Night,
Eſpecially on Foot.

Cob. No matter, Love, extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, ſay froward time
Impos'd a great Task, I would eſteem it
As lightly as the Wind that blows upon us;
But in thy ſufferance I am doubly taskt;
Thou waſt not wont to have the Earth thy Stool,
Nor the moiſt dewy Graſs thy Pillow, nor
Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.

L. Cob. How can it ſeem a trouble, having you
A Partner with me, in the worſt I feel?
No, gentle Lord, your Preſence would give eaſe
To Death it-ſelf, ſhould he now ſeize upon me.
[*Here's Bread and Cheeſe, and a Bottle.*
Behold what my foreſight hath underta'en
For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,
Yet ſawc'd with Hunger, they may ſeem as ſweet
As greater Dainties we are wont to taſte.

Cob. Praiſe be to him, whoſe plenty ſends both this
And all things elſe our Mortal Bodies need:
Nor ſcorn we this poor feeding, nor the State
We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
Nay under Heav'n, continues at a ſtay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not Darkneſs, when the Day is gone?
And ſee we not ſometimes the Eye of Heav'n
Dim'd with o'er-flying Clouds? There's not that work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
How ſtrong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
In this one Draught I waſh my Sorrow down. [*Drinks.*

L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your chearful Speech,
Will do the like. *Cob.*

Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he ſhould fall into the Biſhop's Hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things elſe, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.

L. Cob. Fear not my Lord, he's witty to deviſe,
And ſtrong to execute a preſent ſhift.

Cob. That Power be ſtill his Guide hath guided us.
My drowſy Eyes wax heavy; early riſing,
Together with the Travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a Nap,
Were I perſwaded we might be ſecure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilſt you do ſleep,
I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.

Cob. I ſhall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that,
My Duty binds me, and your Love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned Voice
To draw on ſleep with ſome ſweet Melody.
But imperfection and unaptneſs too
Are both repugnant; Fear inſerts the one,
The other Nature hath denied me uſe.
But what talk I of means, to purchaſe that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,
Hath ſhut his Eye-lids. O victorious Labour,
How ſoon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Senſe?
And now thou likewiſe climb'ſt unto my Brain,
Making my heavy Temples ſtoop to thee,
Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.

[*Falls aſleep.*

Enter Sir Richard Lee, *and his Men.*

Lee. A Murther cloſely done, and in my Ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obſcure Thicket is the likelieſt place.

Ser. Sir, I found the Body ſtiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'ſt him, turn his Body up:
Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir,

Whom two Years ſince I ſent to *Ireland*,
To practiſe there the Diſcipline of War,
And coming home, for ſo he wrote to me,
Some ſavage Heart, ſome bloody deviliſh Hand,
Either in hate, or thrifting for his Coin,
Hath here ſluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour,
A curſed Place, but moſt unconſtant Fate,
That hadſt reſerv'd him from the Bullets Fire,
And ſuffer'd him to ſcape the Wood-kerns Fury,
Didſt here ordain the Treaſure of his Life,
Even here within the Arms of tender Peace,
To be conſum'd by Treaſon's waſteful hand?
And which is moſt afflicting to my Soul,
That this his Death and Murder ſhould be wrought
Without the Knowledge by whoſe means 'twas done.

2 *Ser.* Not ſo, Sir, I have found the Authors of it,
See where they ſit, and in their bloody Fiſts
The fatal Inſtruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Juſt Judgment of that Power, whoſe gracious Eye,
Loathing the ſight of ſuch a heinous Fact,
Dazling their Senſes with benumming Sleep,
Till their unhallowed Treachery was known.
Awake, ye Monſters, Murtherers, awake,
Tremble for Horror, bluſh you cannot chuſe,
Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O deviliſh! can you boaſt unto your ſelves
Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts
The guilt of Murder waking, that which cries,
Deafs the loud Thunder, and ſollicits Heav'n
With more than Mandrakes Shrieks for you Offence?

L. Cob. What Murder? you upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
The Body of my Son, by you miſdone?
Look on his wounds, look on his Purple hue:
Do we not find you where the Deed was done?
Were not your Knives faſt cloſed in your hands?
Is not this Cloth an Argument beſide,

Thus

Thus ſtain'd and ſpotted with his innocent Blood?
Theſe ſpeaking Characters, were there nothing elſe
To plead againſt ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their Lives ſhall anſwer for my Son's loſt Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, ſo may we ſpeed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, ſo may the Law proceed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter, *Conſtable of St.* Albans, *with Prieſt,* Doll, *and the* Iriſhman *in* Harpool's *Apparel.*

Roch. What intricate Confuſion have we here?
Not two hours ſince we apprehended one
In Habit *Iriſh,* but in Speech not ſo;
And now you bring another, that in Speech is *Iriſh,*
But in Habit *Engliſh:* Yea, and more than ſo,
The Servant of that Heretick Lord *Cobham.*

Iriſh. Fait me be no Servant of de Lort *Cobham,*
Me be *Mack Chane* of *Ulſter.*

Roch. Otherwiſe call'd *Harpool* of *Kent:* go to, Sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Iriſh.*

Prieſt. Truſt me, ſaid Biſhop, whether *Iriſh* or *Engliſh,*
Harpool or not *Harpool,* that I leave to the Trial:
But ſure I am, this Man by Face and Speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir *Richard Lee:*
I met him preſently upon the Fact,
And that he ſlew his Maſter for that Gold,
Thoſe Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.

Roch. Well, our Affairs do call us back to *London,*
So that we cannot proſecute the Cauſe
As we deſire to do, therefore we leave
The Charge with you, to ſee they are convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: Both this Counterfeit,
And you, Sir *John* of *Wrotham,* and your Wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Tho not for Murder, yet for Felony:
But ſince you are the means to bring to light
This graceleſs Murder, ye ſhall bear with you

Our

Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your Friends in what they lawful may.
Prieſt. I thank your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goaler bringing forth Lord Cobham.

Goal. Bring forth the Priſoners, ſee the Court prepar'd,
The Juſtices are coming to the Bench:
So, let him ſtand, away and fetch the reſt. [*Exit.*
Cob. O give me Patience to endure this Scourge,
Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream,
And tho Contempt of Witneſs, and Reproach
Hang on theſe Iron Gyves, to preſs my Life
As low as Earth, yet ſtrengthen me with Faith,
That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in Lady Cobham *and* Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, Sorrow 'tis for her,
Thy Wound is grievous, elſe I ſcoff at thee.
What and poor *Harpool!* art thou i'th'Briars too?
Har. I'faith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone,
And may confer, ſhall we confeſs in brief,
Of whence and what we are, and ſo prevent
The Accuſation is commenc'd againſt us!
Cob. What will that help us? Being known, ſweet Love,
We ſhall for Hereſy be put to Death,
For ſo they term the Religion we profeſs.
No, if we die, let this our Comfort be,
That of the Guilt impos'd our Souls are free.
Har. Ay, ay, my Lord, *Harpool* is ſo reſolv'd,
I wreak of Death, the leſs in that I die
Not by the Sentence of that envious Prieſt.
L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heavens pleaſe.

Enter

Enter Lord Judge, Juſtices, Mayor of St. Albans, *Lord* Powis, *and his Lady, old Sir* Richard Lee: *The Judge and Juſtices take their Places.*

Judge. Now, Maſter Mayor, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you upon the Bench?

Mayor. The Lord *Powis*, if it like your Honour,
And this his Lady, travelling toward *Wales*;
Who, for they lodg'd laſt Night within my Houſe,
And my Lord Biſhop did lay wait for ſuch,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Leſt for their ſakes, ſuſpicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lord,
Will't pleaſe you take your place. Madam, your Lady-ſhip
May here, or where you will, repoſe your ſelf,
Until this buſineſs now in hand be paſt.

L. Pow. I will withdraw into ſome other Room,
So that your Lordſhip and the reſt be pleas'd.

Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon Pris'ners all this while,
And my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend
The noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.

L. Pow. I think no leſs, are they ſuſpected for this Murder?

Pow. What it means
I cannot tell, but we ſhall know anon.
Mean time as you paſs by them, ask the queſtion,
But do it ſecretly you be not ſeen,
And make ſome ſign, that I know your Mind.

[*As ſhe paſſes over the Stage by them.*

L. Pow. My Lord *Cobham*! Madam?

Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But *John* of *Lancaſhire*, and *Joan* his Wife.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleaſure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this; that you conceal our Names;
So, gentle Lady, paſs for being ſpied.

L. Pow.

L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear part of your Grief.
[*Exit.*

Judge. Call the Priſoners to the Bar: Sir *Richard Lee*,
What Evidence can you bring againſt thoſe People,
To prove them guilty of the Murder done?

Lee. This bloody Towel, and theſe naked Knives:
Beſide, we found 'em ſitting by the Place,
Where the dead Body lay within a Buſh.

Judge. What anſwer you why Law ſhould not proceed
According to this Evidence given in,
To tax ye with the Penalty of Death?

Cob. That we are free from Murder's very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was ſlain.

1 *Juſt.* How came this Linnen-cloth ſo bloody then?

L. Cob. My Husband, hot with travelling, my Lord,
His Noſe guſh'd out a bleeding, that was it.

2 *Juſt.* But how came your ſharp-edg'd Knives unſheath'd?

L. Cob. To cut ſuch ſimple Victual as we had.

Judge. Say we admit this Anſwer to thoſe Articles,
What made you in ſo private a dark Nook,
So far remote from any common Path,
As was the Thicket where the dead Corps was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from *London*, from the Term,
Down into *Lancaſhire*, where we do dwell;
And what with Age, and Travel being faint,
We gladly ſought a place where we might reſt,
Free from reſort of other Paſſengers,
And ſo we ſtray'd into that ſecret Corner.

Judge. Theſe are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger Juſtice from her purpos'd end.
But who are theſe?

Enter Conſtable with the Iriſhman, *Prieſt, and* Doll.

Con. Stay Judgment, and releaſe thoſe Innocents,
For here is he whoſe Hand hath done the Deed,

For

For which they ſtand indited at the Bar;
This ſavage Villain, this rude *Iriſh* Slave,
His tongue already hath confeſs'd the Fact,
And here is witneſs to confirm as much.

Prieſt. Yes, my good Lord, no ſooner had he ſlain
His loving Maſter for the Wealth he had,
But I upon the inſtant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the loſs of Blood,
With ſtrokes I preſently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is ſpent, the reſt remaining,
I willingly ſurrender to the Hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his;
Beſide, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*.

[*Delivers them.*

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whoſe thirſty Throat did drink
My dear Son's Blood? Art thou the Snake
He cheriſh'd, yet with envious piercing Sting
Aſſail'dſt him mortally? Were't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy Cruelty,
Traitor to God, thy Maſter, and to me,
Theſe Hands ſhould be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you ſhall have Juſtice.
The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead,
His Body after ſhall be hang'd in Chains,
Near to the Place where he did act the Murder.

Iriſh. Prethee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own Cloths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a Wyth after my Country the *Iriſh* Faſhion. [*Exit.*

Judge. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir *John*,
Altho' by you this Murder came to light,
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the *Iriſhman*, by which
You ſtand attainted here of Felony:
Beſide, you have been leud, and many Years
Led a laſcivious, unbeſeeming Life.

Prieſt. O but, my Lord, Sir *John* repents, and he will mend.

Judge.

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
We are content you ſhall be proved.
Prieſt. I thank your Lordſhip.
Judge. Theſe falſly here accus'd, and brought
In Peril wrongfully, we in like ſort do ſet at liberty.
Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give theſe few Crowns.
Judge. Your kindneſs merits Praiſe, Sir *Richard Lee*,
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all but* Powis *and* Cobham.
Powis. But *Powis* ſtill muſt ſtay,
There yet remains a part of that true Love,
He owes his noble Friend, unſatisfied
And unperform'd, which firſt of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordſhip's ſafe delivery:
And then intreat, that ſince unlook'd for thus
We here are met, your Honour would vouchſafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where tho my Power,
(Tho not to quittance thoſe great Benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my Houſe,
My Purſe, my Servants, and what elſe I have
Are all at your Command. Deny me not,
I know the Biſhop's Hate purſues ye ſo,
As there's no ſafety in abiding here.
Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for it.
Pow. Then let us hence, you ſhall be ſtraight provided
Of luſty Geldings: And once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Biſhop hunt, but ſpight his Face,
He never more ſhall have the Game in Chace. [*Exeunt.*

V. g. p. 265. *Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.*

THE PURITAN: OR, THE WIDOW OF *WATLING-STREET.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR Godfrey, *Brother-in-Law to the Widow* Plus.
Maſter Edmund, *Son to the Widow* Plus.
George Pye-boord, *a Scholar and a Citizen.*
Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *a Suiter to the Lady* Plus.
Sir John Penny-Dub, *a Suiter to* Moll.
Sir Andrew Tipſtaff, *a Suiter to* Frances.
The Sheriff of London.
Captain Idle, *a Highway-man.*
Puttock and Ravenſhaw } *Two of the Sheriff's Serjeants.*
Dogſon, *a Yeoman.*
Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow.*
Nicholas *St.* Antlings, Simon *St.* Mary Overies, Frailty, } *Serving-Men to the Lady* Plus.
Peter Skirmiſh, *an old Soldier.*
A Nobleman.
A Gentleman Citizen.
Officers.

Lady Plus, *a Citizen's Widow.*
Frances, and Moll, } *her two Daughters.*

SCENE *LONDON.*

THE

THE PURITAN: OR, THE WIDOW of *Watling-ſtreet.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances *and* Moll, *Sir* Godfrey *with* Edmund, *all in Mourning. The Widow wringing her Hands, and burſting out into Paſſion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.*

WIDOW.

O H, that ever I was born, that ever I was born!

Sir God. Nay, good Siſter, dear Siſter, ſweet Siſter, be of good Comfort, ſhew your ſelf a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have loſt the deareſt Man, I have buried the ſweeteſt Husband that ever lay by Woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honeſt, virtuous, diſcreet, wiſe Man,——he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I ſhall never forget him, never forget him, he was a Man ſo well given to a Woman —— oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind Siſter, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our Tears cannot call him again: methinks you are well read, Siſter, and know that Death is as common as *Homo*, a common Name to all Men;——a Man ſhall be taken when he's making water.——Nay, did not the learned Parſon, Maſter *Pigman*, tell us e'en now, that all Fleſh is frail, we are born to die, Man has but a time; with ſuch like deep and profound Perſwaſions, as he is a rare Fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are Examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die t'other Day, there's a luſty Widow, why ſhe cry'd not above half an Hour——for ſhame, for ſhame: Then follow'd him old Maſter *Fulſome* the Uſurer, there's a wiſe Widow, why ſhe cry'd a ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with thoſe wicked Women, I had a Husband out-ſhin'd them all.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i'faith, he out-ſhin'd 'em all.

Wid. Doſt thou ſtand there and ſee us all weep, and not once ſhed a Tear for thy Father's Death? oh thou ungracious Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I ſhould not weep I'm ſure; I am paſt a Child I hope, to make all my old School-fellows laugh at me; I ſhould be mockt, ſo I ſhould; pray let one of my Siſters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time.

Wid. O thou paſt-Grace thou, out of my ſight thou graceleſs Imp, thou grieveſt me more than the Death of thy Father: O thou ſtubborn only Son: hadſt thou ſuch an honeſt Man to thy Father— that would deceive all the World to get Riches for thee, and canſt thou not afford a little Salt-Water! He that ſo wiſely did quite overthrow the right Heir of thoſe Lands, which now you reſpect not; up every Morning betwixt four and five, ſo duly at *Weſtminſter-Hall* every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee thou wicked *Abſalon*—

O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I proteſt I am glad he's Churched; for now he's gone, I ſhall ſpend in quiet.

Fran. Dear Mother, pray ceaſe, half your Tears ſuffice,
'Tis time for you to take truce with your Eyes,
Let me weep now.

Wid. O ſuch a dear Knight, ſuch a ſweet Husband have I loſt, have I loſt!—if bleſſed be the Coarſe the Rain rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

Sir God. Siſter, be of good chear, we are all mortal our ſelves, I come upon you freſhly, I ne'er ſpeak without comfort, hear me what I ſhall ſay,—my Brother has left you wealthy, you're rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I ſay you're rich: you are alſo fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair, you cannot ſmother it, Beauty will come to light; nor are your Years ſo far enter'd with you, but that you will be ſought after, and may very well anſwer another Husband; the World is full of fine Gallants, choice enow, Siſter,—— for what ſhould we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, luſty fair-brow'd Ladies. Go to, be of good comfort, I ſay, leave ſnobbing and weeping,——yet my Brother was a kind-hearted Man,—— I would not have the Elf ſee me now,——come, pluck up a Woman's Heart,—— here ſtand your Daughters, who be well Eſtated, and at maturity will alſo be inquir'd after with good Husbands, ſo all theſe Tears ſhall be ſoon dry'd up, and a better World than ever —— what, Woman? you muſt not weep ſtill? he's dead, he's buried—— yet I cannot chuſe but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that ſame part of Quire whereon I tread
To ſuch intent, O, may it be my Grave:
And that the Prieſt may turn his Wedding-Prayers,
Even with a breath, to Funeral duſt and aſhes;
O, out of a Million of Millions, I ſhould ne'er find ſuch

a Husband; he was unmatchable——unmatchable; nothing was so hot, nor too dear for me, I could not speak of that one thing that I had not, beside, I had Keys of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had Money in my Purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all that I would: O—— my sweet Husband; I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister, ne'er say so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you; that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not.
O may I be the by-word of the World,
The common talk at Table, in the Mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of Man. [*Kneels.*

Moll. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never Man as yet hath scal'd,
E'en in this depth of general Sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such loss,
As a dear Husband seems to be, once Dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to say,
Nay, vow, I would not marry for his Death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
I'd as soon vow never to come in Bed.
Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, O let me kiss thee:
[*Drawing out her Husband's Picture.*
How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my Tears: my sorrows are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister——

Wid. Away,
All honesty with him is turn'd to Clay.
O my sweet Husband, O——

Fran. My dear Father! [*Exeunt Wid. and* Fran.

Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the Women that ever buried Husbands; for if from time to time all the Widows Tears in *England*

land had been Bottled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-half-penny Bottle: alas, a ſmall matter bucks a Handkerchief,—and ſometimes the Spittle ſtands too nigh Saint *Thomas a Watring's*. Well, I can mourn in good ſober ſort as well as another; but where I ſpend one Tear for a dead Father, I cou'd give twenty Kiſſes for a quick Husband. [*Exit* Moll.

Sir God. Well, go thy ways old Sir *Godfrey*, and thou may'ſt be proud on't, thou haſt a kind loving Siſter-in-Law. How conſtant? how paſſionate? how full of *April* the poor Soul's Eyes are. Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he ſhould then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him. Truth, and 'twere not for ſhame that the Neighbours at the next Garden ſhould hear me, betwixt Joy and Grief, I ſhould e'en cry outright. [*Exit Sir* Godfrey.

Edm. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in Duſt, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the Worms will cut him up ſhortly: Farewel old Dad, farewel; I'll be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool, an he will be one, but I'll take another order:——Now ſhe would have me weep for him forſooth, and why; becauſe he cozen'd the right Heir, being a Fool, and beſtow'd thoſe Lands on me his eldeſt Son; and therefore I muſt weep for him, ha, ha: why, all the world knows, as long as 'twas his Pleaſure to get me, 'twas his Duty to get for me: I know the Law in that Point, no Attorney can gull me. Well, my Uncle is an old Aſs, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roaſt my ſelf. I'll be kept under no more. I know what I may do well enough by my Father's Copy: the Law's in mine own Hands now: Nay, I know my ſtrength, I'll be ſtrong enough for my Mother I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter George Pye-boord, *and* Peter Skirmiſh.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that were wont to be as hot as a Turn-ſpit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as louſy as a School-maſter; now thou art put to ſilence like a Sectary.—War ſits now like a Juſtice of Peace, and does nothing; where be your Muskets, Calivers and Hot-ſhots? in *Long-lane*, at pawn, at pawn?—Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners—who are your Sentinels in Peace, and ſtand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky coughs; only your Chambers are licenſt to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give Fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am ſure it goes wrong with me, for ſince the Ceſſure of the Wars, I have ſpent above a hundred Crowns out of Purſe: I have been a Soldier any time this forty Years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one Deſtiny; and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty Myſtery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob-nail is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-ſoal.

Skir. I will not ſay but that War is a Blood-ſucker, and ſo; but in my Conſcience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, tho it be full of holes, like a ſhot Ancient, no matter, 'twill ſerve to ſwear by) in my Conſcience, I think ſome kind of Peace has more hidden Oppreſſions, and violent heady Sins, (tho looking of a gentle Nature) than a profeſt War.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the Univerſity, wore out ſix Gowns there, ſeen ſome Fools, and ſome Scholars, ſome of the City, and ſome of the Country, kept Order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good Stomach, and battled with Diſcretion; at laſt, having done many ſlights and tricks to maintain my Wit in uſe

uſe (as my Brain would never endure me to be Idle) I was expell'd the Univerſity, only for ſtealing a Cheeſe out of *Jeſus* College.

Skir. Is't poſſible?

Pye. O! there was one *Welſhman* (God forgive him) purſued it hard, and never left, till I turn'd my Staff toward *London*, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hol'd, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my Wits, to ſhift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldeſt Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever ſince has my Belly been much beholden to my Brain. But now to return to you, old *Skirmiſh*, I ſay as you ſay, and for my part wiſh a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my Wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to ſtrengthen your Argument the more, I ſay an honeſt War is better than a bawdy Peace. As touching my Profeſſion; the multiplicity of Scholars, hatcht and nouriſht in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fiſhes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has ſo plaid upon Affections, that thereby almoſt Religion is come about to Phantaſy, and diſcredited by being too much ſpoken of——in ſo many and mean Mouths. I my ſelf being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my Learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my ſelf a Beggar both in Greek and Latin, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to ſay, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nouriſher: a great Getter of Children, which muſt either be Thieves or rich Men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a Penny in his Purſe.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmiſh*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Deſcenſus Averni*, 'tis an eaſy Journey to a Knave, thou may'ſt be a Knave when thou wilt; and

Peace is a good Madam to all other Profeſſions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our Wits thrive in deſpight of her; for the Law lives by Quarrels, the Courtier by ſmooth Good-morrows, and every Profeſſion makes it ſelf greater by Imperfections, why not we then by Shifts, Wiles, and Forgeries? And ſeeing our Brains are the only Patrimonies, let's ſpend with Judgment, not like a deſperate Son and Heir, but like a ſober and diſcreet Templer—one that will never march beyond the Bounds of his Allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my ſelf will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skir. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caſter, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll inſtruct you, and teach you to deceive all Eyes but the Devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, and I could chuſe, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and ſo by theſe means we ſhall help one another to Patients, as the Condition of the Age affords Creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and freſh Aſſes.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye. My Memory greets me happily with an admirable Subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I ſaw weeping in her Garden, for the Death of her Husband, ſure ſhe's but a watriſh Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: Device well manag'd may do good upon her: it ſtands firm, my firſt practice ſhall be there.

Skir. You have my Voice, *George.*

Pye. Sh'as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngeſt Daughter;—I over-heard 'em ſeverally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old *Peter Skirmiſh*, ſhalt be my ſecond in all ſlights.

Skir.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, *George Pye-Board*,—— only you muſt teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle *pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers paſſeth over the Stage.*

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter*: How now! what's he?

Skir. O *George!* this ſight kills me, 'Tis my ſworn Brother, Captain *Idle.*

Pye. Captain *Idle.*

Skir. Apprehended for ſome felonious Act or other, he has ſtarted out, has made a Night on't, lackt Silver; I cannot but commend his Reſolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either ſome of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Uſurers Doors, to kill the Slaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed, thoſe are our antient Enemies; they keep our Money in their Hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em; but come lets follow after to the Priſon, and know the nature of his Offence, and what we can ſtead him in, he ſhall be ſure of; and I'll uphold it ſtill, that a charitable Knave is better than a ſoothing Puritan. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one Door Corporal Oath, *and at the other three of the Widow* Puritan's *Serving-Men*, Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary Overies, *and* Frailty, *in black ſcurvey Mourning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.*

Nich. What, Corporal *Oath?* I am ſorry we have met with you next our Hearts; you are the Man that we are forbidden to keep company withal, we muſt not ſwear I can tell you, and you have the Name for Swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do ſo much as forſake us, we cannot abide you, we muſt not be ſeen in your Company.

Frail.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but ſhall be ſoundly whipt for Swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-ſhoes, Fleſh a *Good-Fridays*; a Hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas St. Antlings*, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, has the De'il poſſeſt you, that you ſwear no better, you Half-Chriſten'd *Katomites*, you Un-godmother'd Varlets, does the firſt Leſſon teach you to be Proud, and the ſecond to be Coxcombs? proud Coxcombs, not once to do Duty to a Man of Mark.

Frail. A Man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can ſhew a Beggar's Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we know the Breath of Man is weak.

[Corporal *breathes on* Frailty.

Frail. Foh, you lie, *Nicholas*; for here's one ſtrong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-ſcore off on him: I warrant, if the Wind ſtood right, a Man might ſmell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow Book of Wax-candle.

Nich. Ay, you may ſay what you will, ſo you ſwear not.

Corp. I ſwear by the——

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; but if you ſwear once, we ſhall fall down in a Swoon preſently.

Corp. I muſt and will ſwear: you quivering Coxcombs, my Captain is impriſon'd, and by *Vulcan*'s Leather Codpiece point——

Nich. O *Simon*, what an Oath was there?

Frail. If he ſhould chance to break it, the poor Man's Breeches would fall down about his Heels, for *Venus* allows but one Point to his Hoſe.

Corp. With theſe, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Priſon Doors, and brain the Keeper with the Begging-Box, but I'll ſet my honeſt ſweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain *Idle*? my old Aunt's Son, my dear Kinſman in *Cappadochio*.

Corp. Ay, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious out-ſide thou; if thou hadſt any grace in thee, thou wouldſt viſit him, relieve him, ſwear to get him out.

Nich. Aſſure you, Corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the firſt time I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, *Marmaſet*; bring forth thy yearly Wages, let not a Commander periſh.

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he ſhall periſh.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to viſit my Kinſman, if I can do him any good, I will—but I have nothing for him: *Simon St. Mary Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lie for me to the Knight, my Maſter, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Corp. A Lie? may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we muſt not ſwear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our Neighbour's Wife, but we muſt not ſwear we did ſo.

Corp. O an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, *Simon*, I have thought upon a ſound Excuſe, it will go currant; ſay that I am gone to a Faſt.

Sim. To a Faſt? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a Faſt, ſay, with Maſter *Full-belly* the Miniſter.

Sim. Maſter *Full-belly*? an honeſt Man: He feeds the Flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[*Exeunt Corporal and* Nicholas.

Frail. O I, I have ſeen him eat a whole Pig, and afterward fall to the Pettitoes. [*Exeunt* Simon *and* Frailty.

The Marſhalſea Priſon. Enter Captain Idle *at one Door, and an old Soldier at the other.*

Pye. Pray turn the Key. [*Speaking within.*

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who ſhould thoſe be? I almoſt know their Voices: O my Friends! [*Entring.*

You're welcome to a ſmelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a ſtrange Savour?

Pye.

Pye. As all Priſons have ſmells of ſundry Wretches; Who tho departed, leave their Scents behind 'em. By Gold, Captain, I am ſincerely ſorry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, piſh ——what muſt be, muſt be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your Offence?

Capt. Faith my Offence is ordinary——common, a Highway, and I fear me my Penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, Propheſy not ſo ill, it ſhall go hard, But I'll ſhift for thy Life.

Capt. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honeſt *George*. I'll tell you—Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers, I had a ſtart out, and by chance ſet upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purſe had been as purſy as his Body; and the Slave had about him but the poor purchaſe of ten Groats: Notwithſtanding being deſcried, purſued, and taken, I know the Law is ſo grim, in reſpect of many deſperate, unſettled Soldiers, that I fear me I ſhall dance after their Pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice ſorry for you, Captain; firſt, that your Purchaſe was ſo ſmall, and now that your Danger is ſo great.

Capt. Puſh, the worſt is but Death——ha' you a Pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

[*Captain blows a Pipe.*

Capt. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I muſt caſt about ſome happy ſlight: Work, Brain, that ever didſt thy Maſter right.

[*Corporal and* Nicholas *within.*

Corp. Keeper, let the Key be turn'd.

Nich. Ay, ay, pray, Maſter Keeper, give's a caſt of your Office.

Capt. How now? more Viſitants?—what, Corporal *Oath?*

Pye. Skir. Corporal.

Corp.

Corp. In Priſon, honeſt Captain? this muſt not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinſman?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure——— ſtarch'd Fool here?

Nich. You ſee, Kinſman, I am ſomewhat bold to call in, and ſee how you do: I heard you were ſafe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worſe.

Capt. This is a double torture now, —— this Fool by th'Book doth vex me more than my Impriſonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Corp. Who, he? he ſhall relieve thee, and ſupply thee, I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain Breath you ſpend:
He ſupply? I'll ſooner expect Mercy from an Uſurer when my Bond's forfeited, ſooner Kindneſs from a Lawyer when my Money's ſpent; nay, ſooner Charity from the Devil, than Good from a Puritan. I'll look for Relief from him when *Lucifer* is reſtor'd to his Blood, and in Heav'n again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinſman's talking of me, for my left Ear burns moſt tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Pſhaw; a fooliſh Couſin of mine. I muſt thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better Subject to work a ſcape upon; thou ſhalt e'en change Clothes with him, and leave him here, and ſo——

Capt. Puſh, I publiſh'd him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd ere he do me ſo much good why, I know a more proper, a more handſome Device than that, if the Slave would be ſociable, —— now Goodman *Fleerface*?

Nich. O, my Couſin begins to ſpeak to me now, I ſhall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his Wrinkles.

Pye. Then what ſay you to this Device, a happy one Captain?

Capt.

Cap. Speak low, *George*; Priſon Rats have wider Ears than thoſe in Malt-lofts.

Nich. Couſin, if it lay in my power, as they ſay, — to——do——

Capt. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleaſure indeed, that ne'er talk furder on't, the Fool will be hang'd ere he do.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopſter, and break it to him bluntly.

Capt. And ſo my Diſgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the Slave ſlaver out our Purpoſe to his Maſter; for would I were but as ſure on't, as I am ſure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, Couſin, if any of my Friendſhips, as they ſay, might——ſtand, ha——

Pye. Why, you ſee he offers his Friendſhip fooliſhly to you already.

Capt. Ay, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it wiſely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Couſin——

Capt. I have took note of thy Fleers a good while, if thou art minded to do me good, as thou gap'ſt upon me comfortably, and giv'ſt me charitable Faces; which indeed is but a Faſhion in you all that are Puritans, wilt ſoon at Night ſteal me thy Maſter's Chain?

Nich. Oh, I ſhall ſowne!

Pye. Corporal, he ſtarts already!

Capt. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my Life at a Broker's; at ſecond hand, which now lies in pawn to the Law; if this thou refuſe to do, being eaſy and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Maſter, why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'ſt my Life at no Price, and theſe thy broken and unjointed Offers are but only created in thy Lip, now born, and now buried, fooliſh Breath only: what, wouſt do't? ſhall I look for Happineſs in thy Anſwer?

Nich. Steal my Maſter's Chain, quoth he? no, it ſhall ne'er

ne'er be ſaid, that *Nicholas St. Antlings* committed Bird-lime!

Capt. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? tho he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true Man.

Nich. Why Couſin, you know 'tis written, Thou ſhalt not ſteal.

Capt. Why, and Fool, thou ſhalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in Extremities.

Nich. Maſs, I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Couſin?

Capt. Why in the firſt of Charity, the ſecond Verſe.

Nich. The firſt of Charity, quoth a, that's a good Jeſt, there's no ſuch Chapter in my Book!

Capt. No, I know 'twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes it ſo little in thy Heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a Kinſman i'faith; the Captain loving you ſo dearly, ay, like the Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be ſo uncomfortable, fy, fy.

Nich. Pray do not wiſh me to be hang'd, any thing elſe that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I muſt not ſteal; that's the word, the literal, Thou ſhalt not ſteal; and would you wiſh me to ſteal then?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to ſpeak truth; why wilt thou nim it from him?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that or he ſhall ha' none; let me alone with him now. Captain, I ha' dealt with your Kinſman in a Corner; a good ——— kind-natur'd Fellow, methinks: Go to, you ſhall not have all your own asking, you ſhall bate ſomewhat on't; he is not contented abſolutely, as you would ſay, to ſteal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleaſure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, Couſin.

Capt. Well, ſeeing he will do no more, as far as I ſee, I muſt be contented with that.

Corp. Here's no notable Gullery?

Pye.

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentlemen, becauſe we'll have only but a Help and a Mirth on't, the Knight ſhall not loſe his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way ſome one or two days.

Nich. Ah, that would be good indeed, Kinſman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better, by the miſſing on't only, than if we had it outright; as my Diſcourſe ſhall make it known to you: —— when thou haſt the Chain, do but convey it out at a Back-door into the Garden, and there hang it cloſe in the Roſemary Bank, but for a ſmall Seaſon; and by that harmleſs Device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of Priſon, the Knight thy Maſter ſhall get his Pardon, and releaſe him, and he ſatisfy thy Maſter with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la;
Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very neceſſary thou ſhould'ſt know, becauſe thou muſt be employ'd as an Actor.

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Player; and our Parſon rails againſt Players mightily, I can tell you, becauſe they brought him drunk upo'th'Stage once, —— as he will be horribly drunk.

Corp. Maſs, I cannot blame him then,
Poor Church Spout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me Audience then; when the old Knight thy Maſter has rag'd his fill for the loſs of the Chain, tell him thou haſt a Kinſman in Priſon, of ſuch exquiſite Art, that the Devil himſelf is *French* Lackey to him, and runs bare headed by his Horſe——Belly, when he has one; whom he will cauſe, with moſt *Iriſh* Dexterity, to fetch his Chain, tho 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne'er make Spade or Pick-Axe his Inſtruments; tell him but this, with farther Inſtructions thou ſhalt receive from me, and thou ſheweſt thy ſelf a Kinſman indeed.

Corp. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honeſt——Book-keeper.

Capt.

Capt. And my three times thrice honey Couſin.

Nich. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't ſuddenly, and hang it in the Roſemary Bank, but I bear that Mind, Couſin, I would not ſteal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good Mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well ſaid,
He begins to be an honeſt Fellow, faith.

Corp. In truth he does.

Nich. You ſee, Couſin, I am willing to do you any kindneſs, always ſaving my ſelf harmleſs.

[*Exit* Nicholas.

Capt. Why I thank thee, fare-thee-well, I ſhall requite it.

Corp. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou haſt ſuch an egregious Aſs to thy Couſin.

Capt. Ay, is not that a fine Fool, Corporal?
But, *George*, thou talk'ſt of Art and Conjuring,
How ſhall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care,
Leave that to me and my Directions;
Well, Captain, doubt not thy Delivery now,
E'en with the vantage, Man, to gain by Priſon,
As my Thoughts prompt me: Hold on Brain and Plot,
I aim at many cunning far Events,
All which I doubt not to hit at length;
I'll to the Widow with a quaint Aſſault:
Captain, be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more ſlights, and one will knit ſtrong in another——Corporal *Oath*.

Corp. Ho! Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmiſh*, I have a neceſſary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon, *George Pye-board*.

Corp. What e'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a Quarrel before the Lady *Widow*'s Door, and draw your Swords i'th'edge of the Evening: Claſh a little, claſh, claſh.

Corp. Fuh!

Let

Let us alone to make our Blades ring Noon,
Tho it be after Supper.

Pye. I know you can;
And out of that falſe Fire, I doubt not but to raiſe ſtrange belief——and, Captain, to countenance my Device the better, and grace my Words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Suit, that I had of a young Reveller t'other Night, for words paſs not regarded now-adays, unleſs they come from a good Suit of Clothes, which the Fates and my Wits had beſtowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be ſeen within twelve ſcore of a Priſon, for I proteſt at this inſtant, I walk in great danger of ſmall Debts. I owe Money to ſeveral Hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch Jilts will quickly be upon a Man's Jack.

Capt. True, *George.*

Pye. Fare-thee-well, Captain. Come Corporal and Ancient, thou ſhalt hear more News next time we greet thee.

Corp. More News? Ay by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in Heav'n ſhalt thou. [*Exeunt.*

Capt. Enough; my Friends, farewel,
This Priſon ſhews as if Ghoſts did part in Hell.

ACT II.

Enter Moll, *youngeſt Daughter to the Widow, alone.*

Moll. NOT marry? foreſwear Marriage? why all Women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a Man; and I, to ſpight my Siſter's vow the more, have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine gallant Knight of the laſt Feather, he ſays he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me Money to Dice withal,

withal, and many ſuch pleaſing Proteſtations he ſticks upon my Lips: Indeed his ſhort-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a moſt abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time; troth I'll venture upon him; Women are not without ways enough to help themſelves: If he prove wiſe and good as his word, why I ſhall love him, and uſe him kindly; and if he prove an Aſs, why in a quarter of an Hour's warning I can transform him into an Ox; —— there comes in my Relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Miſtreſs *Moll*, Miſtreſs *Moll*.
Moll. How now? what's the News?
Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir *John Penny-Dub*.
Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub?* where? where?
Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.
Moll. Has my Mother ſeen him yet?
Frail. O no, ſhe's——ſpitting in the Kitchin.
Moll. Direct him hither ſoftly, good *Frailty*, I'll meet him half way.
Frail. That's juſt like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis Happineſs my Mother ſaw him not. O welcome, good Sir *John*.
Dub. I thank you faith——Nay you muſt ſtand me till I kiſs you: 'Tis the Faſhion every where i'faith, and I came from Court e'now.
Moll. Nay, the Fates forefend that I ſhou'd anger the Faſhion.
Dub. Then not forgetting the ſweet of new Ceremonies, I firſt fall back, then recovering my ſelf, make my Honour to your Lips thus; and then accoſt it.
Moll. Truſt me, very pretty and moving, you're worthy on't, Sir.
O my Mother, my Mother, now ſhe's here.

Kiſſing.

Kiſſing. Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

We'll ſteal into the Gallery.

Sir God. Nay, Siſter, let Reaſon rule you, do not play the Fool, ſtand not in your own Light, you have wealthy Offers, large Tendrings, do not withſtand your good Fortune: who comes a wooing to you I pray? no ſmall Fool, a rich Knight o'th'City, Sir *Oliver Muckhill*, no ſmall Fool, I can tell you; and furthermore, as I heard late by your Maid-ſervants, as your Maid-ſervants will ſay to me any thing, I thank 'em, both your Daughters are not without Suiters, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tipſtaff*, Suiter afar off to your eldeſt Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmer's Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him Sir *John Penny-Dub*, a good Name marry, he may have it coin'd when he lacks Money; what Bleſſings are theſe, Siſter?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not ſo old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my Senſes, Brother, when you name
A Suiter to me — oh I cannot abide it,
I take in Poiſon when I hear one nam'd.

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my Son *Edmund*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exereiſe, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I ſhall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmund*, I might well compare this with the Propheſy in the Chronicle, tho far inferior, as *Harry* of *Monmouth* won all, and *Harry* of *Windſor* loſt all; ſo *Edmund* of *Briſtow*, that was the Father, got all, and *Edmund* of *London*, that's his Son now, will ſpend all.

Sir

Sir God. Peace, Siſter, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, tho it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forſooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at Door would very gladly ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,
Let them come near, they bring home things of his,
Troth I ſhould ha' forgot em. How now?
Villain, which be thoſe Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipſtaff, *Sir* Oliver Muckhill, *and* Penny-Dub.

Frail. Why, do not you ſee 'em before you? are not theſe Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out, ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honourable Love.

Tipſt. Dub. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipſt. Dub. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the Tears are ſcarce out of mine Eyes, not yet waſh'd off from my Cheeks, and my dear Husband's Body ſcarce ſo cold as the Coffin, what reaſon have you to offer it? I am not like ſome of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be ſure to another ere Morning; pray away, pray take your Anſwers, good Knights, and you be ſweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry——— and ſo have my Daughters too!

Dub. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good Wench!

Muck.

Muck. Lady, a ſhrewd Anſwer marry; the beſt is 'tis but the firſt, and he's a blunt Wooer, that will leave for one ſharp Anſwer.

Tipſt. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll give us better Encouragement?

Wid. Indeed they'll anſwer you ſo, take't a my word, they'll give you the very ſame Anſwer *Verbatim*, truly la.

Dub. Mum: *Moll*'s a good Wench ſtill, I know what ſhe'll do.

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never; and I live theſe thouſand Years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all vain, vain, ——— look you put off all your Suits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put off all their Suits, quotha? ay, that's the beſt wooing of a Widow indeed, when a Man's non-ſuted, that is, when he's a-bed with her.

[*Going out* Muckhil *and Sir* Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. [*Exit* Muckhil.

Sir God. Fear not, Sir *Oliver Muckhil*, I'll ſtick cloſe for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-boord *the Scholar.*

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow.

Wid. What another Suiter now?

Pye. A Suiter, no; I proteſt, Lady, if you'd give me your ſelf, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you ſo, Sir, then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, Heav'n bleſs me from a Widow, unleſs I were ſure to bury her ſpeedily!

Wid. Good bluntneſs; well, your Buſineſs, Sir?

Pye. Very needful, if we were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

Frail. I ſhould laugh now, if this blunt Fellow ſhould put

put 'em all beſide the Surrop, and vault into the Saddle himſelf, I have ſeen as mad a Trick. [*Exit* Frailty.

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir? —— here's none but we —— Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em ſtay, for what I have to ſpeak importeth equally to them as you.

Wid. Then you may ſtay.

Pye. I pray beſtow on me a ſerious Ear,
For what I ſpeak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear!

Pye. Ay, if 't paſs unregarded, and uneffected,
Elſe Peace and Joy; ——I pray Attention.
Widow, I have been a meer Stranger for theſe Parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain ſpiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deſerves to be ſpit upon; I wonder that a Man of ſober Tongue, as you ſeem to be, ſhould have the Folly to believe there's ſuch a place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold Blood I ſpeak it, I aſſure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Husband to reſide, and wherein he is like to remain, till the Diſſolution of the World, till the laſt general Bonfire; when all the Earth ſhall melt into nothing, and the Seas ſcald their finny Labourers; ſo long is his abidance, unleſs you alter the property of your Purpoſe, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpoſe of ſingle Life in your ſelf and your eldeſt Daughter, and the ſpeedy determination of Marriage in your youngeſt.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has ſome Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he ſhould know our Thoughts: —— Why, but Daughter, have you purpos'd ſpeedy Marriage?

Pye. You ſee ſhe tells you ay, ſhe ſays nothing. Nay, give me credit as you pleaſe, I am a Stranger to you, and yet you ſee I know your Determinations,

which muſt come to me metaphyſically, and by a ſupernatural Intelligence.

Wid. This puts Amazement on me.

Fran. Know our Secrets?

Mall. I'd thought to ſteal a Marriage, would his Tongue
Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honeſt a dealing Man, to be now in any Purgatories ——

Pye. O do not load your Conſcience with untruths,
'Tis but meer folly now to gild 'em o'er;
That has paſt but for Copper; Praiſes here,
Cannot unbend him there: confeſs but truth,
I know he got his Wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is the moſt ſtrange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat Fools and ignorant Heirs clean up;
And had his Drink from many a poor Man's Brow,
Even as their Labour brew'd it.
He would ſcrape Riches to him moſt unjuſtly;
The very Dirt between his Nails was ill got,
And not his own,——oh
I groan to ſpeak on't, the Thought makes me ſhudder! ——
Shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't——Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a Stranger ſhould ſo deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A Man that would keep Church ſo duly; riſe early before his Servants, and e'en for religious haſte, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay Sir Reverence untruſt, to Morning Prayer!

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon High-days, and when I had great Gueſts, would e'en ſhame me, and riſe from the Table, to get a good Seat at an Afternoon Sermon!

Pye. There's the Devil, there's the Devil; true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a Man, ſo't'ad been

been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, ſo't'ad been near enough to the Preacher. Oh——a Sermon's a fine ſhort Cloak of an Hour long, and will hide the upper part of a Diſſembler.——Church, ay, he ſeem'd all Church, and his Conſcience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, Widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your Buſineſs with me?

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't,
You may believe my ſtrains, I ſtrike all true.
And if your Conſcience would leap up to your Tongue, your ſelf would affirm it, and that you ſhall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is preſent, a Brother of your Husband's ſhall ſhortly have a loſs.

Wid. A loſs? marry Heaven forefend, Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented;——for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this Day ſome Bloodſhed before your Door, whereof the human Creature dies, of you two the eldeſt ſhall run mad.

Wid. and *Fran.* Oh!

Moll. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with moſt impudent Proſtitution, ſhow your naked Bodies to the View of all Beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for ſhame.

Pye. Attend me,
And your younger Daughter be ſtrucken dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the worſt pain of all for a Woman, I'd rather be mad; or run naked, or any thing: Dumb?

Pye. Give ear: Ere the Evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my Speech ſhall have paſt Probation, and then ſhall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all ſham'd, all undone.

Moll. Dumb? I'll ſpeak as much as I can poſſible before Evening.

Pye. But if it ſo come to paſs (as for your fair ſakes I wiſh it may) that this Preſage of your ſtrange Fortunes be prevented by that Accident of Death and Blood-ſhedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your Lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, ſeek out Husbands with all preſent ſpeed, and you the third, that have ſuch a deſire to out-ſtrip Chaſtity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purgatory*, and the puniſhments that ſhall follow you in this World, would with horror kill the Ear ſhould hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And ſo did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be ſuch an Aſs, but to marry. What a croſs Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, tho I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are reveal'd to me: I would they were to your Tempers, and Fellows with your Bloods; that's all the bitterneſs I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a juſt Vengeance, for my Husband's hard Purchaſes.

Pye. I wiſh you to bethink your ſelves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother, and acquaint him with theſe fearful preſages.

Fran. For, Mother, they portend loſſes to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do;
If any happy iſſue crown thy Words,
I will reward thy cunning. [*Exit* Wid. *and* Fran.

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady, I wiſh no higher.

Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worſe,
Neither to ſpeak, nor kiſs, a double curſe. [*Exit.*

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happineſs, being in my Hoſteſſes Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine Ear to a hole in the Wall, and

heard 'em make theſe Vows, and ſpeak thoſe Words, upon which I wrought theſe Advantages; and to encourage my Forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural ſimplicity which will eaſily ſwallow an abuſe, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former Preſage to the Widow, I have advis'd old *Peter Skirmiſh* the Soldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll ruſh amongſt 'em, and inſtead of giving the Corporal ſome Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his Mouth a Potion of a ſleepy Nature, and make him ſeem as dead; for which the old Soldier being apprehended, and ready to be borne to Execution, I'll ſtep in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead Man, upon Pain of dying the Condemned's Death; the Corporal will awake at his Minute, when the ſleepy Force hath wrought it ſelf, and ſo ſhall I get my ſelf into a moſt admir'd Opinion, and under the pretext of that Cunning, beguile as I ſee occaſion: and if that fooliſh *Nicholas St. Antlings* keep true time with the Chain, my Plot will be ſound, the Captain deliver'd, and my Wits applauded amongſt Scholars and Soldiers for ever.

[*Exit* Pyeboord.

Enter Nicholas St. Antlings, *with the Chain.*

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Maſter put it off e'en now, to 'ſay on a new Doublet, and I ſneak'd it away by little and little, moſt puritanically! we ſhall have good ſport anon when he has miſs'd it, about my Couſin the Conjurer; the World ſhall ſee I'm an honeſt Man of my Word, for now I'm going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Roſemary Branches. [*Exit* Nich.

ACT III.

Enter Simon St. Mary Overies, *and* Frailty.

Frail. SIrrah, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, my Miſtreſs ſends away all her Suiters, and puts Fleas in their Ears.

Sim. Frailty, ſhe does like an honeſt, chaſte, and virtuous Woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, whatſoe'er comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy Fleſh deſires a Conjunction Copulative; what Strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but Maſter *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praiſing of a Doublet: and I muſt trudge anon to fetch Maſter *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Maſter *Suds* a good Man, he waſhes the Sins of the Beard clean.

Enter old Skirmiſh *the Soldier.*

Skir. How now, Creatures? what's a Clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be *Jack* at the Clock-Houſe?

Skir. I ſay again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conſcience, all worldly Clocks we know go falſe, and are ſet by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conſcience? — O, I muſt break off, here comes the Corporal — hum, hum: — What's a Clock?

Enter

Enter Corporal.

Corp. A Clock? why paſt ſeventeen.

Frail. Paſt ſeventeen? nay, h'as met with his Match now, Corporal *Oath* will fit him.

Skir. Thou doſt not bawk nor baffle me, doſt thou? I am a Soldier——paſt ſeventeen?

Corp. Ay, thou art not angry with the Figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12 and 1 is thirteen, I hope 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 ſixteen, and 5 ſeventeen, then paſt ſeventeen, I will take the Dial's part in a juſt Cauſe.

Skir. I ſay 'tis but paſt five then.

Corp. I'll ſwear 'tis paſt ſeventeen then: doſt thou not know Numbers? canſt thou not caſt?

Skir. Caſt? doſt thou ſpeak of my caſting i'th'ſtreet? [*Draw.*

Corp. Ay, and in the Market-place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs. [Simon *runs in.*

Frail. Ay, I knew by their ſhuffling Clubs would be Trump: Maſs here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Enter Pye-boord.

Corp. O Villain, thou haſt open'd a Vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for ſhame, for ſhame, put up, put up.

Corp. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh, peace now —— I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.

Offi. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay Hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay Hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be ſeen among 'em now.

Corp. I'm hurt, and had more need have Surgeons
Lay Hands upon me, than rough Officers.

Offi. Go carry him to be dreſs'd then :
This mutinous Soldier ſhall along with me to Priſon.

Skir. To Priſon ? where's *George* ?

Offi. Away with him. [*Exeunt with* Skir.

Pye. So,
All lights as I would wiſh ; the amaz'd Widow
Will plant me ſtrongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words :
For the Event turns theſe Preſages from 'em,
Of being mad and dumb, and begets Joy
Mingled with Admiration : theſe empty Creatures,
Soldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd
As inſtruments for me to work upon.
Now to my Patient, here's his Potion.
[*Exit* Pye-board.

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous Happineſs, beyond our Thoughts!
O lucky fair Event! I think our Fortunes
Were bleſt e'en in our Cradles : we are quitted
Of all thoſe ſhameful violent Preſages
By this raſh bleeding chance : go, *Frailty*, run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the Superior, but if he had no Money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. [*Exit* Frailty.

Fran. Sure that Man is a rare Fortune-teller, never look'd upon our Hands, nor upon any Mark about us, a wondrous Fellow ſurely.

Moll. I am glad I have the uſe of my Tongue yet, tho of nothing elſe. I ſhall find the way to marry too, I hope, ſhortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*, I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman ſpoke in all things

Enter

Enter Sir Godfrey *in a rage.*

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have loſt my Chain, where be theſe Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, he'as loſt his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me ſpeak, you know I told you that a Cunning-man told me, that you ſhould have a Loſs, and he has propheſy'd ſo true.

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to propheſy of the loſs of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, beſides 'twas my Father's, my Father's Father's, my Grandfather's huge Grandfather's: I had as lief ha loſt my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it. O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be againſt a Misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly Siſter, would you had me loſt more? my beſt Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my Holiday Gaſcoins, and my Jerkin ſet with Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read———

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: What Strangers have been here? you let in Strangers, Thieves, and Catch-poles: how comes it gone; there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not ——ſteal I hope?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah? the News?

Frail. O, Miſtreſs, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capon's.

Wid. More happineſs.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, Knave?

Frail. Your Chain, Sir?

Sir God. My Chain is loſt, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alas, Sir, I ſaw none of your Chain ſince you were hung with it your ſelf.

Sir God. Out Varlet; it had full three thouſand Links, I have oft told it over at my Prayers,
Over and over, full three thouſand Links.

Frail. Had it ſo, Sir? ſure it cannot be loſt then; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why if your Chain had ſo many Links, it cannot chuſe but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Deluſion. Now, long *Nicholas*, where is my Chain?

Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir?

Sir God. About my Neck, Varlet? my Chain is loſt, 'Tis ſtoll'n away, I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, ſhow your ſelf a Man.

Nich. If it be loſt or ſtole, if he would be patient, Miſtreſs, I could bring him to a cunning Kinſman of mine that would fetch it again with a Seſarara.

Sir God. Canſt thou? I will be patient, ſay, where dwells he?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell, an he could chuſe, in the *Marſhalſea*, Sir; but he's an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the World o'er, he, and been in the ſeven and twenty Provinces: why, he would make it be fetch'd, Sir, if it were rid a thouſand Miles out of Town.

Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats t'other Night, as any Man would ha'done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Beſides a bountiful Reward; I'll about it:
But fee the Clerks, the Juſtice will do much;
I will about it ſtrait, good Siſter pardon me,

All

All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The Name of Conjurer has laid my Blood. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puttock *and* Ravenſhaw, *two Serjeants, with Yeoman* Dogſon, *to arreſt* George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hoſteſs where he lies will truſt him no longer, ſhe hath fee'd me to arreſt him; if you will accompany me, becauſe I know not of what Nature the Scholar is, whether deſperate or ſwift, you ſhall ſhare with me, Serjeant *Ravenſhaw*, I have the good Angel to arreſt him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant; not for the ſake of the Money ſo much, as for the hate I bear to a Scholar. Why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate Scholars: natural, beſides, they will publiſh our Imperfections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. Ay, and ſpightfully too; troth I have wondred how the Slaves could ſee into our Breaſts ſo much, when our Doublets are button'd with Pewter.

Rav. Ay, and ſo cloſe without yielding: Oh, they're parlous Fellows, they will ſearch more with their Wits than a Conſtable with his Officers.

Put. Whiſt, whiſt, whiſt, Yeoman *Dogſon*, Yeoman *Dogſon*.

Dog. Ha? what ſays Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the 'Pothecary's Shop ſtill?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rav. The beſt is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar, he wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no Weapon.

Rav. Maſs, I am right glad of that; 'thas put me in better Heart; nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be ſtiff-necked; I have been one of the ſix my ſelf, that has dragg'd as tall Men of their Hands, when their Weapons have been gone, as ever baſtinado'd a Serjeant ——— I have done I can tell you.

Dog.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out ſingle.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a ſudden: I ha' fiſh'd in my time.

Rav. Ay, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-boord.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*; the Chain's couch'd,
And the old Knight has ſpent his Rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great Admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongſt Joys I'm e'en loſt,
For my Device can no way now be croſt,
And now I muſt to Priſon to the Captain, and there——

Put. I arreſt you, Sir.

Pye. Oh——I ſpoke truer than I was aware, I muſt to Priſon indeed.

Put. They ſay you're a Scholar, nay Sir——Yeoman *Dogſon*, have care to his Arms——you'll rail againſt Serjeants, and ſtage 'em, you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, uſe me like a Gentleman, ——— I'm little leſs.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good Jeſt i'faith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman —— when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar; ——— look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Father's Trades; a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her Stings into me, ſhe cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman *Accidens inſeparabile* to my Blood.

Rav. A rablement, nay, you ſhall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman *Dogſon*, before, and enter the Action i'th'Counter. [*Exit* Dog.

Pye, Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go
Whither you pleaſe to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him looſe Serjeant.

Pye.

Pye. Pray at whoſe Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hoſteſs's Suit where you lie, Mrs. *Cunniburrow*, for Bed and Board, the Sum four Pound five Shillings and five Pence.

Pye. I know the Sum too true, yet I preſum'd
Upon a farther Day; well, 'tis my Stars:
And I muſt bear it now, tho never harder.
I ſwear now my Device is croſt indeed.
Captain muſt lie by't: this is Deceit's Seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me ſo much time as to knit my Garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we muſt be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus.

[*Making to tie his Garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched and miſerable, I ſhall ne'er recover of this Diſeaſe: hot Iron gnaw their Fiſts: they have ſtruck a Fever into my Shoulder, which I ſhall ne'er ſhake out again I fear me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me? oh if I take Priſon once, I ſhall be preſs'd to Death with Actions, but not ſo happy as ſpeedily; perhaps I may be forty Years a preſſing, till I be a thin old Man, that looking thro' the Grates, Men may look thro' me: all my Means is confounded, what ſhall I do? has my Wits ſerved me ſo long, and now give me the ſlip (like a ſtrain'd Servant) when I have moſt need of 'em: no Device to keep my poor Carcaſe from thoſe *Puttocks?* ——— yes, Happineſs, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-ſtone unto Wit*, ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot how many Yards are in thy Garters, that thou art ſo long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth, Serjeant, I proteſt, you could never ha took me at a worſe time, for now at this inſtant I have no lawful Picture about me.

Put. 'Slid, how ſhall we come by our Fees then?

Rav. We muſt have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wiſh'd i'faith, that you had took me half an Hour hence for your own ſake, for I proteſt if you

you had not croſs'd me, I was going in great Joy to receive five Pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this Paper, but now, come, I muſt be contented, 'tis but ſo much loſt, and anſwerable to the reſt of my Fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. Ay, well ſaid Serjeant, 'tis good to caſt about for Money.

Put. Speak, if it be not far———

Pye. We are but a little paſt it, the next Street behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievouſly already, if you'll ſay you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and ſpend upon's, why we'll ſhow you that kindneſs, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well ſaid ſtill, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will ſuffice, it ſhall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a Penny, my Hoſteſs ſhall have her four Pound five Shillings, and bate me the five Pence, and the other fifteen Shillings I'll ſpend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt with him; paſſing in, they knock at the Door with a Knocker withinſide.*

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here,—pray is the Gentleman your Maſter within?

Ser. Yes, is your Buſineſs to him?

Pye. Ay, he knows it when he ſees me: I pray you have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay, by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, pleaſe you to walk here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his Worſhip, —— Worſhip I think, for ſo much the Poſts at this Door ſhould ſignify, and the far coming in, and the Wicket, elſe I neither knew

knew him nor his Worſhip, but 'tis happineſs he is within Doors, whatſoe'er he be; if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this Houſe, is't not moſt wholſomely plotted?

Rav. Troth, Priſoner, an exceeding fine Houſe.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he ſhould forget me, for he ne'er knew me; no matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Maſter.
A pretty comfortable Room this methinks:
You have no ſuch Rooms in Priſon now?

Put. Oh, Dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes indeed——I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here ſhortly, nay, and diet too, for he's the moſt free-heartedſt Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and ſtudy, and make Verſes?

Put. O it ſtands pleaſantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Maſs here he comes, he ſhould be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well: ——All happineſs to your Worſhip.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A ſimple Salutation.

Rav. Maſs, it ſeems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, Sir.

Pye. I beſeech you conceal me, Sir, I'm undone elſe, ——I have the Mask here for you, Sir, look you, Sir, ——I beſeech your Worſhip, firſt pardon my rudeneſs, for my Extremes make me bolder than I would be: I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, and now moſt unfortunately fall'n into the Hands of unmerciful Officers, arreſted for Debt, which, tho ſmall, I am not able to compaſs, by reaſon I'm deſtitute of Lands, Money, and Friends, ſo that if I fall into the hungry ſwallow of the

the Priſon, I am like utterly to periſh, and with Fees and Extortions be pinch'd clean to the Bone: Now, if ever pity had intereſt in the Blood of a Gentleman, I beſeech you vouchſafe but to favour that means of my Eſcape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my Extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at laſt it was put in my labouring thoughts to make a happy uſe of this Paper, and to blear their unletter'd Eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't; they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchaſe of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your Door, Sir, which my thoughts ſhew'd me the moſt faireſt and comfortableſt Entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon Underſtanding and Pity: may it pleaſe your good Worſhip then but to behold my Device, which is to let one of your Men put me out at a Back-door, and I ſhall be bound to your Worſhip for ever.

Gent. By my troth an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device, he ſays; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Rav. Hark, he ſwears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and eſpecially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my Life: good Wit, brave Wit, finely wrought, come in, Sir, and receive your Money, Sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worſhip,——
You heard how he lik'd it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not chuſe but like it; go thy ways, thou art a fine witty Fellow i'faith, thou ſhalt diſcourſe it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye.

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will,——look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty Toys, be doing in the mean time, I ſhall quickly have told out the Money, you know.

Put. Go, go, little Villain, fetch thy Chink, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to Night in thy Company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part
Of my Salvation, in theſe earthly Evils,
For he has ſav'd me from three hungry Devils.
[*Exit* Pye.

Put. Sirrah, Serjeant, theſe Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet, methinks they're too buſy, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they ſay all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the Counter in the *Poultry*.

Rav. I think ſo: how could you find it? for you know it ſtands behind the Houſes.

Dog. Maſs, that's true, then we muſt look o' back-ſide for't; 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that ſtands for the Counter, for you know there's a Company of bare Fellows there,

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd ſo much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I ſhould love theſe Maps out a cry now, if we could ſee Men peep out of Door in 'em, oh, we might have 'em in a Morning to our Breakfaſt ſo finely, and ne'er knock our Heels to the Ground a whole Day for 'em.

Rav. Ay marry Sir, I'd buy one my ſelf.
But this talk is by the way, where ſhall's ſup to Night: Five Pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.
I have a Trick worth all, you two ſhall bear him to the Tavern, whilſt I go cloſe with his Hoſteſs, and work out of her: I know ſhe would be glad of the Sum, to finger Money; becauſe ſhe knows 'tis but a deſperate Debt, and full of hazard: what will you ſay if I bring it to paſs, that the Hoſteſs ſhall be contented with one half for all, and we to ſhare t'other fifty Shillings, Bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou ſhould'ſt be chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Rav.

Rav. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't, i'faith.

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more Money, he ſtays ſo long.

Put. He tarries long indeed, may be, I can tell you upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll ſearch him.

Put. Nay, be ſure of it, we'll ſearch him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh, here comes the Gentleman —— By your leave, Sir.

Gent. God you good den Sirs, —— would you ſpeak with me?

Put. No, not with your Worſhip, Sir; only we are bold to ſtay for a Friend of ours that went with your Worſhip.

Gent. Who? not the Scholar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it pleaſe your Worſhip.

Gent. Did he make you ſtay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can aſſure you he's gone above an Hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gent. I paid him his Money, and my Man told me he went out at Back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our Priſoner, Sir, we did arreſt him.

Gent. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers— You were to blame then,
Why did not you make known to me as much?
I could have kept him for you, I proteſt,
He receiv'd all of me in *Britain* Gold,
Of the laſt coining.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. 'Sfoot has he gull'd us ſo?

Dog.

Dog. Where ſhall we ſup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup, *Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a Month. Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of Good-will in your Worſhip——you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard Fortunes to miſs the Purchaſe, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter ſhall charm him.

Rav. The Hole ſhall rot him.

Dog. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Gent. So,
Vex out your Lungs without Doors, I am proud
It was my hap to help him, it fell fit.
He went not empty neither for his Wit:
Alas, poor Wretch, I could not blame his Brain,
To labour his Delivery, to be free
From their unpitying fangs——I'm glad it ſtood
Within my Power to do a Scholar good. [*Exit.*

Enter in the Priſon, meeting, Pye-boord *and Captain,* Pye-boord *coming in muffled.*

Capt. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The ſame that I ſhould be, Captain.

Capt. George Pye-boord, honeſt *George?* why cam'ſt thou in half-fac'd, muffled ſo?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we ſhould ne'er ha laugh'd again, never ſpent frolick Hour again.

Capt. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with News
As happy as thy quick Delivery,
Was trac'd out by the Scent, arreſted Captain.

Capt. Arreſted, *George?*

Pye. Arreſted; gueſs, gueſs, how many Dogs do you think I'd upon me?

Capt. Dogs.? I ſay, I know not.

Pye. Almoſt as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How did'ſt thou ſhake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is buſy, and calls upon our Wits, let it ſuffice,
Here I ſtand ſafe, 'ſcap'd by Miracle:

Some

Some other Hour ſhall tell thee, when we'll ſteep
Our Eyes in laughter: Captain my device
Leans to thy Happineſs, for e'er the Day
Be ſpent to th' Girdle, thou ſhalt be free:
The Corporal's in's firſt ſleep, the Chain is miſs'd,
Thy Kinſman has expreſt thee, and the old Knight
With Palſey-hams now labours thy Releaſe.
What reſts is all in thee, to conjure, Captain.

Cap. Conjure? 'sfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'd not have thee do ſo much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring; look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready Characſtered and all.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, art in thy right Wits, doſt know what thou ſayſt? why doſt talk to a Captain a conjuring? didſt thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy Life? doſt call't a Circle, 'tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a leſſer Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fool knows that, Captain, nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll ſtay and hang the next Seſſions you may.

Cap. No, by my Faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be releaſed, as my Wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, beſides to put Crowns in your Purſe, to make you a Man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Soldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, which is truly the only beſt purchaſe Peace can allow you, ſafer than High-ways, Heaths or Cony-groves, and yet a far better Booty; for your greateſt Thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wiſe, and cheat within Doors: and we geld Fools of more Money in one Night, than your falſe-tail'd Gelding will purchaſe in a Twelve-Months running, which confirms the old Beldam's ſaying, He's wiſeſt that keeps himſelf warmeſt, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Cap.

Cap. Well opened i'faith, *George*, thou haſt pull'd that ſaying out of the Husk.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, 'tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here ſuddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Capt. 'Sfoot, *George*, I know not what to ſay to't, conjure? I ſhall be hang'd ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne'er conjure after you are hang'd, I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous Matter, ſure, firſt to ſpread your Circle upon the Ground, then with a little conjuring Ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-man's Wand ſilver'd o'er a purpoſe for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge Word, and a great Trample, as for inſtance, have you never ſeen a ſtalking, ſtamping Player, that will raiſe a Tempeſt with his Tongue, and Thunder with his Heels?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes; often.

Pye. Why be like ſuch a one; for any thing will blear the old Knight's Eyes; for you muſt note, that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the Room, only perhaps peep fearfully thro' the Key-hole, to ſee how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I ſhall but ſhame my ſelf i'faith, *George*, ſpeak big words, and ſtamp and ſtare, and he look in at the Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and ſpoil all; nay I'll tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of ſuch a laxative Laughter, that if the Devil himſelf ſtood by, I ſhould laugh in his Face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the Babe of a Man, and may eaſily be huſh'd, as to think upon ſome Diſaſter, ſome ſad Misfortune, as the Death of thy Father i'th' Country.

Cap. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into ſuch an extaſy, that I ſhould ne'er lin laughing elſe.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Cap.

Cap. Mass that's well remembred, now I'll do well, I warrant thee, ne'er fear me now; but how shall I do, *George*, for boisterous Words, and horrible Names?

Pye. Puh, any fustian Invocations, Captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well; or you may go to a 'Pothecary's Shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Cap. Troth, and you say true, *George*, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-salvers, tho they be ne'er so poor when they begin; but here lyes the fear on't, how if in this false Conjuration, a true Devil should pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne'er such a one, nay faith he that has this Place, is as false a Knave as our last Church-warden.

Cap. Then he's false enough a Conscience i'faith, *George*.

[*The Cry at* Marshalsea.

Enter Sir Godfrey, *Mr.* Edmund, *and* Nicholas.

Cry Prisoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, send your Relief:
Good Gentlemen over the way;——Good Sir *Godfrey.*

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Master, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff Jerkin——Kinsman, that's Master yonder i'th' Taffaty Hat——pray salute him intirely.

[*They salute; and* Pye-boord *salutes Master* Edmund.

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your Name, Sir?

Edm. My Name is Master *Edmund.*

Pye. Master *Edmund*,——are you not a *Welshman*, Sir?

Edm. A *Welshman?* why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christen Name, and *Edmund* your Sir-name.

Edm.

Edm. O no: I have more Names at home, Maſter *Edmund Plus* is my full Name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir. [*Whiſpering.*

Capt. I underſtand that you are my Kinſman's good Maſter, and in regard of that, the beſt of my Skill is at your Service; but had you fortun'd a mere Stranger, and made no means to be by acquaintance, I ſhould have utterly denied to have been the Man; both by reaſon of the Act of Parliament againſt Conjurers and Witches, as alſo becauſe I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be ſure to have it private enough, you ſhall do't in my Siſter's Houſe—mine own Houſe I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, Sir,—what may I call your loſs, Sir?

Sir. God. O you may call't a great Loſs, a grievous Loſs Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, tho I ſay it, that wore it, how ſay'ſt thou, *Nicholas*?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kinſman, you know———

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt. Truſt a Fool with ſecrets?——Sir, he may ſay I know; his meaning is, becauſe my Art is ſuch, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all Things———

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Capt. A Pox of all Fools—the excuſe ſtuck upon my Tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariner's Gown, not to come off in haſte—ber-lady, Knight, to loſe ſuch a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul loſs; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between Heaven and Earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjurer——O I, 'tis between Heav'n and Earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm.——I know 'tis ſomewhere about the Earth.

Capt. Ay, nigher the Earth than thou wot'ſt on.

Sir God. For firſt, my Chain was rich, and no rich thing ſhall enter into Heav'n, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Maſter, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou ſay'ſt true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few words, I preſume ſo much upon the Power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain again.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will coſt me much ſweat, I were better go to ſixteen Hot-houſes.

Sir God. Ay good Man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beſide great Vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Couſin, becauſe you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools ſtill; indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill ſtrain me ſo much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it will, it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had been twice ſpoil'd now; that Captain's worſe than accurſt that has an Aſs to his Kinſman; 'ſfoot, I fear he will drivel't out before I come to't.——Now, Sir,——to come to the point indeed,——you ſee I ſtick here in the Law of the *Marſhalſea*, and cannot do't.

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou would'ſt ſay thou'rt a Priſoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Cap. How, none? why is not this the *Marſhalſea*?

Sir God. Will't hear me ſpeak? I heard of thy rare Conjuring:
My Chain was loſt, I ſweat for thy Releaſe,
As thou ſhalt do the like at home for me:
Keeper.

Enter

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this Man free?

Keep. Yes, at his Pleaſure, Sir, the Fees diſcharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll diſcharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worſhip. [*Exit Keeper.*

Capt. Now truſt me, you're a dear Knight; kindneſs unexpected! O there's nothing to a free Gentleman——I will conjure for you, Sir, till Froth come thro' my Buff-Jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou ſhalt not paſs with ſo little a Bounty, for at the firſt ſight of my Chain again,—— forty five Angels ſhall appear unto thee.

Capt. 'Twill be a glorious ſhow i'faith, Knight, a very fine ſhow; but are all theſe of your own Houſe? are you ſure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay; no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray Heav'n he give him good Counſel.

Capt. Who, he? he's a rare Friend of mine, an admirable Fellow, Knight, the fineſt Fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Siſter, and foretold the loſs of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I ſee 'twas my Fortune to loſe it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpſe of you at home, at my Siſter's the Widow's, there you propheſied of the loſs of a Chain;——ſimply, tho I ſtand here, I was he that loſt it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rareſt Fellow, has told me my Fortune ſo right; I find it ſo right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't, God ſend it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a paſſing good one, Nuncle; for he ſays I ſhall prove ſuch an excellent Gameſter in my time, that I ſhall ſpend all faſter than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my Humour ſo pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't; will the Curſe of the Beggar prevail ſo much, that the Son ſhall conſume that fooliſhly, which the Father got craftily? ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, ſtay, ſtay.

[Pye-boord *with an Almanack, and the Captain.*

Capt. Turn over, *George.*

Pye. *June, July*; here, *July*, that's the Month, *Sunday* thirteen, Yeſterday fourteen, to Day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteenth Day,—— if within the compaſs of theſe two Days there would be ſome boiſterous Storm or other, it would be the beſt, I'd defer him off till then; ſome Tempeſt, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth Day——hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would t'ad been hot and foul.

Pye. The ſixteenth Day, that's to morrow; the Morning for the moſt part, fair and pleaſant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! beſt of all! I'll conjure to morrow juſt at high-noon, *George.*

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lye all the Year after.

Capt. Sir, I muſt crave your Patience, to beſtow this Day upon me, that I may furniſh my ſelf ſtrongly,——I ſent a Spirit into *Lancaſhire* t'other Day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this Evening—— to morrow Morning, my Friend here and I will come and breakfaſt with you.

Sir God. O, you ſhall be moſt welcome.

Capt. And about Noon, without fail, I purpoſe to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our Houſe to Morrow, Sir?

Capt. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we ſhall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha' told you of that.

Capt. Law, he could ha' told him of that, Fool, Coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do ye hear me, Sir, I deſire more Acquaintance on you, you ſhall earn ſome Mony of me, now I know you can conjure; but can you fetch any that is loſt?

Capt. Oh, any thing that's loſt.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjurer; I ſhould marry a Pothecary's Daughter, and 'twas told me ſhe loſt her Maiden-head at *Stony Stratford*: Now if you'll do but ſo much as conjure for't, and make all whole again——

Capt. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Capt. A little merry with your Siſter's Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a ſimple young Man, very ſimple; come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine till to morrow Break-faſt.

Capt. Troth, agreed, Sir.

Nich. Kinſman——Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Browniſts.

Nich. Am I indeed, la; I thank you heartily, la.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Moll, *and Sir* John Penny-Dub.

Dub. BUT I hope you will not ſerve a Knight ſo, Gentlewoman, will you? to caſheer him, and caſt him off at your Pleaſure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my Faith, Lady's Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dub*, let it be defer'd awhile, I have a Heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Dub. Pax o'th' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his Fortune ſeven Years ago, to croſs my Love

thus; did he know what case I was in? why this is able to make a Man drown himself in's Father's Fish-Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the Breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Dub. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his Heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Physicians enow there to cast his Water, is that any Matter to us? how can he hinder our Love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead?——Well, have I rid Post Day and Night, to bring you merry News of my Father's Death, and now———

Moll. Thy Father's Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Dub. As dead as his Barn-Door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your Word with me now, Sir *John*, that I shall have my Coach and my Coachman?

Dub. Ay faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Feathers to draw't?

Dub. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run before't, and py'd Liveries to come trashing after't?

Dub. Thou shalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me have Mony in my Purse to go whither I will?

Dub. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the Maids o'th' Kitchen.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Frances *and* Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*? went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfast, with Sir Reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. O, a wond'rous rare Fellow, Mistress, very strongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin; he says he will fetch Sir *Godfrey*'s Chain again, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What! he will not? then he's an exlent Fellow I warrant, how happy were that Woman to be bleſt with ſuch a Husband, a Man cunning? how do's he look *Frailty?* very ſwartly I warrant, with black Beard, ſcorcht Cheeks, and ſmoaky Eye-brows.

Frail. Foh——he's neither ſmoak-dryed, nor ſcorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to ſee as one of us; I do think, but if you ſaw him once, you'd take him to be a Chriſtian.

Fran. So fair, and yet ſo cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, *and Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff.

Muck. Bleſs you, ſweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Miſtreſs. [*Ex.* Frailty.

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen? Fie, did I not give you your Anſwers?

Muck. Sweet Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not ſtick with you for a Kiſs; Daughter, kiſs the Gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes, forſooth.

Tip. I'm proud of ſuch a Favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir *Oliver*, you're much to blame to come again when you know my Mind ſo well delivered——as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther Comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not deſire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again? how ſay you? did I not?

Muck. But the ſincere Love which my Heart bears to you——

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off; and Sir *Oliver*, to put you in Comfort, afar off, my Fortune is read me, I muſt marry again.

Muck. O bleſt Fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chuſe; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haſte? [*In her Ear.*

Tip. Faith, Miſtreſs *Frances*, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society of Ladies, poor Kinſwomen of mine in Cloth of Silver; beſide you ſhall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Muskat, and your Piſs, Piſs, Piſs.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid. What, do's he mean to conjure here then? how ſhall I do to be rid of theſe Knights,——pleaſe you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i'th' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our Hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd.

Sir God. within.] Step in, *Nicholas*, look, is the Coaſt clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjurer;——now——how like you our Room, Sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, *Captain*, Pye-boord, Edmund, *and* Nicholas.

Capt. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, ſimply tho it lies here, 'tis the faireſt Room in my Mother's Houſe, as dainty a Room to conjure in, methinks——why you may bid, I can't tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What, Devils?

Edm. Devils, no, Deputies, and the wealthieſt Men he could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your Chats now, fall to your Buſineſs roundly, the Feſcue of the Dial is upon the Chriſ-croſs of Noon; but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o'er my Stomach.

Capt.

Capt. Why, what's the matter, Sir ?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil ſhould prove a Knave, and tear the Hangings ?

Capt. Fuh, I warrant you, Sir *Godfrey*.

Edm. Ay, Nunkle, or ſpit Fire upo'th' Sealing ?

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin plaiſtered, and 'twill quickly take hold a'the Laths ; and if he chance to ſpit downward too, he will burn all the Boards.

Capt. My Life for yours, Sir *Godfrey*.

Sir God. My Siſter is very curious and dainty o'er this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he muſt needs ſpit, I pray deſire him to ſpit i'th' Chimney.

Pye. Why, aſſure you, Sir *Godfrey*, he ſhall not be brought up with ſo little Manners, to ſpit and ſpawl a'th' Floor.

Sir God. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I——fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you ; come, we'll into the next Room, and becauſe we'll be ſure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the Door with ſome of the Godlies zealous Works.

Edm. That will be a fine Device, Nuncle ; and becauſe the Ground ſhall be as holy as the Door, I'll tear two or three Roſaries in pieces, and ſtrew the Pieces about the Chamber ; Oh ! the Devil already.

[*Runs in. Thunders.*

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, ſpeak ſomewhat for ſhame ; It Lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when ?

Capt. Pray Peace, *George*,——thou'lt make me laugh anon, and ſpoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins again ; now, now, now ! Captain.

Capt. Rhumbos ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois-Polis.

Sir God. thro' the Keyhole within.] Oh admirable Conjurer ! h'as fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark, again Captain.

Capt. Benjamino, gaſpois-kay-goſgothoteron-umbrois.

Sir God. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no Conſcience to put a Man to ſuch Pain.

Pye. Again.

Capt. Flowſte kak opumpos-dragone-laloomenos-hodge-podge.

Pye. Well ſaid, Captain.

Sir God. So long a coming? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me theſe roaring Tempeſts will deſtroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my Corn——oh, i'th' Country.

Capt. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounſlow, hockley te coome park.

Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempeſt's i'th' Garden, ſure there's ſome Conjuration abroad.

Sir God. 'Tis at home, Siſter.

Pye. By and by I'll ſtep in, Captain.

Capt. Nunck Nunck Rip Gaſcoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.

Sir God. He drips and drops, poor Man; alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Capt. O Sulphure Sootface.

Pye. Arch-Conjurer, what would'ſt thou with me?

Sir God. O, the Devil, Siſter, i'th' Dining-Chamber; ſing, Siſter, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly. [*Goes in.*

Pye. So, ſo, ſo; I'll releaſe thee; enough, Captain, enough; allow us ſome time to laugh a little: they're ſhuddering and ſhaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were in their Kidneys.——

Capt. Sirrah *George*, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better than any Conjurer, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation ſatisfied well; you were much beholden to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well, I can tell you.

Capt. I muſt needs ſay ſo, *George.* Sirrah if we could ha' convey'd hither cleanly a Cracker, or a Fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Capt. Pain? I proteſt, *George*, my Heels are ſorer than a Whiſon' Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's paſt now——only to reveal that the Chain's th' Garden, where, thou know'ſt, it has lain theſe two Days.

Capt. But I fear that Fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you muſt put it to th' venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I believe ſome of 'em are in a pitiful Caſe by this time.

Capt. Sir *Godfrey*, *Nicholas*, Kinſman,——'sfoot they're faſt at it ſtill; *George*, Sir *Godfrey?*

Sir God. Oh, is that the Devil's Voice? how comes he to know my Name?

Capt. Fear not, Sir *Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir God. What, is he laid?

Capt. Laid; and has newly dropt
Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir God. I'th' Garden! in our Garden?

Capt. Your Garden.

Sir God. O ſweet Conjurer! whereabouts there?

Capt. Look well about a Bank of Roſemary.

Sir God. Siſter, the Roſemary-bank, come, come; there's my Chain, he ſays.

Wid. Oh, happineſs! run, run. [*Suppoſeth to go.*

Edm. Captain Conjurer? [Edm. *at key-hole.*

Capt. Who? Maſter *Edmund*?

Edm. Ay, Maſter *Edmund*; may I come in ſafely, without Danger, think you?

Capt. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at firſt;
Fear nothing, pray come near——how now, Man?

Edm. Oh! this Room's mightily hot i'faith; 'slid, my Shirt ſticks to my Belly already; what a ſteam the Rogue has left behind him? Foh, this Room muſt be air'd, Gentlemen, it ſmells horribly of Brimſtone,——let's open the Windows.

Pye. Faith, Maſter *Edmund*, 'tis but your Conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, why do you think I cannot ſmell his Savour, from another? yet I take it kindly from you, becauſe you would not put me in a Fear, i'faith; a my Troth I ſhall love you for this the longeſt Day of my Life.

Capt. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you ſee more.

Edm. Maſs, now remember, I'll look whether he has ſindged the Hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little ſport till they come; make him believe, you'll charm him inviſible, he's apt to admire any thing, you ſee, let me alone to give force to't.

Capt. Go retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I proteſt you are a rare Fellow, are you not?

Capt. O Maſter *Edmund*, you know but the leaſt part of me yet; why now at this Inſtant I could flouriſh my Wand thrice o'er your Head, and charm you inviſible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk inviſible, Man? I ſhould laugh at that i'faith; troth I'll requite your Kindneſs; and you'll do it, good Captain Conjurer.

Capt. Nay, I ſhould hardly deny you ſuch a ſmall kindneſs, Maſter *Edmund Plus*, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are inviſible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Capt. You ſee the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go towards him, do what you will with him, he ſhall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you ſo, I'll try that i'faith——[*Juſtles him.*

Pye. How now Captain? who's that juſtled me?

Capt. Juſtled you? I ſaw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha,——ſay 'twas a Spirit.

Capt. Shall I?——may be ſome Spirit that haunts the Circle.

Pye. O my Noſe, agen, pray conjure then, Captain. [*Pulls him by the Noſe.*

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any Knavery now and never be ſeen,——and now I remember me,

Sir *Godfrey*, my Uncle, abus'd me t'other Day, and told Tales of me to my Mother——Troth now I'm inviſible, I'll hit him a round whirrit a'th'Ear, when he comes out a'th'Garden——I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, *Widow*, Frances, Nicholas *with the Chain.*

Sir God. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again. [Edmund *ſtrikes him.*
O ſweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.
O, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you ſtrike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why, Captain, am I not inviſible?

Capt. A good jeſt, *George*—not now you are not, Sir, Why did not you ſee me when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my Troth, Captain;
Then pray you pardon me, Uncle,
I thought I'd been inviſible when I ſtruck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? go,——you're a fooliſh Boy,
And were I not o'ercome with greater Joy,
I'd make you taſte Correction.

Edm. Correction, puſh——no, neither you nor my Mother, ſhall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my Joy is ſuch, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you. O my ſweet Chain, gladneſs e'en makes me giddy, rare Man; 'twas juſt i'th' Roſemary-bank, as if one ſhould ha' laid it there,—— O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, ſeeing my Fortune tells me I muſt marry; let me marry a Man of Wit, a Man of Parts; here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beſide all the World knows that a worthy Captain is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a ſweet Bedfellow for any Lady.——I'll have it ſo——

Enter

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Miſtreſs, Gentlemen, there's the braveſt Sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave Sight?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.

Wid. A rueful Sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, I'll pawn my Life the Corporal's coffin'd, and old *Skirmiſh* the Soldier going to Execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a little longer, ſleepy Potion, and we ſhall have excellent Admiration; for I'll take upon me the Cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, and the Soldier bound, and led by the Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. O here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now muſt I cloſe ſecretly with the Soldier, prevent his Impatience, or elſe all's diſcovered.

Wid. O lamentable ſeeing, theſe were thoſe Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir God. What, they were not, Siſter?

Skir. George, look to't, I'll peach at *Tyburn* elſe.

Pye. Mum —— Gentles all, vouchſafe me Audience, and you eſpecially, Maſter Sheriff:
Yon Man is bound to Execution,
Becauſe he wounded this that now lies coffin'd.

Sher. True, true, he ſhall have the Law,——and I know the Law.

Pye. But under Favour, Maſter Sheriff, if this Man had been cur'd and ſafe again, he ſhould have been releas'd then?

Sher. Why, make you Queſtion of that, Sir?

Pye. Then I releaſe him freely, and will take upon me the Death that he ſhould die, if within a little Seaſon I do not cure him to his proper Health again.

Sher.

Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead Man?
That were moſt ſtrange of all. [Frances *comes to him.*

Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wiſh my beſt part yours,——O do not undertake ſuch an impoſſible venture.

Pye. Love you me? then for your ſweet ſake I'll do't.
Let me entreat the Corps to be ſet down.

Sher. Bearers, ſet down the Coffin,—this is wonderful, and worthy *Stow's* Chronicle.

Pye. I pray beſtow the freedom of the Air upon our wholſome Art,——Maſs his Cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: Nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I ſhall have a longer Sleep than you,——'ſfoot, if he ſhould prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a Property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have a Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O——he ſtirs——he ſtirs again——look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he ſtarts, he riſes.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us——out, alas.

Pye. Nay, pray be ſtill; you'll make him more giddy elſe,——he knows no Body yet.

Corp. Zowns; where am I? cover'd with Snow? I marvel?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would ſwear the firſt thing he did, as ſoon as he came to Life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot Hoſteſs——ſome hot Porridge,—— oh, ho, lay on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you muſt needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and ſend him in to your Kitchen Fire.

Wid. O, with all my Heart, Sir *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nich. Bear him in quotha, pray call in the Maids, I ſhall ne'er have the Heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghoſt, of all Men,

Corp. 'Sbloud, let me ſee, where was I drunk laſt Night? hah——

Wid. O, ſhall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail.

Frail. Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you—oh———

Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his Brain———or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly.

[*Exeunt, pushing in the Corps.*

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest Men within the Walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a Banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most chearfully invite you, and your late Prisoner there. See you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, no more Words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost i'th'white Sheet sit at upper end o'th'Table.

Sher. Exlent, merry Man, i'faith. [*Exeunt.*

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoin'd to love, and marry,
My foolish Vow thus I cashеer to Air
Which first begot it——now, Love, play thy part;
The Scholar reads his Lecture in my Heart. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter in haste Mr. Edmund *and* Frailty.

Edm. THIS is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Sister.

Frail. O me, Master *Edmund*, we shall have rare doings.

Edm.

Edm. Nay, go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at St. *Antlings*; hy thee, 'tis paſt five, bid them open the Church-door, my Siſter is almoſt ready.

Frail. What already, Maſter *Edmund*?

Edm. Nay, go hy thee, firſt run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Maſter *Pigman* the Parſon, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home again.

Frail. Here's run, run, run———

Edm. But hark, *Frailty*.

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the Maids remembred to ſtrew the way to the Church?

Frail. Foh, an Hour ago, I help'd 'em my ſelf.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then.

[*Exit* Frailty.

Edm. I ſhall have a ſimple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our Street: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate Name; my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the fineſt Name that can be for a Woman; and then the Scholar, Maſter *Pye-boord* for my Siſter *Frances*, that will be Miſtreſs *Frances Pye-boord*, Miſtreſs *Frances Pyeboord*, they'll keep a noble Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights Noſes are put out of joint, they may go to a Bone-ſetter's now.

Enter Captain and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my ſweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O how bravely they are ſhot up in one Night, they look like fine *Britains* now methinks, here's a gallant change i'faith; 'slid, they have hir'd Men and all by the Clock.

Capt. Maſter *Edmund*, kind, honeſt, dainty Maſter *Edmund*.

Edm. Foh, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume i'faith.

Pye.

Pye. What, are the Brides ſtirring? may we ſteal upon 'em, think'ſt thou, Maſter *Edmund?*

Edm. Faw, they're e'en upon readineſs, I can aſſure you; for they were at their Torch e'en now, by the ſame token I tumbled down the Stairs.

Pye. Alas, poor Maſter *Edmund.*

Enter Muſicians.

Capt. O, the Muſicians! I prethee, Maſter *Edmund,* call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, *and* Moll *above lacing of her Clothes.*

Dub. Whewh, Miſtreſs *Moll,* Miſtreſs *Moll.*

Moll. Who's there?

Dub. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub?* O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be ſo rare a ſtirrer?

Dub. Prethee, *Moll,* let me come up.

Moll. No by my Faith, Sir *John,* I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Dub. I'll not ſtay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you ſhall ſtay; for, Sir *John,* you muſt note the nature of the Climates: Your northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out till ſhe be fifteen, but if ſhe touch the South once, and come up to *London,* here the Chimes go preſently after Twelve.

Dub. O thou'rt a mad Wench, *Moll,* but I prethee make haſte, for the Prieſt is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff, *and old* Skirmiſh *talking.*

Muck. O monſtrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of ſuch Villany in our own Country, in my Life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impoſſible, dare you maintain your Words?

Skir. Dare we? e'en to their Wezen Pipes; we know all their Plots, they cannot ſquander with us, they have knaviſhly abus'd us, made only Properties on's to advance their ſelves upon our Shoulders, but they ſhall rue their Abuſes, this Morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much beſotted on Slights and Forgeries, the Revelation of their Villanies will make 'em loathſome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I ſent late laſt Night to an honourable Perſonage, to whom I am much indebted in kindneſs, as he is to me, and therefore preſume upon the payment of his Tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me, and to ſpeak Truth, for ſuch needful Occaſions, I only preſerve him in Bond, and ſometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free Word of his Mouth, than if he had paid one half in Hand, and took Doomſday for t'other.

Tip. In Troth, Sir, without ſoothing be it ſpoken, you have publiſh'd much Judgment in theſe few Words.

Muck. For you know, what ſuch a Man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpoſe, and therefore into his Mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their Forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if ſhe'll be true.

Enter Servant.

Muck. How now, Fellow? ——

Serv. May it pleaſe you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early; You ſee he loves me well; up before Heav'n, Truſt me, I have found him Night-cap'd at Eleven: There's good hope yet; come, I'll relate all to him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar. After them, Sir Godfrey *and* Edmund, *Widow chang'd in Apparel, Miſtreſs* Frances *led between two Knights: Sir* John Penny-Dub *and* Moll; *there meets them a Nobleman, Sir* Oliver Muck-hill, *and Sir* Andrew Tipſtaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your Honour is moſt chaſtly welcome.

Nob. Madam, tho I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you; upon whom can I juſtly caſt this Blot, but upon your own Forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, ſuch is the blind beſotting in the ſtate of an unheaded Woman that's a Widow. For it is the Property of all you that are Widows (a Handful excepted) to hate thoſe that honeſtly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of Credit, State, and Poſterity, and ſtrongly to doat on thoſe, that only love you to undo you; who regard you leaſt, are beſt regarded; who hate you moſt, are beſt beloved. And if there be but one Man amongſt ten thouſand Millions of Men, that is accurſt, diſaſtrous, and evilly planetted; whom Fortune beats moſt, whom God hates moſt, and all Societies eſteem leaſt, that Man is ſure to be a Husband——Such is the peeviſh Moon that rules your Bloods. An impudent Fellow beſt woes you, a flattering Lip beſt wins you, or in Mirth, who talks roughlieſt, is moſt ſweeteſt; nor can you diſtinguiſh Truth from Forgeries, Miſts from Simplicity; witneſs thoſe two deceitful Monſters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful——

Pye. All will out.

Capt. 'Sfoot, who has blabb'd, *George?* that fooliſh *Nicholas.*

Nob.

Nob. For what they have beſotted your eaſy Blood withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir *Godfrey* heard the falſhood of all; nothing but meer Knavery, Deceit and Cozenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Huſband, with all his Craft, could not keep himſelf out of Purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain ſhould be gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred moſt of all, that I ſhould be tied from Marriage, having ſuch a Mind to't; come Sir *John Penny-Dub*, fair Weather on our ſide, the Moon has chang'd ſince Yeſternight.

Pye. The ſting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in thoſe Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their ſo ſudden Advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Baſe Soldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't poſſible we ſhould be blinded ſo, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that falſe, which too ſoon you believ'd true?

Wid. O, to my ſhame, I do.

Sir God. But under Favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly loſt, and ſtrangely found again.

Nob. Reſolve him of that, Soldier.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: For the Chain was but hid in the Roſemary-bank all this while, and thou got'ſt him out of Priſon to conjure for it, who did it admirably ſuſtianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, indeed la? he that will not ſweat

ſwear, but lie; he that will not ſteal, but rob: Pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings.*

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society,
Deem'd always holy, pure, religious:
A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard?
Sooner we'll kill a Man, than ſteal, thou know'ſt.
Out Slave, I'll rend my Lion from thy Back——
With mine own Hands.

Nich. Dear Maſter, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience. And now, Widow, being ſo near the Church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to ſend you home again without a Husband: Draw near, you of true Worſhip, State and Credit: That ſhould not ſtand ſo far off from a Widow, and ſuffer forged Shapes to come between you. Not that in theſe I blemiſh the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair Margent of a Scholar, for I honour worthy and deſerving parts in the one, and cheriſh fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, beſtow your Eyes and your pureſt Affections, upon Men of Eſtimation, both in Court and City, that have long woed you, and both with their Hearts and Wealth ſincerely love you.

Sir God. Good Sifter, do: Sweet little *Frank*, theſe are men of Reputation, you ſhall be welcome at Court; a great Credit for a Citizen, ſweet Sifter.

Nob. Come, her ſilence does conſent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they deſire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your Loves.

Muck. 'Tis eaſily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchſafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul.

Fran. And I, with all my Heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John*, with Soul, Heart, Lights, and all.

Sir God. They are all mine, *Moll.*

Nob.

Nob. Now Lady :
What honeſt Spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furniſh you with Hand and Voice ?
A happy change, which makes e'en Heav'n rejoice.
Come, enter in your Joys, you ſhall not want
For Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you ſhall have Hands enough to give ye.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

v:g:p:335.

A

YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

HVsband.
Maſter of a College.
Knight, *a Juſtice of Peace.*
Oliver,
Ralph, } *Serving-men.*
Samuel,

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.
Maid-ſervant.
A little Boy.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, *and* Ralph, *two Serving-men.*

OLIVER.

SIRRAH *Ralph*, my young Miſtreſs is in ſuch a pitiful paſſionate Humour for the long Abſence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes ſo many fallings, *viz.* Mad Wenches, becauſe they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themſelves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Maſs thou ſayeſt true, 'tis common indeed, but Sirrah, is neither our young Maſter return'd, nor our Fellow *Sam* come from *London?*

Ralph. Neither of either, as the *Puritan* Bawd ſays, 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam*'s come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Noſe itches for News.

Oliv. And ſo doth mine Elbow.

Sam *calls within.* Where are you there?

Enter Sam, *furniſh'd with things from* London.

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horſe with Diſcretion, I have rid him ſimply, I warrant his Skin ſticks to his Back with very Heat: if he ſhould catch Cold and get the Cough of the Lungs, I were well ſerved, were I not? What, *Ralph* and *Oliver?*

Amb. Honeſt Fellow *Sam*, welcome i'faith, what Tricks haſt thou brought from *London?*

Sam. You ſee I am hang'd after the trueſt Faſhion, three Hats, and two Glaſſes bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyers upon my Breaſt, a Cap-caſe by my Side, a Bruſh at my Back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll ſwear thou art, thou may'ſt ſet up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with leſs, I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man ere he dies; but what's the News from *London, Sam?*

Ralph. Ay, that's well ſaid, what is the News from *London,* Sirrah? My young Miſtreſs keeps ſuch a pulling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool ſhe: ay, the more Ninny-hammer ſhe.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jeſt.

Sam. Why, did you not know that 'till now? Why, he's married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you muſt note, that any Woman beats the more when ſhe is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the Blows.

Oliv. Sirrah, *Sam*, I would not for two Years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left hand of her Wit, and ne'er be her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed; why he has consum'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in Wax for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener! puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Bastards, as naturally as can be——But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches; I quite forgot my two poking Sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliv. Ay, far fetch'd you know.

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i'faith, have not we as good poking Sticks i'th'Country as need to be put i'th'Fire? the mind of a thing is all, and as thou said'st even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Ralph*, is our Beer soure this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds Countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last Week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest Humour, 'twould do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their Knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceaſes in Expence,
Both to conſume his Credit and his Houſe;
And 'tis ſet down by Heav'n's juſt Decree,
That Riot's Child muſt needs be Beggary.
Are theſe the Virtues that his Youth did promiſe?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill beſeeming
The antient Honour of his Houſe and Name;
And this not all, but that which kills me moſt,
When he recounts his Loſſes and falſe Fortunes,
The weakneſs of his State ſo much dejected,
Not as a Man repentant, but half mad,
His Fortunes cannot anſwer his Expence,
He ſits and ſullenly locks up his Arms,
Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes him
Appear ſo dreadful, that he frights my Heart;
Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth;
Not penitent for thoſe his Sins are paſt,
But vext his Money cannot make them laſt:
A fearful Melancholy, ungodly Sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in deſpight of Ills
I'll ſpeak to him, and I will hear him ſpeak,
And do my beſt to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Huſ. Pox of the laſt throw, it made
Five hundred Angels vaniſh from my ſight.
I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have forſook me;
Nay, 'tis certainly true; for he that has no Coin,
Is damn'd in this World; he's gone, he's gone.
Wife. Dear Husband.
Huſ. Oh! moſt puniſhment of all, I have a Wife.
Wife. I do intreat you, as you love your Soul,
Tell me the Cauſe of this your Diſcontent.

Huſ. A Vengeance ſtrip thee naked, thou art Cauſe, Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. [*Exit.*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worſe;
Both Beggary of the Soul and of the Body,
And ſo much unlike himſelf at firſt,
As if ſome vexed Spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
He ſays I am the Cauſe; I never yet
Spoke leſs than Words of Duty and of Love.

Huſ. If Marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without Marriage. Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars! Now muſt my eldeſt Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot live but upo'th'Fool, for he will have no Land to maintain him; that Mortgage ſits like a Snaffle upon mine Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron. My ſecond Son muſt be a Promoter, and my third a Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander. Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what baſe uſes doth it put a Man. I think the Devil ſcorns to be a Bawd; He bears himſelf more proudly, Has more Care on his Credit. Baſe, ſlaviſh, abject, filthy Poverty.

Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beſeech you, Shew me the true Cauſe of your Diſcontent.

Huſ. Money, Money, Money, and thou muſt ſupply me

Wife. Alas, I am the leaſt Cauſe of your Diſcontent. Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels, Uſe to your own deſire, but I beſeech you, As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods, Tho I my ſelf be out of your Reſpect, Think on the State of thoſe three lovely Boys You have been Father to.

Huſ. Puh, Baſtards, Baſtards, Baſtards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heav'n knows how thoſe Words wrong me, But I'll endure theſe Griefs among a thouſand more:

Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,
Your self wound into Debts, your hopeful Brother
At the University into Bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon. And——

Husb. Ha'done, thou Harlot,
Whom tho for Fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou thy Words
Shall kill my Pleasure? Fall off to thy Friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in Humour: Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your Company; curb'd in?
Shall it be said in all Societies,
That I broke Custom? that I flag'd in Money?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my State was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Husb. Nay, I protest, and take that for an Earnest,
[*He spurns her.*
I will for ever hold thee in Contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in Bed, till thou consent
Thy Dowry shall be sold, to give new Life
Unto those Pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me,
And what the Law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Husb. Look it be done, shall I want Dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,
[*Holds his Hands in his Pockets.*
But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?
Oh much against my Blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a Looker-on;
A Bawd to Dice; I'll shake the Drabs my self,
And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall. [*Exit.*

Husb. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very Hour I chose a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble; three Children like three Evils hang upon me, fy, fy, fy, Strumpet and Bastards, Strumpet and Bastards.

Enter

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome Thoughts jar on your Tongue?
Your self to stain the Honour of your Wife,
Nobly descended; those whom Men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own Words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest Kindness sway so much with you.

Hus. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu,
I am glad to see you, farewel Instructions, Admonitions.
[*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirrah? what would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, Sir, that my Mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to *London* by her honourable Uncle, your Worship's late Guardian.

Hus. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at home. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not move me; for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strike thine own Follies, for it is they
Deserve to be well beaten: we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I; thou art fond and peevish,
An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit

Lie now both sick of a Consumption,
I am sorry for thee; that Man spends with shame,
That with his Riches doth consume his Name;
And such art thou.

Husb. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me farther.
Thy Father's and Forefathers worthy Honours,
Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The Spring-time of thy Youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful Summer to thy Friends,
It scarce can enter into Mens Beliefs,
Such Dearths should hang on thee, we that see it
Are sorry to believe it; in thy Change,
This Voice into all places will be hurl'd,
Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the World.

Husb. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a Strumpet.

Husb. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her private Friend,
The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought,
I am past my patient Blood, shall I stand idle
And see my Reputation touch'd to death?

Husb. This has gall'd you, has it?

Gent. No, Monster, I prove
My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love.

Husb. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base Spirit, to lay thy hate upon
The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*

Husb. Oh.

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet.

Husb. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do. [*Fight again.*

Husb. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me?

Gent.

Gent. No, plain and right.
He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.
[*Husband falls down.*
Huſ. Hard Fortune, am I levell'd with the Ground?
Gent. Now, Sir, you lie at Mercy.
Huſ. Ay, you Slave.
Gent. Alas that hate ſhould bring us to our Grave.
You ſee, my Sword's not thirſty for your Life,
I am ſorrier for your Wound, than you your ſelf:
You're of a virtuous Houſe, ſhew virtuous Deeds,
'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Folly bleeds.
Much good has been expected in your Life,
Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife,
Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful ſhame
On her and your Poſterity; let only Sin be ſore,
And by this Fall, riſe never to fall more.
And ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*
Huſ. Has the Dog left me then,
After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart
Would fain leap after him, Revenge I ſay,
I'm mad to be reveng'd; my Strumpet Wife,
It is thy Quarrel that rips thus my Fleſh,
And makes my Breaſt ſpit Blood, but thou ſhalt bleed;
Vanquiſh'd? got down? unable e'en to ſpeak?
Surely 'tis want of Money makes Men weak,
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down elſe.
[*Exit.*

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving-man.

Ser. Faith, Miſtreſs, if it may not be Preſumption
In me to tell you ſo, for his Excuſe
You had ſmall Reaſon, knowing his abuſe.
Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
Why ſhould our Faults at home be ſpread abroad?
'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at firſt ſight
Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life
As perfectly, as if his ſerious Eye
Had number'd all his Follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd Lands, his Friends in Bonds,

Himself wither'd with Debt; and in that minute
Had I added his Usage and Unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every Thought of good;
Where now, fathering his Riots in his Youth,
Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
Guessing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had) tho his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some Office
And Place at Court! A good and sure Relief
To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new League between us, and redeem
His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the Devil himself kept open House in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave me, I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands,
And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands;
Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind.
Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Now, are you come? where's the Money? Let's see the Money, is the Rubbish sold? those Wise-akers your Lands, why then, the Money, where is it? pour it down, down with it, down with it: I say pour't on the Ground, let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My Words shall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort than the sale of my Dowry.

Hus. Ha, what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me hearing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and mild Usage (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of your

your declining Fortunes, provided a place for you at Court of worth and credit; which ſo much overjoy'd me——

Huſ. Out on thee, Filth, over and overjoy'd,
When I'm in Torment. [*Spurns her.*
Thou politick Whore, ſubtiller than nine Devils, was this thy Journey to *Nunck*, to ſet down the Hiſtory of me, my State and Fortunes?
Shall I, that dedicated my ſelf to Pleaſure, be now confin'd in Service to crouch, and ſtand like an old Man i'th'Hams, my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my Head i'th'Church, baſe Slut, this Fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife. Oh, Heav'n knows,
That my Complaints were Praiſes and beſt Words
Of you, and your Eſtate; only my Friends
Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were poſſeſt
Of every Accident before I came.
If you ſuſpect it but a Plot in me
To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (tho it ſuits a Mother
To ſhew a natural care in their Reliefs)
Yet I'll forget my ſelf to calm your Blood;
Conſume it, as your Pleaſure counſels you,
And all I wiſh, e'en Clemency affords,
Give me but pleaſant Looks, and modeſt Words.

Huſ. Money, Whore, Money, or I'll—— [*Draws his Dagger.*

Enter a Servant haſtily.

What the Devil! How now? thy haſty News?

Ser. May it pleaſe you, Sir.

Huſ. What, may I not look upon my Dagger?
Speak, Villain, or I will execute the Point on thee: Quick, ſhort.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the Univerſity ſtays below to ſpeak with you.

Huſ. From the Univerſity? ſo, Univerſity,
That long Word runs thro' me. [*Exit Wife.*

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this News step'd in between, the Point
Had offered Violence unto my Breast.
That which some Women call great misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my miseries: I may compare
For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are:
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it Slavery to be prefer'd,
A Place of Credit, a base Servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars,
I see how Ruin with a palsy Hand
Begins to shake the ancient Seat to Dust:
The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids
Over my darkish Eyes: I can scarce see;
Thus Grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College.

Hus. Please you draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Hus. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the Purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whose Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Prisoner, all his Studies amas'd, his Hope struck dead, and the Pride of his Youth muffled in these dark Clouds of Oppression.

Hus. Hum, hum, hum.

Mast. O you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our University, wherefore without Repentance and Amends, expect ponderous and sudden Judgments to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited

fited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thousand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careless courses cast into Prison, which you must answer for, and assure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Hus. O God, oh.

Mast. Wise Men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even those whom Honesty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any thing that makes Man perfect, till you redeem him: What is your Answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate Misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I hear your Answer.

Hus. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Master.

I never had Sense till now; your Syllables have cleft me, both for your Words and Pains I thank you; I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs. Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Hus. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother, Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore, Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Hus. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wisht it better for your sake. I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Hus. Let it be so.

Now, Sir, if you please to spend but a few Minutes in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall here attend you; I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht

of

of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleased,
And the World's murmurs calm'd, and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky Day. [*Exit.*

Hus. O thou confused Man, thy pleasant Sins have undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee. That Heav'n should say we must not sin, and yet made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure, which being found, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? O would Virtue had been forbidden, we should then have prov'd all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are forbidden, what Man would have been forbidden, what Man would have been fool to a Beast, and zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the mire? what is there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three thousand Acres into the compass of a little round Table, and with the Gentleman's Palsy in the Hand, shake out his Posterity, Thieves or Beggars? 'Tis done, I have don't i'faith: Terrible, horrible Misery,——how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine; mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Generations, Generations, down goes the House of us, down, down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar, begs in me that Name hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous; in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable beside my self, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wife's sighing, my three Boys penury, and mine own Confusion.

[*He tears his Hair.*

Why sits my Hairs upon my curs'd Head?
Will not this Poison scatter them? oh my Brother's
In Execution among Devils that stretch him:
And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,

But

But in my Heart her ſeveral Torments dwell,
Slavery and Miſery. Who in this caſe
Would not take up Money upon his Soul,
Pawn his Salvation, live at Intereſt?
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, Father, are you not well? I cannot ſcourge my Top as long as you ſtand ſo: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs; puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[*He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.*

Huſ. Up, Sir, for here thou haſt no Inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy.

Huſ. Thou ſhalt be my red Boy, take that. [*Strikes him.*

Son. Oh, you hurt me, Father.

Huſ. My eldeſt Beggar, thou ſhalt not live to ask an Uſurer Bread, to cry at a great Man's Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to brain you.

Son. How ſhall I learn now my Head's broke?

Huſ. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. [*Stabs him.*
Be not thy Name's Diſgrace:
Spurn thou thy Fortunes firſt, if they be baſe:
Come view thy ſecond Brother; Fates,
My Childrens Blood ſhall ſpin into your Faces.
You ſhall ſee,
How confidently we ſcorn Beggary. [*Exit with his Son.*

Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her aſleep.

Maid. Sleep, ſweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother ſleep,

It

It bodes ſmall good when heavineſs falls ſo deep.——
Huſh, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,
'Tis loſt at Dice, what antient Honour won,
Hard when the Father plays away the Son;
Nothing but Miſery ſerves in this Houſe,
Ruin and Deſolation; oh.

Enter Husband with a Boy bleeding.

Huſ. Whore, give me that Boy,
[*He ſtrives with her for the Child.*
Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.
Huſ. Are you Goſſipping, prating ſturdy Queen,
I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,
Down Stairs; tumble, tumble, headlong.
[*He throws her down.*
So, the ſureſt way to charm a Woman's Tongue,
Is to break her Neck, a Politician did it.
Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.
[*His Wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngeſt Child.*
Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my Children,
Both, both; bloody, bloody.
Huſ. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.
Wife. O my ſweet Husband.
Huſ. Filth, Harlot.
Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?
Huſ. Give me the Baſtard.
Wife. Your own ſweet Boy.
Huſ. There are too many Beggars.
Wife. Good my Husband.
Huſ. Doſt thou prevent me ſtill?
Wife. Oh God!
Huſ. Have at his Heart.
[*Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets it from her.*
Wife. Oh my dear Boy.
Huſ. Brat, thou ſhalt not live to ſhame thy Houſe.
Wife. Oh Heav'n. [*She is hurt, and ſinks down.*
Huſ. And periſh, now be gone,
There's Whores enough, and Want would make thee one.

Enter

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. O Sir, what Deeds are these?
Hus. Base Slave, my Vassal,
Com'st thou between my fury to question me?
Ser. Were you the Devil, I would hold you, Sir.
Hus. Hold me? Presumption, I'll undo thee for it.
Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.
Hus. Tug at thy Master?
Ser. Tug at a Monster.
Hus. Have I no Power? shall my Slave fetter me?
Ser. Nay then the Devil wrestles, I am thrown.
[*Husband overcomes him.*
Hus. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee,
Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him;
So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My Horse stands ready sadled, away, away,
Now to my Brat at Nurse, my sucking Beggar,
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.
[*The Master meets him.*
Mast. How is't with you Sir, methinks you look of a distracted Colour.
Hus. Who, I Sir? 'tis but your fancy,
Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you,
I want one small part to make up the Sum;
And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.
Mast. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.
[*Exeunt.*
Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heave up my self,
He has so bruis'd me with his deviliſh weight,
And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur,
A Man before of easy Constitution,
Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong,
Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong:

Enter

Enter Master and two Servants.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.
Mast. A deadly greeting; hath he summ'd up these
To satisfy his Brother? here's another,
And by these bleeding Infants, the dead Mother.
Wife. Oh, oh.
Mast. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life,
One of his Men all faint and bloodied.
Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took Horse
To kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly.
Mast. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Town upon him.
[*Exeunt Master and Servants.*
1 *Ser.* Good Sir follow him.
Wife. Oh my Children.
1 *Ser.* How is it, my most afflicted Mistress?
Wife. Why do I now recover? why half live?
To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?
1 *Ser.* I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
We struggled, but a fouler Strength than his
O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me,
And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair,
Like a Man mad in Execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.
Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all Grace,
And stole away Humanity from his Breast?
To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife,
And spoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accursed Place,
A Surgeon waits within.
Wife. Willing to leave it;
'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, innocent Blood,

Murder

Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands,
And will not out as long as the House stands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.

Hus. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, Plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure Heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th' Town,
In such plain even Ground,
'Sfoot, a Man may dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Hus. Ha! I hear sounds of Men, like Hue and Cry,
Up, up, and struggle to my Horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done.

Cry within. Here this way, this way.

Hus. At my Back? oh,
What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My Will is bated, Beggary claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.

Enter Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with Halberds.

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Mast. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless Deeds
In their relentless Natures, than these of thine:
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction for thy prison'd Brother?

Hus. He can have no more of us than our Skins,
And some of them want but fleaing.

1 *Gent.* Great Sins have made him impudent.

Mast. He's shed so much Blood, that he cannot blush.

2 *Gent.* Away with him, bear him to the Justices;
A Gentleman of Worship dwells at hand,
There shall his Deeds be blazed.

Hus.

Huſ. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my Action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I miſs'd of one.

Maſt. There's little of a Father in that Grief:
Bear him away.

Enter a Knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd ſo his Wife, murder'd his Children?

1 *Gent.* So the cry goes.

Knight. I am ſorry I e'er knew him,
That ever he took Life and natural Being
From ſuch an honour'd Stock, and fair Deſcent,
Till this black minute without Stain or Blemiſh.

1 *Gent.* Here come the Men.

Enter the Maſter of the College, and the reſt, with the Priſoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his Houſe: I'm ſorry for this time, that I am in place of Juſtice.

Maſt. Pleaſe you, Sir.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much.
Would it had ne'er been thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.

1 *Gent.* Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me:
What made you ſhew ſuch monſtrous Cruelty?

Huſ. In a word, Sir,
I have conſum'd all, plaid away long Acre,
And I thought it the charitableſt Deed I could do
To cozen Beggary, and knock my Houſe o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think but in to-morrow's Judgment,
The Terror will ſit cloſer to your Soul,
When the dread Thought of Death remembers you:
To further which, take this ſad Voice from me,
Never was act plaid more unnaturally.

Huſ. I thank you, Sir.

Knight. Go lead him to the Jail.
Where Juſtice claims all, there muſt Pity fail.

Huſ.

Huſ. Come, come, away with me. [*Exit. Priſoner.*

Maſt. Sir, you deſerve the Worſhip of your place,
Would all did ſo; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo;
Ruinous Man, the Deſolation of his Houſe,
The blot upon his Predeceſſors honour'd Name.
That Man is neareſt ſhame, that is paſt ſhame. [*Exit.*

Enter Husband with the Officers, the Maſter and Gentlemen, as going by his Houſe.

Huſ. I am right againſt my Houſe, Seat of my Anceſtors; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered; let me intreat to ſpeak with her before the Priſon gripe me.

Enter his Wife, brought in a Chair.

Gent. See ſhe comes of her ſelf.

Wife. O my ſweet Husband, my dear diſtreſſed Huſband,
Now in the Hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greateſt Sorrow, my extreameſt Bleeding;
Ah! my Soul bleeds.

Huſ. How now? kind to me?
Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breaſt feel,
Unkindneſs ſtrikes a deeper Wound than Steel,
You have been ſtill unkind to me.

Huſ. Faith, and ſo I think I have;
I did my Murders roughly out of Hand,
Deſperate and ſudden, but thou haſt deviſ'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece; now glides the Devil from me,
Departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails,
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented,
Bind him one thouſand more, you bleſſed Angels,
In that bottomleſs Pit, let him not riſe
To make Men act unnatural Tragedies,
To ſpread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioner,

Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not?
For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.
Wife. O my repentant Husband!
Huſ. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd,
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.
Wife. Thou ſhould'ſt not, be aſſur'd, for theſe Faults die,
If the Law could forgive as ſoon as I.
[*Children laid out.*
Huſ. What Sight is yonder?
Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the Threſhold.
Huſ. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-ſtring crack.
O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent Glaſſes melt,
And both your Murders ſhoot upon my Cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels Laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.
O that I might my wiſhes now attain,
I ſhould then wiſh you living were again,
Tho I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
O 'twas the Enemy my Eyes ſo blear'd.
O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,
That will unto my End repentant live.
Wife. It makes me even forget all other Sorrows,
And leave part with this.
Offi. Come, will you go?
Huſ. I'll kiſs the Blood I ſpilt, and then I'll go,
My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be ſo.
Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I muſt part,
I of thy wrongs repent me with my Heart.
Wife. O ſtay, thou ſhalt not go.
Huſ. That's but in vain, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewel ye bloody Aſhes of my Boys,
My Puniſhments are their eternal Joys.

Let

Let every Father look well into his Deeds,
And then their Heirs may proſper, while mine bleeds.
[*Exit Husband with Officers.*

Wife. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſs,
Than former Sorrows made me.

Maſt. O kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,
You have a Boy at Nurſe, your Joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life:
Heav'n give my Body ſtrength, which is yet faint
With much expence of Blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.

Maſt. Was it in Man to wound ſo kind a Creature?
I'll ever praiſe a Woman for thy ſake,
I muſt return with grief, my anſwer's ſet,
I ſhall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt.
Two Brothers; the one in Bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier Execution. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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THE TRAGEDY OF *LOCRINE*, THE ELDEST SON OF KING *BRUTUS*.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXVIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

BRutus, *King of* Britain
Locrine, }
Camber, } *his Sons.*
Albanact, }
Corineius, } *Brothers to* Brutus.
Aſſaracus, }
Thraſimachus, Corineius *his Son.*
Debon, *an older Officer.*
Humber, *King of the* Scythians.
Hubba, *his Son.*
Thraſſier, *a* Scythian *Commander.*
Strumbo, }
Trompart, } *Clowns.*
Oliver, }
William, }
Guendeline, Corineius *his Daughter, married to* Locrine.
Eſtrild, Humber's *Wife.*
Ate, *the Goddeſs of Revenge.*

Ghoſts of Albanact, *and* Corineius.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF *LOCRINE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Shew.

Enter Ate, *with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain* Ate.

ATE.

In pœnam sectatur & Umbra.

AMighty Lion Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great Proportion,
With hideous Noise, scaring the trembling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all the Earth,
Traverst the Groves, and chac'd the wandring Beasts:

Long did he range among the ſhady Trees,
And drave the ſilly Beaſts before his Face;
When ſuddenly from out a thorny Buſh
A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a diſmal Shaft,
So he him ſtrook, that it drew forth the Blood,
And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
But all in vain he threatneth Teeth and Paws,
And ſparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
For the ſharp ſhaft gave him a mortal Wound.
So valiant *Brute*, the Terror of the World,
Whoſe only looks did ſcare his Enemies,
The Archer Death brought to his lateſt end.
O what may long abide above this Ground,
In State of Bliſs and healthful Happineſs! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brutus *carried in a Chair*, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendeline, Aſſaracus, Debon, *and* Thraſimachus.

Bru. Moſt loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
That have with me, unworthy General,
Paſſed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
And I muſt leave you, tho againſt my Will;
My Sinews ſhrunk, my number'd Senſes fail,
A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my Bones,
Black ugly Death with Viſage pale and wan,
Preſents himſelf before my dazled Eyes,
And with his Dart prepared is to ſtrike;
Theſe Arms, my Lords, theſe never-daunted-Arms,
That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
And eke diſmay'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
Now yield to Death, o'erlaid with crooked Age,
Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
Even as the luſty Cedar worn with Years,

That

That far abroad her dainty Odour throws,
'Mongſt all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*.
This Heart, my Lords, this ne'er-appalled Heart,
That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,
Now by the Weapons of unpartial Death
Is clove aſunder, and bereft of Life:
As when the ſacred Oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns,
Sliding along the Air's celeſtial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I ſtruggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, ſince God will have it ſo.

Aſſar. Alas my Lord, we ſorrow at your Caſe,
And grieve to ſee your Perſon vexed thus;
But whatſoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to diſannul;
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*.
For when the fatal Siſters have decreed
To ſeparate us from this earthly Mold,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, ſince there's no way but one,
Ceaſe your Laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your Highneſs knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandraſſus*,
And all the Crew of the *Moloſſians*;
Goffarius the arm-ſtrong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Coſt beheld our Chivalry:
Where-e'er *Aurora*, Handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do ſoar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers

Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World.
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave theſe ſad Laments,
Comfort yourſelf with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, tho he ſeems terrible.
Bru. Nay, *Corineius*, you miſtake my Mind,
In conſtruing wrong the Cauſe of my Complaints;
I fear'd not t'yield myſelf to fatal Death,
God knows it was the leaſt of all my Thoughts;
A greater Care torments my very Bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in your Lordings both the Subſtance lie.
Thra. Moſt noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
Accompliſh may, to eaſe your lingring Grief,
I, in the name of all, proteſt to you,
That we would boldly enterprize the ſame,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
Scareth the Ghoſts with high reſounding Noiſe,
We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
Searching the Entrails of the brutiſh Earth,
Or with his *Ixions* overdaring, ſoon
Be bound in Chains of ever-during Steel.
Bru. Then hearken to your Soveraign's lateſt Words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our Royal Mind and reſolute Intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
Th' unhappy Slaughter of my luckleſs Sire,
Drove me and old *Aſſaracbus* mine Eame,
As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were conſtrain'd to fly
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandraſſus*,
There I alone did undertake your Cauſe,
There I reſtor'd your antique Liberty,
Tho *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Moloſſia* ſtorm'd,
Tho brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
Tho *Pandraſſus* and his Contributaries,
With all the routs of their Confederates,

Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
And by Compulſion forc'd him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound.
From *Grecia* thro' the boiſterous *Helleſpont*,
We came into the Fields of *Leſtrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was;
Which when we paſſed the *Sicilian* Gulf,
And ſo transfretting the *Illicina* Sea,
Arrived on the Coaſts of *Aquitain*;
Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gauls*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our Hoſt, ſuſtain'd the Foil,
And for your ſakes my *Turnus* there I loſt;
Turnus that ſlew ſix hundred Men at Arms,
All in an Hour, with his ſharp Battle-Axe.
From thence upon the ſtronds of *Albion*
To *Corus* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion*'s Race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
The curſed Captain of that damned Crew,
And in that Iſle at length I placed you.
Now let me ſee, if my laborious Toils,
If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When firſt I follow'd thee and thine, brave King,
I hazarded my Life and deareſt Blood,
To purchaſe Favour at your Princely Hands,
And for the ſame in dangerous Attempts,
In ſundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
I ſhew'd the Courage of my manly Mind;
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul*;
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A ſavage Captain of a ſavage Crew;
And for theſe Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King;
And for this Gift, this Life and deareſt Blood

Will *Corineius* ſpend for *Brutus'* good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd to you,
The ſame will *Debon* do unto his end.

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, ſince you are all agreed,
And reſolute to follow *Brutus'* Hoſts,
Favour my Sons, favour thoſe Orphans, Lords,
And ſhield them from the Dangers of their Foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,
And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age;
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy lateſt Bleſſings at his Hands:
And, for thou art the eldeſt of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Father's ſteps,
Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate:
For if thou follow ſacred Virtues lore,
Thou ſhalt be crowned with a Laurel Branch,
And wear a Wreath of ſempiternal Fame,
Sorted amongſt the Glorious happy ones.

Loc. If *Locrine* do not follow your Advice,
And bear himſelf in all things like a Prince
That ſeeks to amplify the great Renown,
Left unto him for an Inheritance,
By thoſe that were his Anceſtors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And ſwallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.
Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,
Deſcend upon this my devoted Head.

[Brutus *taking* Guendeline *by the Hand.*

Bru. But for I ſee you all to be in doubt,
Who ſhall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this Preſent at my Hand;
A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.
Thou ſhalt be ſpouſed to fair *Guendeline*:
Love her, and take her, for ſhe is thine own,
If ſo thy Uncle and her ſelf do pleaſe.

Cor. And herein how your Highneſs honours me,
It cannot now be in my Speech expreſt;

For

For careful Parents glory not ſo much
At their own Honour and Promotion,
As for to ſee the iſſue of their Blood
Seated in Honour and Proſperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts
To contradict her aged Father's Will,
Therefore ſince he to whom I muſt obey,
Hath giv'n me now unto your Royal ſelf,
I will not ſtand aloof from off the lure,
Like crafty Dames that moſt of all deny
That, which they moſt deſire to poſſeſs.

[Brutus *turning to* Locrine.

[Locrine *kneeling.*

Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou muſt bear the Perſon of a King.

[*Puts the Crown on his Head.*

Locrine ſtand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majeſty,
That thou with Honour well may'ſt wear the Crown,
And if thou tendereſt theſe my lateſt Words,
As thou requit'ſt my Soul to be at reſt,
As thou deſireſt thine own Security,
Cheriſh and love thy new betrothed Wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerleſs *Guendeline.*

Bru. Camber.

Cam. My Lord.

Brn. The Glory of mine Age,
And darling of thy Mother *Junoger*,
Take thou the *South* for thy Dominion,
From thee there ſhall proceed a Royal Race,
That ſhall maintain the Honour of this Land,
And ſway the regal Scepter with their Hands.

[*Turning to* Albanact.

And *Albanact*, thy Father's only Joy,
Youngeſt in Years, but not the young'ſt in mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the *North* for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,

Repleniſhed with fierce untamed Beaſts,
As correſpondent to thy martial Thoughts.
Live long my Sons with endleſs Happineſs,
And bear firm Concordance among your ſelves,
Obey the Counſels of theſe Fathers grave,
That you may better bear out Violence.
But ſuddenly, thro' Weakneſs of my Age,
And the defect of youthful Puiſſance,
My Malady increaſeth more and more,
And cruel Death haſteneth his quickned pace,
To diſpoſſeſs me of my earthly Shape,
Mine Eyes wax dim, o'ercaſt with Clouds of Age,
The pangs of Death compaſs my crazed Bones.
Thus to you all my Bleſſings I bequeath,
And with my Bleſſings, this my fleeting Soul.
My Glaſs is run, and all my Miſeries
Do end with Life; Death cloſeth up mine Eyes,
My Soul in haſte flies to the *Elyſian* Fields. [*He dies.*

Loc. Accurſed Stars, damn'd and accurſed Stars,
T'abbreviate my noble Father's Life.
Hard-hearted Gods, and too too envious Fates,
Thus to cut off my Father's fatal Thread.
Brutus that was a Glory to us all,
Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,
Alas too ſoon by *Demogorgon*'s Knife,
The Martial *Brutus* is bereſt of Life.
No ſad Complaints may move juſt *Æacus.*

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhodomanth.*
Wert thou as ſtrong as mighty *Hercules,*
That tam'd the huge Monſters of the World,
Plaid'ſt thou as ſweet, on the ſweet ſounding Lute,
As did the Spouſe of fair *Eurydice,*
That did enchant the Waters with his Noiſe,
And made the Stones, Birds, Beaſts, to lead a Dance,
Conſtrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,
Thou could'ſt not move the Judge of *Erebus,*
Nor move Compaſſion in grim *Pluto*'s Heart:
For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the World,
And every Man muſt tread the way of Death;

Brave

Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops'* Sire,
Gueſt to the Gods, ſuffered untimely Death,
And old *Tithonus* Husband to the Morn,
And eke grim *Minos* whom juſt *Jupiter*
Deign'd to admit unto his Sacrifice.
The thundring Trumpets of Blood-thirſty *Mars*,
The fearful rage of fell *Tiſiphoen*,
The boiſterous Waves of humid Ocean,
Are Inſtruments and Tools of diſmal Death.
Then noble Couſin ceaſe to mourn his chance,
Whoſe Age and Years were Signs that he ſhould die.
It reſteth now that we inter his Bones,
That was a Terror to his Enemies.
Take up his Coarſe, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Trojan* State.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Troinovant*,
There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo *above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper in his Hand.*

Strum. Either the four Elements, the ſeven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antarctick, are adverſitive againſt me, or elſe I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Conſtultations doth ſay, goeth arſward. Ay Maſters, ay, you may laugh, but I muſt weep; you may joy, but I muſt ſorrow, ſhedding ſalt Tears from the watry Fountains of my moſt dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and ſmooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water runneth from the Bucking-tubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs-heads: for truſt me, Gentlemen, and my very good Friends, and ſo forth: the little God, nay the deſperate God *Cupid*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath ſhot me unto the Heel: ſo not only, but alſo, oh fine phraſe, I burn, I burn, and

I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what haſt thou ſeen, not *Dine* with the *Aſs Tom*? Yea, with theſe Eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ah, *Strumbo*, haſt thou heard of the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice ſweeter than hers, yea, with theſe Ears haſt thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy ſorrow. Nay, *Strumbo*, kill thy ſelf, drown thy ſelf, hang thy ſelf, ſtarve thy ſelf. Oh, but then I ſhall leave my ſweet Heart. Oh my Heart! Now Pate for thy Maſter, I will dite an aliquant Love-piſtle to her, and then ſhe hearing the grand verboſity of my Scripture, will love me preſently.

[*Let him write a little, and then read.*

My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haſte the worſt ſpeed.

[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, and the ſole eſſence of my Soul, that the little ſparkles of Affection kindled in me towards your ſweet ſelf, hath now encreas'd to a great Flame, and will ere it be long conſume my poor Heart, except you with the pleaſant Water of your ſecret Fountain, quench the furious Heat of the ſame. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majeſtical, in Apparel comely, in Gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be ſo hard, as to deſpiſe a proper tall young Man of a handſome Life, and by deſpiſing him, not only, but alſo to kill him. Thus expecting Time and Tide, I bid you farewell. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo*.

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will ſend it away. *Trompart*, *Trompart*, a what Villain is this? Why Sirrah, come when your Maſter calls you. *Trompart*.

Trompart entring, ſaith, Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knoweſt, my pretty Boy, what a good Maſter I have been to thee ever ſince I took thee into my Service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum.

Strum. And how I have cheriſhed thee always, as if thou hadſt been the Fruits of my Loins, Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then ſhew thy ſelf herein a truſty Servant, and carry this Letter to Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, and tell her—

[*Speaking in his Ear.* *Exit* Trompart.

Strum. Nay, Maſters, you ſhall ſee a Marriage by and by. But here ſhe comes. Now muſt I frame my amorous Paſſions.

Enter Dorothy *and* Trompart.

Dor. *Signior Strumbo*, well met: I receiv'd your Letters by your Man here, who told me a pitful Story of your anguiſh, and ſo underſtanding your Paſſions were ſo great, I came hither ſpeedily.

Strum. Oh, my Sweet and Pigſney, the fecundity of my ingeny is not ſo great, that may declare unto you the ſorrowful Sobs and broken Sleeps that I ſuffer'd for your ſake; and therefore I deſire you to receive me into your familiarity.

For your Love doth lye,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Noſe,
My Leg unto my Hoſe,
And my Fleſh unto my Skin.

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you ſpeak too learnedly for me to underſtand the drift of your Mind, and therefore tell your Tale in plain terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I moſt would, I cannot be underſtood: ſo that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to ſpeak in plain terms, I love you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[*Turning to the People.*

Strum. Say'ſt thou ſo, ſweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, Miſtreſs. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap-Caſe full of new coin'd words, and then ſhall you ſoon have the *ſuccado de labres*, and ſomething elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Aſſarachus, Debon, *and* Thraſimachus.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is Entomb'd,
As beſt beſeem'd ſo brave a Prince as he;
If ſo you pleaſe, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple or *Concordia*,
Will ſolemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Muſt needs obey your Highneſs at command,
Eſpecially in ſuch a Cauſe as this,
That much concerns your Highneſs' great content.

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord*'s Walls,
Where we will paſs the Day in Knightly ſports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Riſus* all our Sports. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before. After a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this Show:* Perſeus *and* Andromeda, *hand in hand, and* Cepheus *alſo with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another Door* Phineus, *all black in Armour with* Æthiopians *after him, driving in* Perſeus, *and having taken away* Andromeda, *let them depart.* Ate *remaining, ſays:*

Regit omnia Numen.

WHen *Perſeus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had eſtabliſh'd well his Crown,
And that his Kingdom ſhould for aye endure.
But lo proud *Phineus*, with a Band of Men,
Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Arms the Bride he took from him;
And turn'd their Joy into a Flood of Tears.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this Marriage tendeth to his weal,
But this foul day, this foul accurſed day,
Is the beginning of his miſeries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approacheth nigh with all his warlike Train.
I need not I, the ſequel ſhall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this War. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Eſtrild, Segar, *and their Soldiers.*

Hum. At length the Snail doth climb the higheſt tops,
Aſcending up the ſtately Caſtle Walls;
At length the Water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardeſt Marble Stone;
At length we are arrived in *Albion.*
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* Soveraign,
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*,
Stay us from cutting over to this Iſle;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*,
Under the Conduct of *Poſthumius'* Son,
Have pitch'd up lordly Pavilions,
And hope to proſper in this lovely Iſle:
But I will fruſtrate all their fooliſh Hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Conſtraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hoſts,
And all the Power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If ſhe that rules fair *Rhamnis* golden Gate,
Grant us the Honour of the Victory
As hitherto ſhe always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthroniſed in Seats of Topaz Stones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know,
None muſt be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage, my Son, Fortune ſhall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bays,
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what ſaith *Eſtrild* to theſe Regions?
How liketh ſhe the Temperature thereof?
Are they not pleaſant in her gracious Eyes?

Eſt.

Eſt. The Plains, my Lord, garniſh'd with *Flora's* Wealth,
And over-ſpread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield ſweet contentation to my mind;
The airy Hills enclos'd with ſhady Groves,
The Groves repleniſh'd with ſweet chirping Birds,
The Birds reſounding heav'nly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of *Theſſaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with theſe learned Ladies nine,
Delight themſelves with Muſick's Harmony:
And from the moiſture of the Mountain Tops,
The ſilent Springs dance down with murmuring Streams,
And water all the Ground with Cryſtal Waves;
The gentle blaſts of *Eurus* modeſt Wind,
Moving the pattering Leaves of *Sylvane's* Woods,
Do equal it with *Tempe's* Paradiſe.
And thus conſorted all to one Effect,
Do make me think theſe are the happy Iſles,
Moſt fortunate if *Humber* may them win.

Hub. Madam, where Reſolution leads the way,
And Courage follows with embolden'd pace,
Fortune can never uſe her Tyranny;
For Valiantneſs is like unto a Rock
That ſtandeth on the Waves of Ocean,
Which tho the Billows beat on every ſide,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempeſtuous Storms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth ſtill unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly reſolv'd, thou Glory of thy Sire,
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth Novelties
Bring'ſt thou unto our Royal Majeſty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngeſt of all *Brutus'* Sons,
Stout *Albanact*, with Millions of Men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth ere the Morn,
To try your Force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with Millions of Hoſts;
He ſhall find Entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for thoſe that are our Enemies:
For we'll receive them at the Lances Points,
And maſſacre their Bodies with our Blades:

Yea,

Yea, tho they were in number infinite,
More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the Ruler of the Eaſt,
Brought 'gainſt the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not ſtart back one Foot from them:
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the ſupreme King of Heav'n,
And the immortal Gods that live therein;
When as the Morning ſhews his chearful Face,
And *Luciſer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the golden Sun,
I'll meet young *Albanact* in th'open Field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the Valour of his boyiſh Strength:
There will I ſhew ſuch ruthful ſpectacles,
And cauſe ſo great effuſion of Blood,
That all his Boys ſhall wonder at my Strength.
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Penthesilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corſlet of bright ſhining Steel,
Coop'd up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son;
Nay, like a Prince that ſeeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to Morrow ere fair *Titan* ſhine,
And baſhful *Eos* Meſſenger of Light,
Expels the liquid Sleep from out Mens Eyes,
Thou ſhalt conduct the right Wing of the Hoſt,
The left Wing ſhall be under *Segar*'s Charge,
The Rearward ſhall be under me my ſelf:
And lovely *Eſtrild*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in my Attempts,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune ſhall favour me in mine Attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muſter up our Train,
And furniſh up our luſty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our State,
And bring our wiſhed Joys to perfect end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy *and* Trompart, *cobling Shoes and ſinging.*

Trom. *We Coblers lead a merry Life:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Strum. *Void of all envy and ſtrife:*
All *Dan diddle dan.*
Dor. *Our eaſe is great, our Labour ſmall:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan,*
Strum. *And yet our Gains be much withal:*
All. *Dan diddle dan.*
Dor. *With this Art ſo fine and fair:*
All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*
Trom. *No Occupation may compare:*
All. *Dan diddle dan.*
Strum. *For merry paſtime and joyful glee:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *Moſt happy Men we Coblers be:*
Dan diddle dan.
Trom. *The Can ſtands full of nappy Ale,*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. *In our Shop ſtill withouten fail:*
Dan diddle dan.
Dor. *This is our Meat, this is our Food:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trom. *This brings us to a merry mood:*
Dan diddle dan.
Strum. *This makes us work for Company:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *To pull the Tankards chearfully:*
Dan diddle dan.
Trom. *Drink to thy Husband,* Dorothy:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *Why then my* Strumbo *there's to thee:*
Dan diddle dan.

Strum.

Strum. *Drink thou the reſt,* Trompart, *amain:*
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. *When that is gone, we'll fill't again:*
Dan diddle dan.

Enter Captain.

Capt. The pooreſt ſtate is ſartheſt from annoy;
How merrily he ſitteth on his Stool:
But when he ſees that needs he muſt be preſt,
He'll turn his Note and ſing another Tune.
Ho, by your leave Maſter Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome, Gentleman; what will you any old Shoes or Buskins, or will you have your Shoes clouted? I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathneſs* whatſoever. [*Captain ſhewing him Preſs-money.*

Capt. O Maſter Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me, for done' you ſee this? I come not to buy any Shoes, but to buy your Self; come, Sir, you muſt be a Soldier in the King's Cauſe.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any Commiſſion to take any Man againſt his Will? I promiſe you, I can ſcant believe it, or did he give you Commiſſion?

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no Commiſſion: hold here, I command you in the Name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to Morrow in the Town-Houſe of *Cathneſs*.

Strum. King *Nactabal*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you, Sir, Maſter Capontial, draw your Paſtboard, or elſe I promiſe you, I'll give you a Canvaſado with a Baſtinado over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your Implements.

Capt. I pray thee good Fellow be content, I do the King's Command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then:

Capt. I may not. [Strumbo *ſnatching up a Staff.*

Strum. No will, come, Sir, will your Stomach ſerve you,

you? by Gog's blew Hood and Halidom, I will have a bout with you. [*Fight both.*

Enter Thraſimachus.

Thra. How now, what noiſe, what ſudden clamour's this?
How now, my Captain and the Cobler ſo hard at it?
Sirs, what is your Quarrel?

Capt. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Preſs-money.

Thra. Here, good Fellow, take it at my Command, unleſs you mean to be ſtretch'd,

Strum. Truly, Maſter Gentleman, I lack no Money, if you pleaſe I will reſign it to one of theſe poor Fellows.

Thra. No ſuch matter,
Look you be at the Common-houſe to morrow.
[*Exit* Thraſimachus *and the Captain.*

Strum. O Wife, I have ſpun a fair Thread; if I had been quiet, I had not been preſt, and therefore well may I lament; but come Sirrah, ſhut up, for we muſt to the Wars. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanact, Debon, Thraſimachus, *and the Lords.*

Alba. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whoſe trenchant Blades with our deceaſed Sire,
Paſſing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm Blood,
Now is the time to manifeſt your wills,
Your haughty minds and Reſolutions,
Now opportunity is offered
To try your courage and your earneſt zeal,
Which you always proteſt to *Albanact*;
For at this time, yea at this preſent time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds

Have peſtred every place with mutinies:
But truſt me, Lordings, I will never ceaſe
To perſecute the Raſcal Runnagates,
Till all the Rivers ſtained with their Blood,
Shall fully ſhew their fatal Overthrow.

Deb. So ſhall your Highneſs merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's ſteps.

Alba. But tell me, Couſin, cam'ſt thou thro' the Plains?
And ſaw'ſt thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
Muſtring their Weather-beaten Soldiers?
What Order kept they in their marſhalling?

Thra. After we paſt the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the ſtraggling *Scythians* Camp,
Repleat with Men, ſtor'd with Munition;
There might we ſee the valiant minded Knights
Fetching Careers along the ſpacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Courſers white as Snow,
Went to behold the pleaſant flowring Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus'* lovely Sons,
Chaſing the *Grecians* over *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compar'd to theſe two Knights.

Alba. Well haſt thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son;
As fortunate as was *Polycrates*.
Yet ſhould they not eſcape our conquering Swords,
Or boaſt of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo *and* Trompart; *crying often*;

Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, *&c.*

Thra. What Sirs, what mean you by theſe Clamours made,
Thoſe Outcries raiſed in our ſtately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Villains, I ſay, tell us the cauſe hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thra. Tell me you Villains, why you make this noiſe,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All.

All. Where are your Houſes, where's your dwelling-place?

Strum. Place, ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy; why, do you think that ſuch poor honeſt Men as we be, hold our Habitacles in Kings Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But becauſe you ſeem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our ſtate;

From the Top to the Toe,
From the Head to the Shoe;
From the Beginning to the Ending:
From the Building to the Burning.

This honeſt Fellow and I had our manſion Cottage in the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury.* And by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens,* the *Scythians,* what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the Ground, and the aſhes are left there for the Country-Wives to waſh Bucks withal. And that which grieves me moſt, my loving Wife, O cruel ſtrife! the wicked Flames did roaſt.

And therefore Captain Cruſt,
We will continually cry,
Except you ſeek a remedy,
Our Houſes to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to Duſt.

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alb. Well, we muſt remedy theſe Outrages,
And throw Revenge upon their hateful Heads.
And you, good Fellows, for your Houſes burnt,
We will remunerate you ſtore of Gold,
And build your Houſes by our Palace Gate.

Strum. Gate! O petty Treaſon to my Perſon, no where elſe but by your Backſide: Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy. Do you hear, Maſter King? If you mean to gratify ſuch poor Men, as we be, you muſt build our Houſes by the Tavern.

Alba.

Alba. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, ay, by Lady, Sir, it was ſpoken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? when our Houſe is builded, if you do chance to paſs or re-paſs that way, we will beſtow a Quart of the beſt Wine upon you. [*Exit.*

Alba. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects Goods
Should thus be ſpoiled by the *Scythians*,
Who, as you ſee, with lightfoot Foragers,
Depopulate the Places where they come:
But, curſed *Humber*, thou ſhalt rue the day
That e'er thou cam'ſt unto *Cathneſia*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, *and their Soldiers.*

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horſe,
As many Lanciers, and light-armed Knights,
As may ſuffice for ſuch an Enterpriſe,
And place them in the Grove of *Challidon*:
With theſe, when as the Skirmiſh doth encreaſe,
Retire thou from the ſhelters of the Wood,
And ſet upon the weakned *Trojans* Backs,
For Policy, joined with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Albanact, *Clowns with him.*

Alba. Thou baſe-born *Hunn*, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*,
The great Commander of theſe Regions?
But thou ſhalt buy thy Raſhneſs with thy Death,
And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
For with this Sword, this Inſtrument of Death,
That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens Blood,

I'll

I'll ſeparate thy Body from thy Head;
And ſet that coward Blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbo*'s Inſtrument,
I'll crack thy Cock's-comb, paltry *Scythian.*

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy Threats thou princox Boy,
Nor do I fear thy fooliſh Inſolency;
And but thou better uſe thy bragging Blade,
Than thou doſt rule thy overflowing Tongue,
Superbious *Briton*, thou ſhalt know too ſoon
The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians.*

[*They fight,* Humber *and his Soldiers run in.*

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

SCENE VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber *and his Soldiers.*

Hum. How bravely this young *Briton*, *Albanact*,
Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
And in his Glory triumphs over all,
Moving the maſſy Squadrants of the Ground;
Heap Hills on Hills, to ſcale the ſtarry Sky:
As when *Briareus* arm'd with an hundred Hands,
Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove*,
And when the monſtrous Giant *Monychus*
Hurl'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his Targe,
And ſhot huge Cedars at *Minerva*'s Shield.
How doth he overlook with haughty Front
My fleeting Hoſt, and lifts his [illegible]y Face
Againſt us all that now do fear his Force;
Like as we ſee the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great Mountain heap'd with hideous Noiſe,
With thouſand Billows beat againſt the Ships,
And toſs them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

[*Sound the Alarm.*

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is ſurpriz'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Purſue the *Scythians* flying thro' the Field:
Let none of them eſcape with Victory:
That they may know the *Britons* Force is more
Than all the Power of the trembling *Hunns.*

Thra. Forward, brave Soldiers, forward, keep the chaſe,
He that takes captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, Humber *gives back,* Hubba *enters at their Backs, and kills* Debon, Strumbo *falls down,* Albanact *runs in, and afterwards enters wounded.*

Alba. Injurious Fortune, haſt thou croſt me thus?
Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
Thus in the Prime of my Felicity,
To cut me off by ſuch hard Overthrow.
Hadſt thou no time thy Rancour to declare,
But in the Spring of all my Dignities?
Hadſt thou no place to ſpit thy Venom out,
But on the Perſon of young *Albanact?*
I that ere-while did ſcare mine Enemies,
And drove them almoſt to a ſhameful Flight:
I that ere-while full Lion-like did fare
Amongſt the dangers of the thick throng'd Pikes,
Muſt now depart, moſt lamentably ſlain
By *Humber*'s Treacheries and Fortune's Spights:
Curſt be her Charms, damn'd be her curſed Charms,
That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
Of Men that truſt unto her fickle Wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upſide down.
O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful Manſion,
I'll paſs the *Alps* to watry *Meroe,*
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his Chariot,

The

The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
Caſts ſuch a Heat, yea ſuch a ſcorching Heat,
And ſpoileth *Flora* of her chequered Graſs;
I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucaſus*,
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple Shape,
Rolleth hot Flames from out her monſtrous Panch,
Scaring the Beaſts with Iſſue of her Gorge;
I'll paſs the frozen Zone where Icy Flakes
Stoping the Paſſage of the fleeting Ships,
Do lie like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea;
Where if I find that hateful Houſe of hers,
I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
And tye her ſelf in everlaſting Bands.
But all in vain I breathe theſe Threatnings,
The Day is loſt, the *Hunns* are Conquerors,
Debon is ſlain, my Men are done to Death,
The Currents ſwift ſwim violently with Blood,
And laſt, O that this laſt Night ſo long laſt,
My ſelf with Wounds paſt all Recovery,
Muſt leave my Crown for *Humber* to poſſeſs.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Maſters, I think this is a Holy-day, every Man lies ſleeping in the Fields, but God knows full ſore againſt their Wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf.
The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
And there's no way but Flight, or ſpeedy Death,
Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf.

[*Sound the Alarm.*

Alba. Nay let them fly that fear to die the Death,
That tremble at the Name of fatal *Mors*.
Ne'er ſhall proud *Humber* boaſt or brag himſelf,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
And leſt he ſhould triumph at my Decay,
This Sword ſhall reave his Maſter of his Life,
That oft hath ſav'd his Maſter's doubtful Life:
But oh my Brethren, if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his traiterous Head.

Et vos queis domus eſt nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido ſtygios moderamine lucos,

Nox cæci regina poli, furialis Erinnys,
Diique denique omnes, Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude;
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.
[Stabs himself.

Enter Trompart.

Trom. O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds; but I smell a Fox,
Look where my Master lies, Master, Master.
Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.
Trom. Yet one, good, good Master.
Strom. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. *And is my Master dead?* [Singing.
O Sticks and Stones, Brickbats and Bones,
And is my Master dead?
O you Cockatrices, and you Bablatrices,
That in the Woods dwell:
You Briers and Brambles, you Cook-shops and Shambles,
Come howl and yell
With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,
Come you to lament.
O Colliers of Croyden, *and Rusticks of* Royden,
And Fishers of Kent.
For Strumbo *the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler*
Of Cathnes *Town*;
At this same stoure, and this very hour,
Lies dead on the Ground.

O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, Eſtrild, *and the Soldiers.*

Hum. Thus from the dreadful Shocks of furious *Mars*,
Thundring Alarums, and *Rhamnuſia*'s Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory:
The ſlaughter'd *Trojans* ſqueltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcaſſes,
And are a Prey for every rav'nous Bird.

Eſt. So periſh they that are our Enemies:
So periſh they that love not *Humber*'s Weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World,
Protect my Love from all falſe Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely *Eſtrild*, ſolace to my Soul,
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd againſt the Men of *Albany*,
Lo here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,
As a Reward for this thy forward Mind.
[*Sets it on his Head.*

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir,
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cauſe me to attempt ſuch hard Exploits,
That all the World ſhall ſound of *Hubba*'s Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Succeſs
Carouze whole Cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambroſia*,
And caſt away the Clods of curſed care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius*' Gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis*' Silver Streams,
That clearly glide along the *Champane* Fields,
And moiſt the graſſy Meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, ſound up chearfully,
Sith we return with Joy and Victory. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dumb Show. Enter Ate *as before. A Crocodile ſitting on a River's Bank, and a little Snake ſtinging it. Then both of them fall into the Water.*

Ate. Celera in authorem cadunt.

High on a Bank, by *Nilus'* boiſterous Streams,
Fearfully ſat th'*Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her ſharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a ſilly Fiſh,
His Back was arm'd againſt the dint of Spear,
With Shields of Braſs that ſhin'd like burniſh'd Gold,
And as he ſtretched forth his cruel Paws,
A ſubtle Adder creeping cloſely near,
Thruſting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily ſhed his Poiſon thro' his Bones,
Which made him ſwell that there his Bowels burſt,
That did ſo much in his own greatneſs truſt.
So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanact*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine*'s Sword.
Mark what enſues, and you may eaſily ſee,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Aſſaracus, Thraſimachus, *and* Camber.

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanactus* ſlain?
Hath curſed *Humber* with his ſtragling Hoſt,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his end?

O that I had the *Thracean Orpheus'* Harp,
For to awake out of th'infernal Shade
Thoſe ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had *Amphion's* Inſtrument
To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
The flinty Joints of every ſtony Rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be puniſhed;
For, by the Lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunn* ſhall die, had he ten thouſand Lives:
And would to God he had ten thouſand Lives,
That I might with the arm-ſtrong *Hercules*
Crop off ſo vile an *Hydra's* hiſſing Heads.
But ſay me, Couſin, for I long to hear
How *Albanact* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traiterous Hoſt of *Scythians*
Entred the Field with martial Equipage,
Young *Albanact*, impatient of Delay,
Led forth his Army 'gainſt the ſtragling Mates,
Whoſe multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
Yet nothing could diſmay the forward Prince;
But with a Courage moſt heroical,
Like to a Lion 'mongſt a Flock of Lambs,
Made Havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
Hewing a Paſſage thro' them with his Sword;
Yea we had almoſt giv'n them the Repulſe,
When ſuddenly from out the ſilent Wood
Hubba with twenty thouſand Soldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
And murdered all with fatal Maſſacre;
Amongſt the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
With many Wounds was brought unto the Death;
And *Albanact* oppreſt with multitude,
Whilſt valiantly he fell'd his Enemies,
Yielded his Life and Honour to the Duſt.
He being dead, the Soldiers fled amain,
And I alone eſcaped them by Flight,
To bring you Tidings of theſe accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of ſtately *Troy*,
Grand Emperor of barb'rous *Aſia*,

When he beheld his noble-minded Son
Slain traiterously by all the *Myrmidons*,
Lamented more than I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When she beheld the Town of *Pergamus*,
Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring Flames.
Her fifty Sons and Daughters fresh of Hue,
Murder'd by wicked *Pyrrhus'* bloody Sword,
Shed such sad Tears as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The Grief of *Niobe*, fair *Athens* Queen,
For her seven Sons magnanimous in Field,
For her seven Daughters fairer than the fairest,
Is not to be compar'd with my Laments.

Cor. In vain you sorrow for the slaughter'd Prince,
In vain you sorrow for his Overthrow;
He loves not most that doth lament the most,
But he that seeks to venge the Injury.
Think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
With childish Sobs and womanish Laments?
Unsheath your Swords, unsheath your conqu'ring Swords,
And seek Revenge, the Comfort for this Sore:
In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
Even just ten thousand valliant Men at Arms
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All these and more, if need shall more require,
Hath *Corinæus* ready at command.

Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambria*,
Close by the boistrous *Iscan's* Silver Streams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thousand brave couragious Knights,
Well exercis'd in Feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner most invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with Gold and Victual.
All these and more, if need shall more require,
I offer up to venge my Brother's Death.

Loc. Thanks, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this Revenge, for this sweet Word Revenge
Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries:
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I swear,

Ne'er

Ne'er ſhall ſweet Quiet enter this my Front,
Till I be venged on his traiterous Head,
That ſlew my noble Brother *Albanact.*
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muſter up the Camp,
For we will ſtraight march to *Albanea.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Humber, Eſtrild, Hubba, Thraſſier, *and the Soldiers.*

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror,
Unto the flowing Current's ſilver Streams,
Which, in memorial of our Victory,
Shall be agnominated by our Name,
And talked of by our Poſterity:
For ſure I hope before the golden Sun
Poſteth his Horſes to fair *Thetis'* Plains,
To ſee the Waters turned into Blood,
And change his blueiſh hue to rueful red,
By reaſon of the fatal Maſſacre,
Which ſhall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

Ghoſt. See how the Traitor doth preſage his harm,
See how he glories at his own Decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper Loſs,
O Fortune vile, unſtable, fickle, frail!

Hum. Methinks I ſee both Armies in the Field,
The broken Lances climb the Cryſtal Skies,
Some headleſs lie, ſome breathleſs on the Ground,
And every place is ſtrew'd with Carcaſſes,
Behold the Graſs hath loſt his pleaſant green,
The ſweeteſt Sight that ever might be ſeen.

Ghoſt. Ay, traiterous *Humber*, thou ſhalt find it ſo,
Yea to thy coſt thou ſhalt the ſame behold,
With Anguiſh, Sorrow, and with ſad Laments:
The graſſy Plains, that now do pleaſe thine Eyes,
Shall ere the Night be colour'd all with Blood;

The ſhady Groves that now incloſe thy Camp,
And yield ſweet ſavour to thy damned Corps,
Shall ere the Night be figured all with Blood;
The profound Stream that paſſed by thy Tents,
And with his Moiſture ſerveth all thy Camp,
Shall ere the Night converted be to Blood,
Yea with the Blood of thoſe thy ſtragling Boys:
For now Revenge ſhall eaſe my lingring Grief,
And now Revenge ſhall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious Victory,
Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry:
He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
That ſhuns the Hives becauſe the Bees have Stings;
That likes me beſt that is not got with eaſe,
Which thouſand Dangers do accompany;
For nothing can diſmay our regal Mind,
Which aims at nothing but a golden Crown,
The only upſhot of mine Enterprizes.
Were they inchanted in grim *Pluto*'s Court,
And kept for Treaſure 'mongſt his helliſh Crew,
I would either quel the triple *Cerberus*,
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Siſyphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy Thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy Words ſavour of Chivalry.

Enter Segar.

But, warlike *Segar*, what ſtrange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take Helm and Targe in hand, the *Britons* come
With greater Multitude than erſt the *Greeks*
Brought to the Ports of *Phrygidian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what ſaith *Segar* to theſe Accidents?
What Counſel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, Experience teacheth us,
That Reſolution's a ſole help at need.

And

And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every Enterprize;
Then ſince there is no way but fight or die,
Be reſolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And reſolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps ſome bliſsful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortify our Camp,
So to withſtand their ſtrong Invaſion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver, *and his Son* William *following them.*

Strum. Nay Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be ſo whot, come prepare your ſelf, you ſhall find two as ſtout Fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my droth Neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a Man of ſmall zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar gueſts, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon, Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat courſe, dat ſhall be fardeſt vrom reaſon; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard queſtion, Neighbour, but I will ſolve it as I may; what reaſon have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reaſon had you when my Siſter was in the Barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fiſh her Belly?

Strum. Maſs thou ſay'ſt true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I ſcorn her, and you, and you: Ay, I ſcorn your all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we ſchool you, ere you and we part hence.

Enter

Enter Margery, *and ſnatches the Staff out of her Brother's Hand as he is fighting.*

Strum. Ay, you come in Pudding time, or elſe I had dreſt them.

Mar. You Maſter Saucebox, Lobcocks, Cockſcomb, you Slopſauce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who ſpeak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, *John* Lack-honeſty, little Wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No, by my troth, Miſtreſs Nicebice, how fine you can nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the Univerſity of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick ſo ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman Cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewel.

Strum. If you be ſo plain, Miſtreſs Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, Maſter *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we muſt have more words, you will have none of me?

[*They fight.*

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will; I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now, Maſter *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Leſſon?

Strum. Ay, but hear you, Goodman *Oliver*, it will not be for my eaſe to have my Head broken every day, therefore remedy this, and we ſhall agree.

Oliv. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all ſhall be remedied, Daughter be Friends with him.

[*Shake Hands.*

Strum. You are a ſweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Maſters, I think it be my luck, my firſt Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would ſhe might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I muſt run to the Halter for help. O Cod-

piece,

piece, thou haſt undone thy Maſter; this it is to be medling with warm Plackets. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thraſimacus, *and* Aſſarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an hoſt of Men,
Whoſe haughty Courage is invincible:
Now am I hem'd with Troops of Soldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their Puiſſance.
Now fit I like the mighty God of War,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus'* Streams.
Now, curſed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the Glory of his Victories;
And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
Shall in a Moment yield to *Locrine*'s Sword:
Thy bragging Banners croſt with argent Streams,
The Ornaments of thy Pavilions,
Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
And thou thy ſelf, at *Albanactus'* Tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didſt him when he liv'd.
But canſt thou tell me, brave *Thraſimachus*,
How far we are diſtant from *Humber*'s Camp.

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accurſed Grove,
That bears the Tokens of our Overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, becauſe I long to ſee
The treacherous *Scythians* ſqueltring in their gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a ſmile,
That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,
And in the midſt of ſtately *Troynovant*,
I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,

That

That it ſhall paſs the higheſt *Pyramids*,
Which with their top ſurmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-ſtrong Off-ſpring of the doubted Knight,
Stout *Hercules*, *Alcmena*'s mighty Son,
That tam'd the Monſters of the three-fold World,
And rid the oppreſſed from the Tyrants Yokes,
Did never ſhew ſuch valiantneſs in Fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cor. Full fourſcore Years hath *Corineius* liv'd,
Sometimes in War, ſometimes in quiet Peace,
And yet I feel my ſelf to be as ſtrong
As erſt I was in Summer of mine Age,
Able to toſs this great unwieldy Club,
Which hath been painted with my Foe-mens Brains:
And with this Club I'll break the ſtrong Array
Of *Humber* and his ſtragling Soldiers,
Or loſe my Life amongſt the thickeſt preſs,
And die with Honour in my lateſt Days:
Yet ere I die they all ſhall underſtand,
What force lyes in ſtout *Corineius*' Hand.

Thra. And if *Thraſimachus* detract the Fight,
Either for weakneſs or for cowardiſe,
Let him not boaſt that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.

Loc. Then courage, Soldiers, firſt for your Safety,
Next for your Peace, laſt for your Victory. [*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarm. *Enter* Hubba *and* Segar *at one Door, and* Corineius *at the other.*

Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy Treaſon ſlew'ſt young *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his Son that ſlew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
I'll ſend thy Soul unto the *Stygian* Lake,
There to complain of *Humber*'s Injuries.

Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
For *Corineius* is not ſo ſoon ſlain.
But, curſed *Scythians*, you ſhall rue the Day,
That e'er you came into *Albania*. So

So periſh they that envy *Britain*'s wealth,
So let them die with endleſs infamy,
And he that ſeeks his Sovereign's overthrow,
Would this my Club might aggravate his Woe.
[*Strikes them both down with his Club.*

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find ſome deſart Wilderneſs,
Where I may breathe out Curſes as I would,
And ſcare the Earth with my condemning Voice,
Where every Echo's repercuſſion
May help me to bewail my Overthrow,
And aid me in my ſorrowful Laments?
Where may I find ſome hollow uncouth Rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
The Heav'ns, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
And utter curſes to the concave Sky,
Which may infect the airy Regions,
And light upon the *Briton Locrine*'s Head?
You ugly Spirits that in *Cocitus* mourn,
And gnaſh your Teeth with dolorous Laments,
You fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,
And ſcare the Ghoſts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghoſts that flying from theſe dogs,
Do plunge your ſelves in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your ſhrieking notes
Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Hoſt.
Come fierce *Erinnys*, horrible with Snakes.
Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the Army of your helliſh Fiends,
With new-found Torments rack proud *Locrine*'s Bones.
O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* Plains.
Curſt be the Sea that with outragious Waves,
With ſurging Billows did not rive my Ships,
Againſt the Rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or ſwallowed me into her watry Gulf.
Would God we had arriv'd upon the Shore

Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropophagites*
With greedy Jaws devour the wandring Wights.

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanactus'* bloody Ghoſt,
To bring a corſive to our miſeries!
Is't not enough to ſuffer ſhameful flight,
But we muſt be tormented now with Ghoſts?
With Apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghoſt. Revenge, revenge for Blood.

Hum. So, nought will ſatisfy your wandring Ghoſt,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber's* fall,
Becauſe he Conquer'd you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantal's* Hunger, or *Ixion's* Wheel,
Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this Murther were undone.
When as I dye I'll drag thy curſed Ghoſt
Thro' all the Rivers of foul *Erebus*,
Thro' burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlaſting Soul.

Ghoſt. Vindicta, vindicta. [*Exeunt:*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before. Then* Omphale *Daughter to the King of* Lydia, *having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back,* Hercules *following with a Diſtaff. Then* Omphale *turns about, and taking off her Pantofle, ſtrikes* Hercules *on the Head, then they depart.* Ate *remaining, ſays;*

Quem non Argolici mandata ſevera Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno *vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules*, the Mirror of the World,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After ſo many Conqueſts won in Field,
After ſo many Monſters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly ſtrength:
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin,
He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan ſpin.
So Martial *Locrine* cheer'd with Victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber*'s Concubine,
And ſo forgetteth peerleſs *Guendeline*.
His Uncle *Corineius* ſtorms at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his Grace to ſue,
Lo here the Sum, the Proceſs doth enſue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Aſſarachus, Thraſimachus, *and the Soldiers.*

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona*'s broils,
With ſound of Drum and Trumpets melody,

The

The *Britain* King returns triumphantly.
The *Scythians* ſlain with great occiſion,
Do equalize the Graſs in multitude,
And with their Blood have ſtain'd the ſtreaming Brooks,
Offering their Bodies and their deareſt Blood
As ſacrifice to *Albanactus'* Ghoſt.
Now curſed *Humber* haſt thou paid thy due,
For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
For all thy Guiles, and damned Stratagems,
With loſs of Life and everduring ſhame.
Where are thy Horſes trap'd with burniſh'd Gold,
Thy trampling Courſers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy Soldiers ſtrong and numberleſs?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers?
Ev'n as the Country Clowns with ſharpeſt Scythes,
Do mow the wither'd Graſs from off the Earth,
Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share
Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,
And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;
So *Locrine*, with his mighty curtle Axe,
Hath cropped off the Heads of all thy *Hunns*,
So *Locrine*'s Peers have daunted all thy Peers,
And drove thine Hoſt unto confuſion.
That thou may'ſt ſuffer Penance for thy fault,
And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, ſhall all the reſt be ſerv'd,
That ſeek to enter *Albion* 'gainſt our wills.
If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the coal-black *Æthiopians*,
If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the Hoſts of the *Barbarian* Lands,
Should dare to enter this our little World,
Soon ſhould they rue their over-bold attempts,
That after us our Progeny may ſay,
There lyes the Beaſt that ſought to uſurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beaſts that ſeek to uſurp our Land,
And like to brutiſh Beaſts they ſhall be ſerv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the ſupreme King of Heav'n,
That guides the concourſe of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure Sky,

Fights

Fights always for the *Britains* ſafety.
But ſtay, methinks, I hear ſome ſhrieking noiſe,
That draweth near to our Pavilion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Eſtrild.

Eſt. What Prince ſoe'er adorn'd with golden Crown
Doth ſway the Regal Sceptre in his Hand,
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his ſtate ſhall everlaſting ſtand,
Let him behold poor *Eſtrild* in this plight,
The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
Once was I guarded with mavortial bands,
Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
Now am I fallen into my Foe-mens hands,
And with my death muſt pacify their mood.
O Life, the harbour of calamities,
O Death, the haven of all miſeries:
I could compare my ſorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou view'dſt thy Enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
Thou ſaw'ſt their death, and then departed'ſt thence,
I muſt abide the Victor's inſolence.
The Gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
Poor *Eſtrild* lives deſpairing of relief,
For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What, ſaid I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
For cruel Death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they whoſe fortune was ſo good,
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,
Thrice hapleſs I, whom Fortune ſo withſtood,
That cruelly ſhe gave me to my Foes.
O Soldiers, is there any miſery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery.

Loc. Camber, this ſame ſhould be the *Scythian* Queen.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never ſee,
With floods of woes ſhe ſeems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath ſhe not a cauſe for to be ſad?

[Locrine *at one end of the Stage.*

Loc. If ſhe have cauſe to weep for *Humber*'s death,
And ſhed ſalt tears for her Overthrow:
Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,
Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.
He being conquer'd, died a ſpeedy death,
And felt not long his lamentable ſmart;
I being a Conqueror, live a lingring Life,
And feel the force of *Cupid*'s ſudden ſtroke.
I gave him cauſe to die a ſpeedy death.
He left me cauſe to wiſh a ſpeedy death.
O that ſweet Face painted with Nature's dye,
Thoſe roſeal Cheeks mixt with a ſnowy white,
That decent Neck ſurpaſſing Ivory,
Thoſe comely Breaſts which *Venus* well might ſpite,
Are like to ſnares with wily Fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding Heart is priſoner caught.
The golden treſſes of her dainty Hair,
Which ſhine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
Have ſo entrap'd poor *Locrine*'s love ſick Heart,
That from the ſame no way it can be won.
How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
One dram of Joy muſt have a pound of Care.

Eſt. Hard is their fall, who from a Golden Crown
Are caſt into a Sea of wretchedneſs.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid*'s frown
Are wrapt in Waves of endleſs carefulneſs.

Eſt. O Kingdom, Object to all miſeries.

Loc. O Love, the extream'ſt of all Extremities.

[*Goes into his Chair.*

Sold. My Lord, in ranſacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifeſt
That earneſt Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here preſent her to your Majeſty.

Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
And here preſent her to your Majeſty.

1 *Sold.* Preſumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2 *Sold.* Nay, rather thou depriv'ſt me of my right.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Reſign thy Title, Caitive unto me,
Or with my Sword I'll pierce thy Cowards Loins.
2 *Sold.* Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to ſpeak:
A barking Dog doth ſeldom Strangers bite.
Loc. Unreverent Villains, ſtrive you in our ſight?
Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lie and try their quarrel out;
But thou, fair Princeſs, be no whit diſmay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.
Eſt. How can he favour me that ſlew my Spouſe?
Loc. The chance of War, my Love, took him from thee.
Eſt. But *Locrine* was the cauſer of his death.
Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine*'s State,
And ſlew my noble Brother *Albanact.*
Eſt. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his ſlaughterer?
Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.
Eſt. Better to die renown'd for chaſtity,
Than live with ſhame and endleſs infamy.
What would the common ſort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?
Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar ſentences.
Eſt. But Ladies muſt regard their honeſt Name.
Loc. Is it a ſhame to live in Marriage-bonds?
Eſt. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.
Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine*'s burning Love,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of fair *Albania.*
Eſt. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.
Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou ſhalt have no harm,
Eſt. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Eſtrild* yields to thee,
And by the Gods, whom thou doſt invocate,
By the dread Ghoſt of thy deceaſed Sire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
Take pity on poor *Eſtrild*'s wretched thrall.
Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythian*'s Paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* ſo ſoon forgot?
Are my deſerts ſo quickly out of mind?
Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?

Have I protected thee from *Humber*'s hand,
And do'ſt thou quit me with Ungratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds?
Is this the Honour for my labours paſt?
Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I ſwear to thee,
This injury of thine ſhall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, ſcorn you your Royal Soveraign,
As if we ſtood for Cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with thoſe your benefits?
Why, it was a Subject's duty ſo to do.
What you have done for our deceaſed Sire
We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant, proud Princox, brav'ſt thou me withal,
Aſſure thy ſelf tho thou be Emperor,
Thou ne'er ſhalt carry this unpuniſhed.

Cam. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corineius*,
Pardon this once, and it ſhall be amended.

Aſſa. Couſin, remember *Brutus*' lateſt words,
How he deſired you to cheriſh them:
Let not this fault ſo much incenſe your Mind,
Which is not yet paſſed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, lo I reconcile my ſelf,
But as thou lov'ſt thy Life, ſo love thy Wife.
But if thou violate thoſe promiſes,
Blood and Revenge ſhall light upon thy Head.
Come, let us back to ſtately *Troynovant*,
Where all theſe matters ſhall be ſettled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul, [*To himſelf.*
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghoſt:
Ten thouſand torments rack thy curſed bones.
Let every thing that hath the uſe of breath,
Be inſtruments and workers of thy death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Humber *alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders, his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.*

Hum. What Baſilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing conſumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts theſe curſed Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber*'s Meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenom'd blaſts,
Breathed forth Poiſon in theſe tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongſt theſe wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenneſs on every fruitful Tree?
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beaſt, no Bird,
To nouriſh *Humber* in this Wilderneſs?
What would you more, you Friends of *Erebus*?
My very Entrails burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry *Humber* give us ſome meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
Theſe foul accurſed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitleſs ſoil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo *with a Pitch-fork and a* Scotch-*Cap.*

Strum. How do you, Maſters, how do you? how have you 'ſcap'd hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'ſcaped many a ſcouring this Year, but I thank God I have paſt them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my Wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my Manhood and my ſtrength; for I will tell you, Maſters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to ſay the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife ſoberly ſat rocking my little Baby, leaning her back againſt the

the Bed, ſinging lullaby. Now when ſhe ſaw me come with my Noſe foremoſt, thinking that I had been drunk, as I was indeed, ſnatch'd up a Faggot-ſtick in her hand, and came furiouſly marching towards me, with a big Face, as though ſhe would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out theſe words unto me, Thou drunken Knave, where haſt thou been ſo long? I ſhall teach thee how to benight me another time; and ſo ſhe began to play Knaves Trumps. Now, altho I trembled, fearing ſhe would ſet her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her luſtily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the Bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my ſelf upon her, and there I delighted her ſo with the ſport I made, that ever after ſhe would call me ſweet Husband, and ſo baniſh'd brawling for ever; and to ſee the good Will of the Wench, ſhe brought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richeſt Men in our Pariſh. Well, Maſters, What's a Clock? It is now Breakfaſt-time, you ſhall ſee what meat I have here for my Breakfaſt. [*He ſits down and pulls out his Victuals.*

Hum. Was ever Land ſo fruitleſs as this Land?
Was ever Grove ſo graceleſs as this Grove?
Was ever Soil ſo barren as this Soil?
Oh no: The Land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no ways equalize this curſed Land;
No, even the climate of the Torrid Zone
Brings forth more fruit than this accurſed Grove.
Ne'er came ſweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here;
Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen,
Ne'er ſow'd his Seed in this foul Wilderneſs.
The hunger-bitten Dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac'd from the nine-fold *Pyriphlegiton*,
Have ſet their foot-ſteps in this damned Ground.
The Iron-hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,
Scatter'd huge *Hydra's* over all the Plains,
Which have conſum'd the Graſs, the Herbs, the Trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing Water-Springs.

[Strumbo *hearing his Voice ſtarts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, ſeeking to hide himſelf.*

Hum.

Hum. Thou great Commander of the ſtarry Sky,
That guid'ſt the Life of every mortal Wight,
From the incloſures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down ſome Food, or elſe I faint and die.
Pour down ſome Drink, or elſe I faint and die.
O *Jupiter*, haſt thou ſent *Mercury*
In clowniſh Shape to miniſter ſome Food?
Some Meat, ſome Meat, ſome Meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not *Mercury*, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me ſome Meat, Villain, give me ſome Meat,
Or 'gainſt this Rock I'll daſh thy curſed Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands,
Give me ſome Meat, Villain, give me ſome Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had rather give a whole Ox, than that thou ſhouldſt ſerve me in that ſort. Daſh out my Brains! O horrible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my Pocket.

He makes as tho he would give him ſome, and as he putteth out his Hand, enters the Ghoſt of Albanact, *and ſtrikes him on the Hand, and ſo* Strumbo *runs out,* Humber *following him.* [*Exeunt.*

Ghoſt. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Uſurpation and of Treachery:
Lo here the harms that wait upon all thoſe
That do intrude themſelves in others Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine *alone.*

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineius* liv'd
To *Locrine*'s Grief, and fair *Eſtrilda*'s Woe,
And ſeven Years more he hopeth yet to live:

Oh ſupreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.
Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monſter from the Earth,
That diſobeyeth thus thy ſacred Heſts.
Cupid convey this Monſter to dark Hell,
That diſannuls thy Mother's ſugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beſet with Flames,
With murthering Blade bereave him of his Life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt Joys.
And yet for all his diligent aſpect,
His wrathful Eyes piercing like Linces Eyes,
Well have I overmatch'd his Subtlety.
Nigh *Deucolitum* by the pleaſant *Lee*,
Where brackiſh *Thamis* ſlides with ſilver Streams,
Making a Breach into the graſſy Downs,
A curious Arch of coſtly Marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
The Walls whereof, garniſht with Diamonds,
With Ophirs, Rubies, gliſtering Emeralds,
And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
Lightens the room with Artificial Day,
And from the *Lee* with Water-flowing Pipes
The moiſture is deriv'd into this Arch,
Where I have plac'd fair *Eſtrild* ſecretly:
Thither eſtſoons accompanied with my Page,
I covertly viſit my Heart's deſire,
Without ſuſpicion of the meaneſt Eye,
For Love aboundeth ſtill with Policy.
And thither ſtill means *Locrine* to repair,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine Uncle's Life. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Humber *alone, ſaying;*

O vitâ miſero longa, fœlici brevis!
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.

Long have I lived in this deſart Cave,
With eating Haws and miſerable Roots,
Devouring Leaves and beaſtly Excrements.
Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes.
Fear was my Sleep, and Horror was my Dream;
For ſtill methought at every boiſterous Blaſt,
Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou muſt die;
So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber*'s Mind
Can never reſt, but always trembling ſtands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirſt?
What *Euphrates*, what light-foot *Euripus*
May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
Which raging in my Entrails eats me up?
You ghaſtly Devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
You damned Ghoſts of joyleſs *Acheron*,
You mournful Souls, vext in *Abyſſus*' Vaults,
You cole-black Devils of *Avernus*' Pond,
Come with your Fleſh-hooks, rend my famiſht Arms,
Theſe Arms that have ſuſtain'd their Maſter's Life;
Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
With your ſharp Fire-forks crack my ſtarved Bones,
Uſe me as you will, ſo *Humber* may not live.
Accurſed Gods that rule the ſtarry Poles,
Accurſed *Jove*, King of th' accurſed Gods,
Caſt down your Lightning on poor *Humber*'s Head,
That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine.
What, hear you not? and ſhall not *Humber* die?
Nay, I will die, tho all the Gods ſay nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,

That none may ſay, when I have loſt my Breath,
The very Floods conſpir'd 'gainſt *Humber*'s Death.
[*Flings himſelf into the River.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

En eadem ſequitur, cades in cade quieſco.
Humber is dead, joy Heav'ns, leap Earth, dance Trees;
Now may'ſt thou reach thy Apples *Tantalus*,
And with 'em feed thy hunger-bitten Limbs.
Now *Siſyphus* leave tumbling of thy Rock,
And reſt thy reſtleſs Bones upon the ſame.
Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
Back will I poſt to Hell Mouth *Tanarus*,
And paſs *Cocytus*, to the *Elyſian* Fields,
And tell my Father *Brutus* of this News. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ate *as before.* Jaſon *leading* Creon's *Daughter.* Medea *following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on* Creon's *Daughter's Head, ſetteth it on Fire, and then killing* Jaſon *and her, departs.*

Ate.

NON *tam Trinacriis exaſtuat Ætna cavernis,*
Laſa furtivo quam cor mulieris amore.

'*Medea* ſeeing *Jaſon* leave her Love,
And chuſe the Daughter of the *Theban* King,
Went to her deviliſh Charms to work Revenge;
And raiſing up the triple *Hecate*,
With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,

Framed

Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
With which ſhe wrought *Jaſon* and *Creon*'s Ill.
So *Guendeline* ſeeing her ſelf miſus'd,
And *Humber*'s Paramour poſſeſs her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of *Cornubia*,
And with her Brother, ſtout *Thraſimachus*,
Gathering a Power of *Corniſh* Soldiers,
Gives Battle to her Husband and his Hoſt,
Nigh to the River of Great *Mercia* :
The Chances of this diſmal Maſſacre,
That which enſueth ſhortly will unfold. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Aſſaracus, *and* Thraſimachus.

Aſſa. But tell me, Couſin, dy'd my Brother ſo?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Albion*,
That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
That might ſtrike Terror to our daring Foes?
Now who is left to hapleſs *Britany*,
That might defend her from the barb'rous Hands
Of thoſe that ſtill deſire her ruinous Fall,
And ſeek to work her Downfal and Decay?

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
And none but Death can match our matchleſs Power;
Witneſs the Fall of *Albioneius*' Crew,
Witneſs the Fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
By taking *Corineius* from this Life,
And in his room leaving us Worlds of Care.

Thra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearſe,
Than I that am the Iſſue of his Loins.
Now foul befal that curſed *Humber*'s Throat,
That was the cauſer of his lingring Wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raiſe him from the Dead again,
But where's my Lady Miſtreſs *Guendeline*?

Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my Sister now,
Providing for my Father's Funeral.
Loc. And let her there provide her mourning Weeds,
And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
Ne'er shall she come within our Palace Gate,
To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his Love.
Go, Boy, to *Deucolitum*, down the *Lee*,
Unto the Arch where lovely *Estrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren*, straight unto the Court,
She shall be Queen in *Guendeline*'s room.
Let others wail for *Corineius*' Death,
I mean not so to macerate my Mind,
For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Desire.
Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forsook his *Guendeline*?
Is *Corineius*' Death so soon forgot?
If there be Gods in Heav'n, as sure there be,
If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there must,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their Plagues upon thy cursed Head.
Loc. What, prat'st thou, Peasant, to thy Sovereign?
Or art thou strucken in some Extasy?
Dost thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?
Dost thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardless Boy, were't not that *Locrine* scorns
To vex his mind with such a heartless Child,
With the sharp Point of this my Battel-axe,
I'd send thy Soul to *Puriphlegiton*.
Thra. Tho I be young and of a tender Age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble Father, with his conqu'ring Sword,
Slew the two Giants Kings of *Aquitain*.
Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
That he should fear and tremble at the Looks,
Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.
Loc. Menacest thou thy Royal Sovereign?
Uncivil, not beseeming such as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no less
That at Defiance standeth with his King)

Leave

Leave theſe thy Taunts, leave theſe thy bragging Words,
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes ſtain their glorious Dignity
With ugly ſpots of monſtrous Infamy,
They leeſe their former Eſtimation,
And throw themſelves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuſe my gentle Patience,
As tho thou didſt our high diſpleaſure ſcorn?
Proud Boy, that thou may'ſt know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy ſwelling Pride,
We baniſh thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, loſel *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
Thraſimachus will revenge this Injury. [*Exit.*

Loc. Farewel, proud Boy, and learn to uſe thy Tongue.

Aſſa. Alas, my Lord, you ſhould have call'd to mind
The lateſt Words that *Brutus* ſpake to you.
How he deſir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline*:
Conſider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Diſſenſion follows ſpeedily.
What tho her Power be not ſo great as yours,
Have you not ſeen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a ſilly Mouſe?
Even ſo the chance of War inconſtant is.

Loc. Peace, Uncle, Peace, and ceaſe to talk thereof;
For he that ſeeks, by whiſpering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his ſweeteſt Life,
Let him perſuade himſelf to die the Death.

Enter the Page, with Eſtrild *and* Sabren.

Eſt. O ſay me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he ſend for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my Life?
Say me, ſweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No, truſt me, Madam, if you will credit the little Honeſty that is yet left me, there is no ſuch Danger as you fear; but prepare your ſelf, yonder's the King.

Eſt. Then *Eſtrild*, lift thy dazzled Spirits up, [*Kneeling.*
And bleſs that bleſſed time, that Day, that Hour
That warlike *Locrine* firſt did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all thoſe that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Eſtrild* fall with ſuch Submiſſion,
[*Taking her up.*
Before her Servant King of *Albion?*
Ariſe, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Liſt up thoſe Looks that cheriſh *Locrine*'s Heart,
That I may freely view that roſeal Face,
Which ſo intangled hath my love-ſick Breaſt.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And paſs the Night and Day in *Venus*' Sports:
Frolick, brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III

Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madan, *and Soldiers.*

Guen. You gentle Winds that with your modeſt Blaſts
Paſs thro' the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humber*'s Concubine.
You happy Sprites that in the Concave Sky,
With pleaſant Joy, enjoy your ſweeteſt Love,
Shed forth thoſe Tears with me, which then you ſhed,
When firſt you woo'd your Ladies to their Wills:
Thoſe Tears are fitteſt for my woful Caſe,
Since *Locrine* ſhuns my nothing-pleaſant Face.
Bluſh Heav'n, bluſh Sun, and hide thy ſhining Beams,
Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
Deny thy chearful Light unto the World,
Where nothing reigns but Falſhood and Deceit:
What, ſaid I, Falſhood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendeline*.

Behold

Behold the Heav'ns do wail for *Guendeline*:
The ſhining Sun doth bluſh for *Guendeline*:
The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline*:
The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*.
Ay, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
For he rejecteth luckleſs *Guendeline*.

Thra. Siſter, Complaints are bootleſs in this cauſe,
This open wrong muſt have an open Plague:
This Plague muſt be repaid with grievous War,
This War muſt finiſh with *Locrinus'* Death,
His Death will ſoon extinguiſh our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my woes;
He was my Husband, brave *Thraſimachus*,
More dear to me than th' apple of mine Eye,
Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge;
Think on our Father *Corineius'* Words,
His Words to us ſtand always for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
The Heav'ns, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
And then why ſhould all we deny the ſame?

Guen. Then henceforth farewel womaniſh Complaints,
All childiſh Pity henceforth then farewel:
But curſed *Locrine*, look unto thy ſelf,
For *Nemeſis*, the Miſtreſs of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our diſmal Blades.
And curſed *Eſtrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
My luckleſs Father's froward Letchery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
I, if I could, my ſelf would work his Death.

Thra. See, Madam, ſee, the deſire of Revenge
Is in the Children of a tender Age.
Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*,
Where we ſhall brave the Coward to his Face. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Sabren, Aſſarachus, *and the Soldiers.*

Loc. Tell me, *Aſſarachus*, are the *Corniſh* Chuffs
In ſuch great number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Hoſt,
So cloſe unto our royal Manſion?

Aſſa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majeſty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms againſt me.

Eſt. Alas, my Lord, the Horſe will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone;
Jealouſy, *Locrine*, hath a wicked Sting.

Loc. Sayſt thou ſo, *Eſtrild*, Beauty's Paragon?
Well, we will try her Choler to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Aſſarachus*, thou muſt lead the way,
And bring us to their proud Pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Ghoſt of Corineus, *with Thunder and Lightning.*

Ghoſt. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth ſad Throbs, and grievous Suſpires,
Prejudicating *Locrine*'s Overthrow:
The Fire caſteth forth ſharp darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the triple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty Noiſe,
Preſaging bloody Maſſacres at hand.
The wandring Birds that flutter in the dark,
When helliſh Night in cloudy Chariot ſeated
Caſteth her Miſts on ſhady *Tellus*' Face,

With

With ſable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth,
Now fly abroad amid the chearful Day,
Foretelling ſome unwonted Miſery.
The ſnarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
With howling Ditties peſter ev'ry Wood;
The watry Ladies, and the lightfoot Fawns,
And all the Rabble of the woody Nymphs,
All trembling hide themſelves in ſhady Groves,
And ſhrowd themſelves in hideous hollow Pits.
The boiſterous *Boreas* thundreth forth Revenge:
The ſtony Rocks cry out on ſharp Revenge:
The thorny Buſh pronounceth dire Revenge.
[*Sound the Alarm.*
Nay *Corineus* ſtay and ſee Revenge,
And feed thy Soul with *Locrine*'s Overthrow:
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth,
The roaring Drums ſummon the Soldiers.
Lo where their Army gliſtereth on the Plains.
Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy Plagues on curſed *Locrine*'s Head.
[*Stands aſide.*

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Aſſarachus, Sabren *and their Soldiers at one Door*; Thraſimachus, Guendeline, Madan, *and their Followers at another*.

Loc. What, is the Tiger ſtarted from his Cave?
Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus ſhe braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth?
And haſt thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,
Accompanied with theſe thy ſtraggling Mates?
Believe me but this Enterprize was bold,
And well deſerveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Locrine*, traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full Pretence to ſeek thine Overthrow.
What have I done that thou ſhouldſt ſcorn me thus?
What have I ſaid that thou ſhouldſt me reject?
Have I been diſobedient to thy Words?
Haye I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy?

Have

Have I diſhonoured thy Marriage-bed
With filthy Crimes, or with laſcivious Luſts?
Nay it is thou that haſt diſhonour'd it:
Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Luſts,
Yieldeth unto Affection's filthy Darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy firſt and trueſt Fair,
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy beſt and deareſt Friend;
Unkind, thou ſcorn'ſt all skilful *Brutus'* Laws,
Forgetting Father, Uncle, and thy ſelf.

Eſt. Believe me, *Locrine*, but the Girl is wiſe,
And well would ſeem to make a Veſtal Nun:
How finely frames ſhe her Oration.

Thra. Locrine, we came not here to fight with Words,
Words that can never win the Victory,
But for you are ſo merry in your Frumps,
Unſheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
That we may ſee who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'ſt thou to dare me, bold *Thraſimachus*?
Think'ſt thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we ſeem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon ſhall I ſhew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Meſſenger of Death,
Seal thee an Acquittance for thy bold attempts.

[*Exeunt.*

Sound the Alarm. Enter Locrine, Aſſarachus, *and a Soldier at one Door*; Guendeline, Thraſimachus, *at another:* Locrine *and his Followers driven back.*

Then Locrine *and* Eſtrild *enter again in amaze.*

Loc. O fair *Eſtrilda*, we have loſt the Field,
Thraſimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a Laughing-ſtock,
Scoſt at by thoſe that are our Enemies.
Ten thouſand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield,
Prevail againſt an hundred thouſand Men.
Thraſimachus incens'd with fuming Ire,
Rageth amongſt the faint-heart Soldiers,
Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,

He

He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field,
Close by the Banks of silver *Simois*.

[*Sound the Alarm.*

O lovely *Estrild* now the Chase begins:
Ne'er shall we see the stately *Troynovant*,
Mounted with Coursers garnish'd all with Pearls,
Ne'er shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unless as Captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken Prisoner,
By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
Shall *Guendeline* captivate my Love?
Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold that dismal hour,
Ne'er will I view that ruthful Spectacle,
For with my Sword, or this sharp Curtle-ax,
I'll cut in sunder my accursed Heart.
But O you Judges of the ninefold *Styx*,
Which with incessant Torments rack the Ghosts
Within the bottomless *Abyssus* Pits,
You Gods, Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
Whose Will and Laws irrevocable stand,
Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed Sin;
Forget, O Gods, this foul condemned fault:
And now my Sword, that in so many Fights

[*Kisses his Sword.*

Hast sav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
End now his Life that wisheth still for Death,
Work now his Death that wisheth still for Death,
Work now his Death that hateth still his Life.
Farewel, fair *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
Fram'd in the Front of forlorn Miseries,
Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-shine Eyes,
But when we meet in the *Elysian* Fields,
Thither I go before with hasten'd pace.
Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares,
Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleasures,
And welcome Death, the end of mortal Smart,
Welcome to *Locrine*'s over-burthen'd Heart.

[*Thrusts himself thro' with his Sword.*

Est. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suspires,
Stream forth your Tears from forth my watry Eyes,

Help

Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine*'s Death,
Pour down your Tears you watry Regions,
For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
O fickle Fortune, O unſtable World,
What elſe are all things, that this Globe contains,
But a confuſed Chaos of miſhaps?
Wherein, as in a Glaſs, we plainly ſee,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy.
Since mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
Ay, mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of Life,
Shall *Eſtrild* live then after *Locrine*'s Death?
Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine*'s Sword?
O no, this Sword that hath bereft his Life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
Strengthen theſe Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
That I may end my woful Miſery.
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee. [*Kills herſelf.*

Sound the Alarum. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle
Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapleſs Heart?
My Father ſlain with ſuch a fatal Sword,
My Mother murder'd by a mortal Wound?
What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Myrmidon*,
Would not relent at ſuch a ruthful caſe?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard ſtony Flint,
Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
Lies ſlaughter'd in this foul accurſed Cave;
Eſtrild, the perfect Pattern of Renown,
Nature's ſole Wonder, in whoſe beauteous Breaſts
All Heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inſhrin'd,
Both maſſacred, are dead within this Cave,
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and ſweet Love.
Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
This bleſſed Sword ſhall cut my curſed Heart,
And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghoſts,

That

That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our caſe with mournful Plaudites.
[*Offers to kill herſelf.*
Ay me, my Virgin's Hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the Bulwark of my Breaſt;
My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of Force to hold this ſteely Glaive,
So I am left to wail my Parents Death,
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleneſs,
Ah *Eſtrild*, famous for thy Conſtancy,
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendeline, Thraſimachus, Madan, *and the Soldiers.*

Guen. Search, Soldiers, ſearch, find *Locrine* and his Love,
Find the proud Strumpet, *Humber*'s Concubine,
That I may change thoſe her ſo pleaſing Looks
To pale and ignominious Aſpect.
Find me the Iſſue of their curſed Love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine*'s only Joy,
That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,
Swiftly diſtilling from the Baſtard's Breaſt.
My Father's Ghoſt ſtill haunts me for Revenge,
Crying, Revenge my over-haſten'd Death.
My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,
Baniſh Remorſe clean from my brazen Heart,
All Mercy from mine adamantine Breaſts.
Thra. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely *Guendeline*,
That wonted was to guide our ſtarleſs Steps,
Enjoy this Light; ſee where he murdred lies,
By luckleſs Lot and froward frowning Fate:
And by him lies his lovely Paramour
Fair *Eſtrild*, gored with a diſmal Sword,
As it ſeems, both murdered by themſelves,
Claſping each other in their feebled Arms,
With loving Zeal, as if for Company

Their

Their uncontented Corps were yet content
To paſs foul *Styx* in *Charon*'s Ferry-boat.
Guen. And hath proud *Eſtrild* then prevented me,
Hath ſhe eſcaped *Guendeline*'s Wrath,
By violently cutting off her Life?
Would God ſhe had the monſtrous *Hydra*'s Lives,
That every Hour ſhe might have died a Death
Worſe than the ſwing of old *Ixion*'s Wheel,
And every Hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houſleſs *Caucaſon*,
Doth feed the Subſtance of his own miſhap,
And every Day for want of Food doth die,
And every Night doth live again to die.
But ſtay, methinks, I hear ſome fainting Voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckleſs Death.
Sab. You Mountain Nymphs which in theſe Deſarts reign,
Ceaſe off your haſty Chace of ſavage Beaſts,
Prepare to ſee a Heart oppreſt with Care,
Addreſs your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal,
Care in my Heart ſo Tyrant-like doth deal.
You *Dryades* and lightfoot *Satyri*,
You gracious Fairies, which at Even-tide
Your Cloſets leave with heav'nly Beauty ſtor'd,
And on your Shoulders ſpread your golden Locks,
You ſavage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,
Come wail with me the martial *Locrine*'s Death:
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Eſtrild*'s Death.
Ah, loving Parents, little do you know
What Sorrow *Sabren* ſuffers for your Thrall.
Guen. But may this be, and is it poſſible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this Courteſy,
And let me never ſee one proſperous Hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.
Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the wretched call,
Art fartheſt off, and ſeldom hear'ſt at all,
But in the midſt of Fortune's good Succeſs,
Uncalled comes, and ſheers our Life in twain:

When

When will that Hour, that bleſſed Hour draw nigh,
When poor diſtreſſed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread.
What art thou Death, ſhall not poor *Sabren* die?

[Guendeline *taking her by the Chin ſays,*

Guen. Yes Damſel, yes, *Sabren* ſhall ſurely die,
Tho all the World ſhould ſeek to ſave her Life,
And not a common Death ſhall *Sabren* die,
But after ſtrange and grievous Puniſhments,
Shortly inflicted on thy Baſtard's Head,
Thou ſhalt be caſt into the curſed Streams,
And feed the Fiſhes with thy tender Fleſh.

Sab. And think'ſt thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That theſe thy Deeds ſhall be unpuniſhed?
No, Traitor, no, the Gods will venge theſe Wrongs,
The Fiends of Hell will mark theſe Injuries.
Never ſhall theſe blood-ſucking maſty Curs
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lateſt home,
For I my ſelf, in ſpite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former Deſtinies,
And that which *Locrine*'s Sword could not perform,
This preſent Stream ſhall preſent bring to paſs.

[*She drowns herſelf.*

Guen. One Miſchief follows on another's Neck.
Who would have thought ſo young a Maid as ſhe,
With ſuch a Courage would have ſought her Death?
And for becauſe this River was the Place
Where little *Sabren* reſolutely died,
Sabren for ever ſhall this ſame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine*, our deceaſed Spouſe,
Becauſe he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
He ſhall be buried in a ſtately Tomb,
Cloſe by his aged Father *Brutus*' Bones,
With ſuch great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well beſeems ſo brave a Prince as he.
Let *Eſtrild* be without the ſhallow Vaults,
Without the Honour due unto the dead,
Becauſe ſhe was the Author of this War.
Retire brave Followers unto *Troynovant*,

Where

Where we will celebrate theſe Exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his Father's Tomb.

[*Exeunt.*

Ate. Lo here the end of lawleſs Treachery,
Of Uſurpation and ambitious Pride.
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and ſet their Broils abroach,
Let them be warned by theſe Premiſſes.
And as a Woman was the only cauſe
That civil Diſcord was then ſtirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter ſway'd
In quiet Peace and ſweet Felicity;
And every Wight that ſeeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart.

[*Exit.*

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